Australian
PENTHOUSE
FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 1986
CRIME:
MURDER AUSTRALIAN STYLE
AUTOSEX:
HAVE YOU TRIED IT?
QLD COAST WARS:
SUNSHINE VS GOLD COAST
INTERVIEW:
BILLY JOEL TALKS FAST
WIN A WEEK FOR TWO IN PARADISE

At last the legend goes luxurious

Feel a 4WD would not be luxurious enough for you?

Would your lady object, even if you were prepared to sacrifice some comfort?

Then Mister, come along to a new point of view, and bring your lady too.

MORE LUXURY

New Generation LandCruiser's magnificent Middie* lets you rough it in style with luxuries like power steering, power windows, and optional air conditioning.

It also ushers in the easy going age of push-button 4WD.

Which means on the Deluxe model you can merely push a button to change into 4WD high range. There's no need to shift the 4WD lever.

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The ride is comfortable even when you drive off road thanks to independently adjustable driver and front passenger suspension seats on the Deluxe model.

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Join the many perceptive people who've already traded in luxury cars on this remarkable Cruiser.

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Call it having more control over your life. Call it greater freedom.

Either way it's a magnificent feeling.

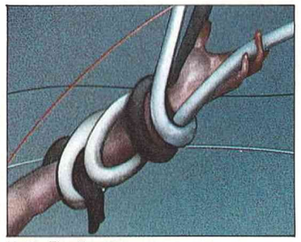
*The Middie is so named because its wheelbase and size are mid-way between big, wide wonderful Cruiser wagons like Sahara, and sporty short-wheelbase Bundera.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 2/February 1986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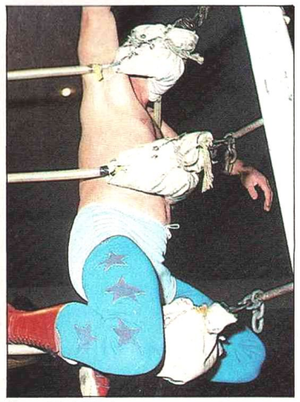
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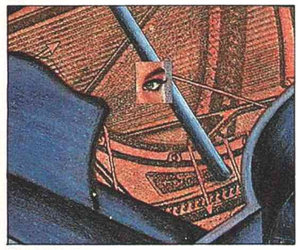
Reason In Revolt

Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

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Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

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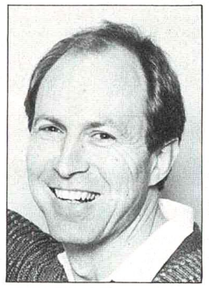
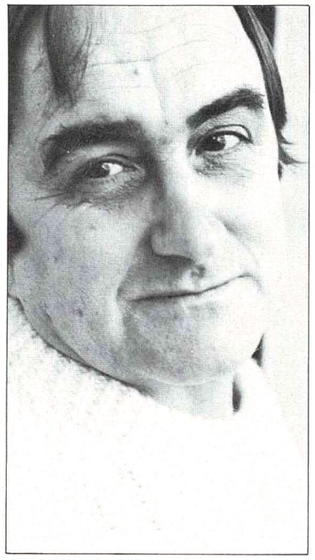
FEBRUARY

FRANK HARDY


JOHN ELLIOT


GRAHAM GAMBIE

NIGEL BUCHANAN

FRANK ROBSON

HOUSECALL

LUST FOR BLOOD
Australian crime is becoming Americanised. That means it's getting uglier, more violent, more senseless — as evidenced by the rise of the most terrifying of all criminals, the lust murderer. **Paul Wilson** delves into the deranged psyches of those who kill for sexual thrills, and concludes that Australian police forces are hopelessly ill-equipped to cope with the increasing number of lust murderers in our midst. **Jeremy Taylor** shot the accompanying photo. Turn to page 34.

COAST WARS
The desperate need to get tourist bums in beds has led to intense rivalry between Queensland's Gold Coast and Sunshine Coast. The coast boasters have turned the Queensland habit of blowing your own trumpet into an art form, an outrageous and entertaining public slanging match gleefully documented by **Frank Robson** and illustrated by **Jenny Coopes**. That story starts on page 50.

AUTOSEX
Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** turns his hand to humor (and other things) in an effort to discover whether technology has improved the lot of the wanker in these sexually diseased times. Hunter's encounter with an amorphous hunk of pulsating plastic will leave you speechless. **Chris Payne** supplied the artwork on page 56.

UNDER THE HAMMER
Around $75 million a year is spent in NSW alone on heroin rehabilitation — and the success rate is negligible. If the junkies of Australia aren't benefitting from the complex and costly rehab system, there are others on the safe side of the needle who are. **Graham Gambie** puts the treatment of heroin addicts under the microscope in an important article beginning on page 74, superbly illustrated by **Nigel Buchanan.**

HEROES AND VILLAINS
Senior Editor **John Elliot** captures the drama, the pathos and the absurdity of professional wrestling in Australia with a blow-by-slap description of a typical encounter between the forces of Good and Evil. Wrestling is the boom sport of the Eighties, but what the hell does it all mean? Turn to page 80 for the answers. **Graham Monro** contributed the superb action photos.

REASON IN REVOLT
Celebrated Australian author **Frank Hardy** makes his fiction debut in *Penthouse* with a tale of sex, socialism and sedition . . . an unlikely and dangerous combination. When ravishing socialite Raelene West gets in touch with her proletarian roots, she cuts loose with a bang. **Russell Goodman's** illustration starts the fiction on page 96.

BILLY JOEL INTERVIEW
Joel has been hailed as "the most consistent and prolific male album artist of the last decade." It's been that long since the classic "Piano Man" lifted him to the status of international rock star, and in a thoughtful and incisive interview with **Dennis Freeland** he discusses the triumphs and traumas he's faced over the long haul. Turn to page 102.

Just the thing when you're painting the town.

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Fully imported Heineken.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Lest ye be judged

Indeed "the Devil *can* quote scripture to his purpose" it would seem, after reading the letter Reverse Thrust, denouncing your magazine in the November edition. As a believer in Jesus Christ I would like to stand up for *Penthouse*, and Jesus, for it is written: *Judge not, lest ye be judged.*

I consider *Penthouse* to be the best. It is a work of art of an exceptional calibre. Your own form of social comment is not just positively refreshing, but I feel it's exactly what this world needs and I thank God for men like Bob Guccione. If my brother from Leura wants some real corruption, I suggest that he examine the Church on earth and that he ponder *Daniel 12:7* — "The mercy of God endures forever."

I don't think there is one *Penthouse* reader who is not the owner of a conscience, who does not possess critical faculties, who does not recognise that sin is not only a reality but a problem to overcome, and who is not a growing individual. You might think that's an optimistic assessment, and in some ways perhaps it is, but I would like to say: "Good on you, *Australian Penthouse*", as a Christian I hope that your provocative posters continue to grace our news-stands.

"The nakedness of woman is the work of God," said William Blake, and I thank God for the magazine that permits me to view His gloriously beautiful handiwork. — *Peter Wallace, Waverton, NSW*

Quite a rush

Firstly, congratulations on a fantastic October issue. As usual, it contained great articles, columns, and simply stunning ladies. Special compliments must go to Virginia Kelly — an absolutely gorgeous lady. In typical *Penthouse* style, the cover photograph was excellence.

A woman's back, however, simply sends me wild. I am always left in awe, as I reckon many readers are, by an attractive woman in a low-back dress. Imagine my reaction, then, when I saw the cover of your November issue. In a word: "Wow!" Of course, much of the credit should go to Michelle Rush, another beautiful centrefold to get the blood "rushing." Keep up the tremendous work, *Penthouse*; you have no peer. — *H.R., Hamilton Hill, WA*

Special praise

I'd just like to remind *Penthouse* fans that when they read a Peter McKay motoring story, they read the most intelligent, entertaining, and unpretentiously honest work of any motoring writer around. I lap up everything he does, as do my friends, and we congratulate and thank him. When Peter races on TV, as at Bathurst, we keep a special eye out for him. Good luck, mate. — *Ben Anderson, Ashfield, NSW*

Michelle: a Rush and a half

Kiwis take flight

As an Australian living in Auckland, it was with special interest that I grabbed a copy of December *Penthouse* to read The Kiwi Connection. Some local friends, planning a trip to Australia, had read it and rung to ask if Kiwi bashing was in fact the latest pastime over there — could I reassure them that my parents wouldn't be freaked out by them lobbing up to stay for a few days, as I'd encouraged them to do? (They *don't* look like bank clerks.)

Well I read it, and was "shocked" by the statistics and examples quoted. Of course, I rang them straight back to say that I couldn't be sure what my parents would think, as I couldn't be sure of them myself anymore.

As Kiwis, they swallowed it hook, line and sinker. My point is this: Kiwis are too *dumb* to get into crime successfully. The reason so many are in jail or notorious crims is because they get caught all the time, a point I feel is missed in P.D. Jack's otherwise spot-on presentation. — *E.L., Auckland, New Zealand*

Spinning Jenny

I'm writing this letter in the hope that it will prove good therapy for me — I'm driven to distraction by thoughts about Jennifer James, the nubile 19-year-old featured in December *Australian Penthouse*. My head has been spinning, my heart pounding and my palms sweating ever since I bought the magazine more than a week ago.

Jennifer would have to be the most seductive beauty I think I've ever clapped eyes upon. Her wide-eyed innocence, that alluring pout and silken skin combine with her perfect body to create an exquisite feminine presence that is completely captivating — and that only on paper. I can't think how I might react if I came across Jennifer in person. Perhaps it's better for my own health and peace of mind that I don't. I think those pictures and my imagination make a fertile enough combination as it is. — *Ted Haskell, Clayton, Vic*

An education

I'm still at school but I read *Penthouse* because my brother always buys them and sometimes shows them to me. Well, the other day he opened one up to a Sealed Section about contraception (November) and made me read it, which was good. He asked me later did I learn anything. Well, I did.

He told me that he once got a schoolgirl pregnant and that it was a real hassle. Mum freaked out totally when the girl's old man came around to the house looking for him.

He told me to write to you and say that it helped me learn about that stuff properly, because he wished he'd read it before he had sex with that girl. So I thought I'd say thanks, and that's from him too. — *Name and address withheld*

Note: For Queensland readers, the Sealed Section is not included but is available through the subscribers' edition.

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NEW ROCKY TURBO GIVES YOU A FASTER GETAWAY.

The way the new turbocharged Rocky swallows highways you'd think it was made for them.

It was. There's a lot of ground to cover between city and country.

Motoring experts are lavish in their praise for Rocky Turbo's stump-pulling power – just the job for towing a boat or caravan. The 2.8 litre turbo diesel is capable of cruising all day at 135kph, yet thanks to the new five-speed gearbox and the whopping 24 per cent increase in torque, this latest Rocky is an even more versatile off-roader too.

And with all this extra poke you'll appreciate the increased stopping power of the new ventilated front discs. In fact, the entire braking system has been revised.

Rocky Turbo comes in two body types; the short wheelbase Hard Top and the long wheelbase Resin Top wagons. Both wagons have sunroofs as standard, while power steering and three-way adjustable fingertip suspension control are standard features on the EX luxury model wagon.

Now there are three new turbocharged ways to Go Rocky. And who builds Rocky anyway?

Roof rack illustrated is not standard equipment.

"Daihatsu. That's Who."

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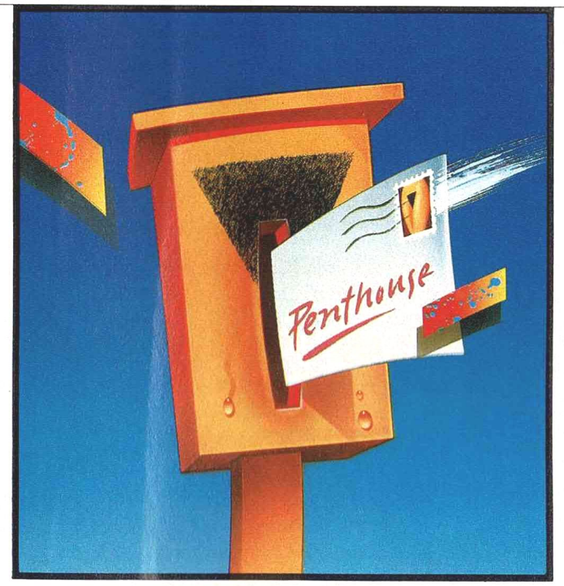

A most pleasant stay

I didn't want to go to the hospital, but my doctor told me I had to, and I reluctantly agreed. All I had heard about the nurses was that they were old and unfriendly — nothing like in the movies where they got it on with the patients. At this hospital they were probably a nightmare. And besides, I was only going to be there for a few days.

I had checked in right after dinner time, so the night shift wasn't due for a few hours. To my surprise, they had given me a room to myself. I didn't mind. I just wanted to relax and watch TV.

Towards 11.30, when the late movie came on, this beautiful nurse waltzed in. She said that she had to scrub my knee twice, prior to surgery. I found no reason to argue with her. She had perfect lips to satisfy any man's needs, hopefully mine. She started to prepare for the scrubbing. I stayed in bed wearing my silly gown. She wore a white uniform which showed off her legs very nicely. Her breasts were very curvaceous.

She must have sensed my excitement. She told me what nice legs I had. Slowly she ran her hand up and down my leg. She scrubbed my leg for about 15 minutes. Every once in a while I would look up and catch her eyes wandering up to my crotch. Good ol' Fred began to rise to the occasion.

Thoughts of fucking this girl passed through my mind several times. All of a sudden she said she was finished. She cleaned up and told me she would be back in an hour, when things got quiet on the floor. I thought: My God, this girl just teased me for the fun of it. As she was walking toward the door, she dropped a cloth. When she bent over to pick it up, I saw her pretty legs covered with white stockings. A garter belt held them up. How did she know I loved those? A quick smile on her face when she said, "See you later" told me I was in for some fun the next time around. I drifted off to sleep with my mind made up. I was going to fuck her brains out.

Some time later, I felt a soft nudge. As my eyes focused on her beautiful face, I noticed the curtain was drawn around my bed. She told me that she was on her break and that no-one was going to disturb us for about 30 minutes. Slowly she lifted my gown to reveal my manhood in all its glory. She then lowered her head and started to kiss and lick my hard cock. She moved slowly at first, then increased her pace. She was driving me out of my mind with pleasure. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. Was I in a dream? This foxy nurse was in my room sucking me off like it was going out of style. When I felt myself start to come, I knew it wasn't a dream. She sensed my anxiety and quickened her pace. All of a sudden I exploded. I couldn't believe how intense it was. Gracefully, my cock started to wilt with satisfaction, but my nurse was very persistent. She kept licking and sucking my cock, trying to bring it back to life. She stopped for a few minutes, and climbed off the bed.

With a seductive grin, I watched her unbutton her blouse. She whispered under her breath for me to get ready for the best fuck of my life. I could only gaze at her beauty. Her supple breasts, confined by a lace bra, just wanted to be licked and caressed. How I wanted to run my tongue over her thrusting, hard nipples. Sensing my desire, she walked closer to me and asked me to unhook her bra. With trembling hands I unhooked it, watching her breasts bounce with freedom. She took a step forward so I could kiss her hardened nipples.

As I licked the first one and then the other, she guided my hand underneath her uniform. I moved my hand upward to discover that she had taken off her panties. Her wetness had flowed down and drenched her legs. I couldn't wait any longer; I had to be inside her. I told her to climb up on the bed and fuck me. Draping her legs over me, she raised herself directly over my throbbing cock. She grasped it and teasingly slid it around her juicy cunt. "Just seeing if you're ready," she whispered. I was so ready I wanted to scream. In one swift plunge, she sank on to it to the fullest. She moved herself up and down in a precise rhythm. She told me she felt so good, so full, so excited. I glanced at my watch. She had only five minutes left of her break. This only quickened her pace.

She fucked my cock furiously, telling me to fill her hot cunt with my cream. I began to feel another orgasm coming, and I could sense hers was building up. Again, I exploded in her. After a few minutes, she got off me and the bed. Without saying a word, she dressed herself. She reached into her pocket and gave me a piece of paper with her name and address on it. I asked her if I could see her again, soon. She just laughed and informed me that my surgery was postponed due to an emergency involving my doctor. She kissed me on my lips and said, "See you tomorrow night." That is another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Post haste

I am a fairly attractive student at a country College of Advanced Education. The school's curriculum may be rigorous, but, as the following story will tell, the students don't spend all their time hitting the school books. One late afternoon I was feeling horny as hell so I went to the local post office to see if I had received a letter from my boyfriend at home. Walking alone in the chilly winter air, I was experiencing a combination of loneliness and passion, longing for a good lover. As I

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The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

approached the door, I saw the young postmaster. At the time the twinkle in his eye revealed nothing to me of the extraordinary chain of events which was about to follow.

I saw him walk behind the row of postal boxes, and thinking nothing of it, I proceeded toward my box. Slowly I turned the dial of the combination lock, and as I opened the door of my box, what should be lying in there but the biggest donger that I have ever had the good fortune to come aross. Somewhat dazed, I stared at the giant prime cut of beef and gradually realised that it was connected to the rest of the swarthy postman. Not being able to control myself, I shoved my head into P.O. Box 73 and took this throbbing cock into my mouth.

This being somewhat uncomfortable, he quickly withdrew and came around to where I was sitting, practically creaming in his pants. He led me back behind the mailboxes where he eagerly pulled down my Levis and thrust his heavenly hard-on into my already-dripping cunt. We rooted like rattlesnakes on the cold post office floor, and the thought that anyone could walk in on us excited me even more.

We soon reached shuddering simultaneous climaxes, and after he had shot his hot load of come into me, he smiled and said, "Special delivery."

For the remainder of the semester, at least twice a week since the juicy night, I went back for my favorite piece of "male", waiting for me in my "love box." When I return to my studies you can believe I'll run to see him post-haste. God help me if my macho mail worker ever goes on strike. —*Name and address withheld*

Oral thrills

I am 19 years old and am attending my first year at a university. One of the classes I am enrolled in is French. It happens to be my favorite class because of my incredibly gorgeous teacher. She is a tall blonde with a fantastic figure.

All first-year students are assigned a teacher as a student adviser; Jane was mine. A couple of times a year I am required to visit her. Obviously, I looked forward to these meetings, but the real surprise came at the end of the semester during my orals.

It was five o'clock when I showed up. I was the last one scheduled for the day. I knocked on her office door and went in. Part of my assignment was to read some French text. Once I sat down, Jane pulled out a magazine and instructed me to turn to a specific page. As I searched through it, I kept seeing photographs of nude men and women fucking in various positions. This really turned me on. Finally I found the page and began to read.

As I read I kept finding words I had never seen before. I tried my best to pronouce them. After I finished she asked if I had understood what I had read. I confessed that I hadn't. She then translated it for me. The article was a detailed account of an older woman and a younger man and their exploits in bed.

As she read she slowly raised her skirt to reveal one of the most beautiful pussies I have ever seen. I couldn't resist her. I dived at her cunt and began to lap at her moist lips as she read on. When I found her clitoris she had an earth-shattering orgasm.

I almost came just by watching her. But now it was my turn. I stood up and began to remove my pants. Jane helped me. She released my cock from its confinement and began to lick it like a lollipop. I leaned back on the desk while she expertly sucked on my balls.

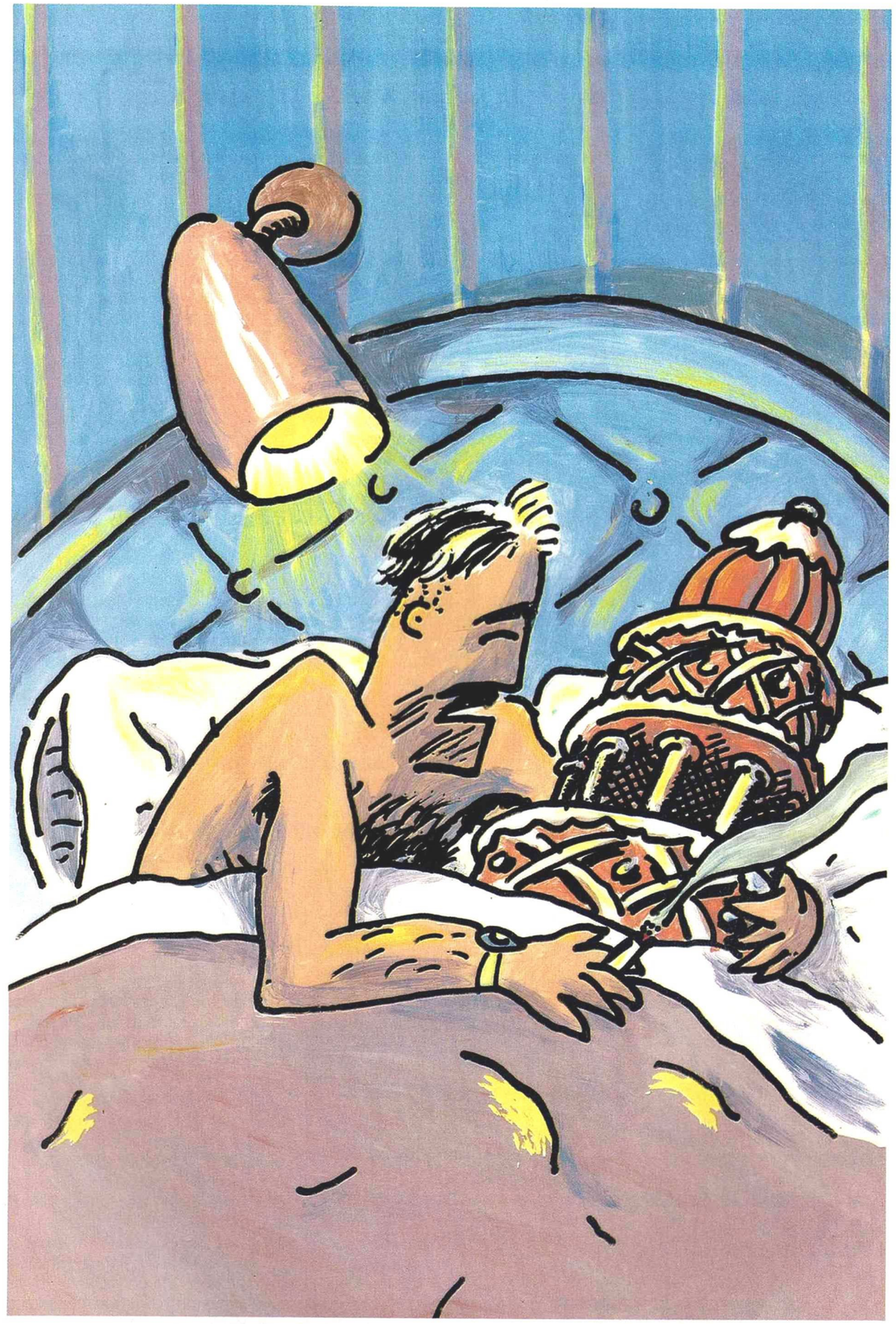
All of a sudden she stopped and started to remove every strip of clothing she had on. I did the same. When she let loose her terrific tits, I just had to squeeze them. I sucked and pinched her rosy nipples. After a while Jane pulled away and knocked everything off the desk. She pulled out a jar of petroleum jelly from the top drawer and in a seductive voice said, "Tit-fuck me. I want to feel your cock between my breasts."

I slowly eased her on to the desk and began smearing jelly on her body. When she was well-greased, I mounted her and began to glide my cock back and forth between her lovely tits. I started to move faster and faster. Then she took my penis in her mouth. She sucked hard and I promptly shot my load. We collapsed on the floor and rested. But it wasn't long before we were at it again. More on that interesting lesson later.—*Name and address withheld*

A rose by any other name

My wife Susan is an attractive, fun-loving redhead with a vivid imagination. She has kept our marriage lively and full of excitement. A case in point occurred about five months ago. I had to go out of town for the week on a sales trip and asked Susan if she would mind picking me up at the airport early Friday evening. After a moment's hesitation she said she would love to but that I had better wait for her in the airport lounge since she might be delayed in closing a deal.

Friday evening found me nursing a scotch and soda in the lounge while waiting for my wife. Suddenly I heard a soft voice asking if my name was Paul. Half-turning to face the questioner, I was confronted by a blonde vision of sexuality. Her dress was white and of a material soft enough to reveal every curve of her delightful body. She wore oversized sunglasses that contributed to her mystery. "My name is Amanda," she said. "I'm a friend of Susan. She asked me if I would pick you up and give you a ride home since she got tied up at the office."



"Honestly darling. That Danish tart was just a passing fancy."

FORUM

I was momentarily speechless and then became a little suspicious. Finally it dawned on me that this might be Susan playing out a little scenario. I took the lead and asked "Amanda" to sit down and have a drink with me. But then Amanda ordered a vodka martini, and Susan never drank vodka.

After a second drink Amanda suggested that we get going, since Susan might be home by now. During our conversation, Amanda had explained that she was recently divorced. She kept commenting on how lucky Susan was to have someone "big, strong and handsome" like me for a husband, especially when it came to "satisfying certain female needs." By now my cock was at full attention and enjoying the whole situation.

After paying the bill, we headed out to the parking lot where I fully expected to see the good old family station wagon. Amanda led me instead to a snow white Porsche with a black interior. I was more than mildly impressed and surprised.

After driving a few minutes, Amanda began playing her fingers along my thigh, slowly working them toward my groin. She kept up her suggestive conversation until she finally exclaimed, "Sugar, you don't know how long it's been since I met a man who got my nature hot. Why don't we stop by a motel so I can show you a little hospitality?" Up to this point I had been playing the reluctant but interested husband. I hesitated, stammered and then said okay. Amanda giggled and reached under her seat to pull out a motel room key. "I thought you might agree," she said.

A few minutes later we were at the motel. Amanda closed the door behind us and told me to relax; she would "take care of everything." I found myself sitting on the edge of the bed while the blonde goddess began to undress me very slowly and with a lot of massaging along the way. When I was down to my shorts and my cock was absolutely bursting to leap out, Amanda knelt in front of me. She slowly began to nibble at my shaft and to blow her warm breath on it and draw it into her mouth. I thought I'd come right then and there.

After a few minutes of this, Amanda suddenly stood up and announced that she was going to get herself ready for me. She asked me to lie back and watch her. Then she moved to the foot of the bed and began a slow and erotic strip-tease. When her dress finally dropped to the floor, she stood there in a white open-nipple bra and crotchless panties. My eyes dropped to her cunt, expecting to see Susan's reddish-brown pubic hair, but no pubic hair showed. Amanda began to massage her breasts. Her fingers pinched her nipples until they stood out hard and taut; her body undulated to her caresses. Then she worked one hand between her legs. She paused momentarily to moisten her fingers in her mouth and then pushed those fingers into her cunt. Her body moved faster and faster and she started thrusting her pussy against her hand until she finally climaxed.

By now I was wild with lust and was overjoyed to hear Amanda say, "Now it's your turn." With that, she moved on to the bed with me. She placed her knees on either side of my face so that my mouth was directly underneath her wet pussy. Then she commanded, "Now let me see how good you can suck cunt." To my astonishment, when I parted the slip of her panties, I found myself staring at a pussy shaven completely bare!

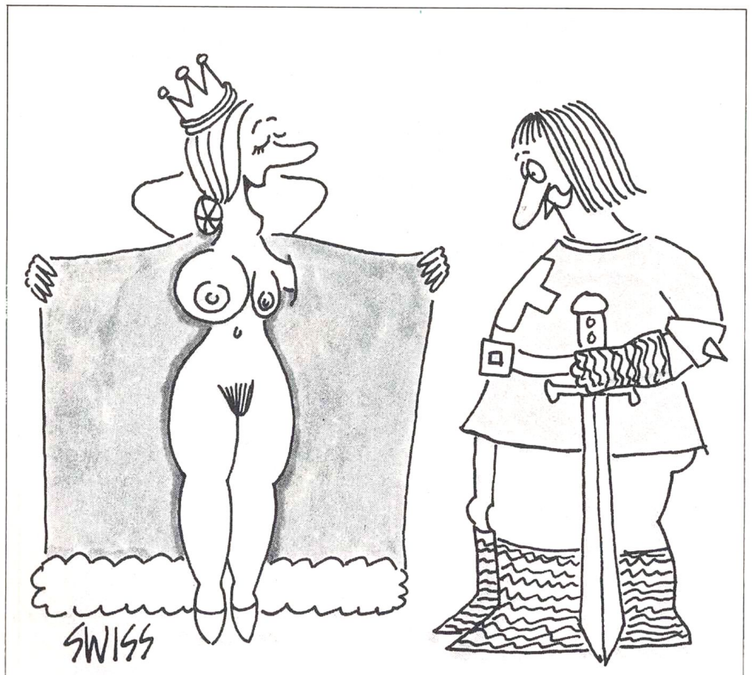
I proceeded to run my tongue up and down the length of her slit, stopping occasionally to nibble and suck on her clit. She moved in rhythm with my thrusting tongue. I could feel her abdominal muscles tighten and then she shuddered as she surrendered to another orgasm. Her love juices flooded my mouth.

She kissed me then and moved down my body until her pussy was directly over my aching, rock-hard cock. Slowly she let herself down on my shaft, working her cunt in a circular motion. I was in seventh heaven. Each time I felt I was going to come, Amanda would rise up off my cock and expertly give me the squeeze treatment to stop the inevitable.

After about four near orgasms, Amanda lifted herself off my shaft and in a rather demanding tone told me she wanted to be fucked doggie-style. She got on her knees and positioned herself face down, her beautiful buttocks parting invitingly as I knelt behind her. I ran one hand over her arse while I kissed and licked her lovely back. With my other hand, I stroked my cock at her cunt. We worked it in together, slowly at first, but then faster as she accommodated my size. Once I was completely inside, I revelled in the warm, tight sensation that permeated my cockhead. I glanced to the side and for the first time realised that the mirror on the wall reflected the full length of our bodies locked together in our love dance. The sight of me fucking this beautiful blonde sent me over the edge and I exploded in a mind-blowing orgasm.

We lay down side by side to cool off and I promptly fell asleep. A while later I was awakened by a loud knocking on the motel room door. I quickly remembered my extracurricular activity and glanced to the other side of the bed. Amanda was no longer there. Slipping into my slacks, I answered the door and there, as expected, stood Susan, smiling brightly. She told me that "Amanda" had called and told her that she had to drop me off at the motel since she had an unexpected appointment to keep.

I smiled knowingly and accompanied Susan to the parking lot. The good old



"They tell me I have a 'divine right.' "

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station wagon was there and we drove home. After unpacking I suggested that I make some drinks before dinner. I was in the kitchen when the phone rang. Susan answered, spoke briefly and then came into the kitchen. "Who was it?" I asked. "Oh, it was Amanda," Susan replied. "She wanted to know if we got home all right."

I managed to drop a full tray of ice cubes all over myself at that point. After recovering my composure, I asked Susan what she would like to drink.

"Make mine a vodka martini," she said, with a devilish look in her eyes. — *Name and address withheld*

Tag-team

It all started because my husband, Carl, likes to show me off to his friends. I have a nice face and a really good body (my husband says I'm a perfect 10). Whenever he goes on a trip, he always buys me some sexy underwear or a sexy swimsuit. Although I never wear the underwear when other people are around, I don't mind wearing the most revealing swimsuits or the skimpiest bikini. I always attract a lot of attention from the guys around the pool. I enjoy it because it makes me feel daring and sexy.

Last winter, after reading a letter in Forum, my husband got excited about the idea of showing off more of my body in public. I felt shy about it, but since we both try to help each other out with our fantasies, I thought I should try to go along with him. We talked about lots of options, from nude beaches to posing for some modelling shots. Those things sounded okay to me, and I agreed to try some of them.

One day my husband called me at work in the late afternoon. He sounded very excited and he told me to meet him at a certain club as soon as I got off work.

At five, I got into my car and shot over, curious to find out what all his excitement was about. He met me just inside the lobby and escorted me to a cosy booth. "What's up?" I asked him.

With a mischievous grin, he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a flier. He held it up for me to read.

"It's an amateur dance contest here!" he said.

I looked at him blankly.

"You know! Wet T-shirt. Topless, if you want!"

Just then, the waitress brought our drinks. I don't think I ever needed one as badly as I did then. I was petrified and cast about wildly for a way to talk him out of this insanity. Sitting topless on a beach was one thing, but dancing nude in front of a hundred people was more than I was ready for.

He persisted, though, and over the next week I grew more accepting of the idea. I convinced myself that the $500 prize money could buy us a trip away or a new refrigerator. I also noticed that our lovemaking was even more passionate than usual and, on my part at least, was accompanied by fantasies of people looking at me. Finally, I agreed to do it.

Since I had only two weeks to get ready, I arranged to go to a tanning salon every day after work to get rid of my winter whiteness. I've always been a good dancer, but each night I practiced and worked out a little routine to ZZ Top's song "Legs." My husband says the song could have been written about me. It really turned him on to watch me dance, particularly the last part when I pulled off my pink T-shirt. He always had a huge hard-on when I finished and I always put it to good use. His cock is nine inches long, and I have never been able to get very much of it into my mouth. But as each night passed and our excitement increased while the event grew closer, I noticed that I was able to suck it in at least an extra inch per night. On the night before the contest, I felt his dark and curly pubes tickling my nose as his hot, sweet come shot all the way down my throat.

On the night of the contest, though, he practically had to drag me there. The club was packed, and I noticed that at least three men from work were there. I could have died.

When I got backstage, though, I calmed down a little. Most of the others were as scared as I was, since we were all local girls who had never done this kind of thing before. There were a dozen of us and we helped each other with our hair and costumes. My husband had given me a large bottle of baby oil and I dutifully oiled myself until I glistened like polished chrome.

I was the last one to go out; the waiting was agony. I had a knot in my stomach and couldn't see what was going on out front, but when each girl came back from her dance, I could see the excitement in her eyes. Since they were all beautiful, I knew I didn't have a chance of winning. I looked in the mirror and adjusted the little pink-and-yellow striped triangle that covered my crotch and bottom, knotted the hot-pink T-shirt tight in front and, when they finally called my name, said to myself, "Give 'em hell!"

When I got onstage, I was surprised because the lights were so bright and so hot. I couldn't see anyone out in the audience and that helped me to relax. Two waiters came onstage, each with a bucket of water. As the music started, they doused me down.

As I danced, I was filled with a wonderful mixture of fear and sensuality. I was aware of the tight, firm globes of my breasts. I was aware of my cunt and my arse. As the men cheered me on, I danced like never before.

Suddenly, I realised that I was nearly to the end of the song. I almost hesitated but

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the excitement was building within me so much that the thought of *not* taking my clothes off was the most disappointing thought there could be. In one quick movement, I pulled my shirt off.

The crowd was impressed. I was so turned on I couldn't breathe. My nipples were as tight as two cherry pits and, as I ran my fingers over them, I could feel the energy in the room rise.

The song had reached the last chorus when I realised that this was not enough for me and, with that thought, I grabbed the bow at the side of the bikini and yanked as hard as I could. The next second, I was standing in front of a hundred men, perfectly, gloriously, and completely naked. Just my high heels, my wet hair, and the oil glistening on my body. The crowd went wild as I pushed my cunt toward them and slowly drew my fingers up the inside of my thighs and up along the sides of my mound. Then I took a long finger and slid it down my flat belly and into my crack, closing my eyes and coming harder than I ever had come before.

I guessed I must have won, because the next thing I knew, the two waiters were up there with me holding my arms up high and cheering. The emcee was shaking a big bottle of champagne and pointing it at me.

I don't have to tell you what it looked like as the white foam came spurting out of the neck of the bottle and covered me with tiny little bubbles. I closed my eyes and came again. They practically had to carry me offstage.

That night, clutching the winner's cheque in my hand, I took my husband out on to a mattress on the deck in the backyard and made him fuck my body until neither of us could come again. When we awoke, the sun was shining brightly and we were naked before the world. I had the delicious feeling that one of our neighbors had been peeking at us through the fence.

The story could have ended there, if not for the fact that my husband went out of town for a long business trip about a month later. One night, after he had been gone for a few days and I was sick of watching TV alone, I got in the car and drove down to the same club. I suppose I was drawn by the memory of the excitement I had experienced there.

Since it was a weeknight, the place was pretty empty. I saw my three men friends from work (the same ones who had been there the night of the contest) and joined them at the bar. They had been nice enough not to embarrass me at work by mentioning the dancing. In this environment, I felt they were looking at me in a different way, which made me feel warm inside. In a way, they had shared the most exciting and sexual night of my life and their company was just what I wanted.

Finally, the bar had emptied except for us and the bartender. The talk turned to the contest. They expressed sincerely how turned on they had been watching me dance naked. Since they knew me personally through the office, they each said it had been the most exciting thing they had ever seen. It made me feel good to know that it had been as special for them as it had been for me. I tried to explain what I had gone through up there on the stage and, to my surprise, they really seemed to understand. We all shared humorous experiences from childhood days of nudity "behind the woodshed" and laughed at the memories of our shyness and excitement at those times.

Drew, the most shy and handsome one of the bunch, looked at me and said, "I'd really like to see you dance again."

The others all chimed in their agreement. Thinking they were kidding, I made a joke about never dancing for less than $500. To my enormous surprise, all four of them reached into their wallets and pulled out a crisp new hundred-dollar bill. R.J., the bartender, walked over to the till and pulled out a fifth one. He put it on top of the pile. I knew he could get into a lot of trouble for that, and I was touched by their sweetness and fired up by their desire. I felt a flame of sexual excitement ignite deep within my cunt and lick its way up to my tits.

Who am I kidding? I thought to myself. *I want this as much as they do!*

I gave them my sweetest smile and, stuffing the $500 into the pocket of my tight jeans, slipped off the barstool and told them to lock the door and get things ready.

Backstage, I found some more baby oil. I undressed in front of the mirror and slowly slicked it all over my body, letting the moment build. I slipped my panties back on and pulled on the little tuxedo shirt I had worn over my jeans. With a little laugh, I realised I had even worn heels with my jeans, something I almost never do. I wondered what Freud would have said about that!

I heard the music start up outside and almost fell over myself running up the stairs to get on the stage. Again, I was surprised by how bright the lights were and I realised that except for the noise, it was impossible to see whether there were four men in the audience or 400. I decided to pretend it was 400.

Suddenly, I was sprayed down with ice-cold water from two buckets. I had forgotten that part! The shock of the cold water sent sparks through me, and I began dancing in a frenzy of lusty motion.

This time I didn't wait so long to pull my top off. My taut breasts were outlined darkly in the wet shirt and, as they shimmered and shook, they almost cried out to be seen by the eyes of these excited men.

I danced topless for a while, drinking in the long looks of my friends until the excitement in my body began to shift from my tits to my cunt. I wiggled out of my tiny panties and felt the attention centre on my slender waist and hips, at my flat belly, and at the place where my legs meet my body. I felt like I was sucking them deep into my wet cunt from across the room. I closed my eyes and rocked to the music and, as they watched me, I slid my finger slowly down through my pubes and into my crack. I went off into waves of ecstasy.

When I opened my eyes, I was surprised to see Drew in front of me, swaying to the music without a stitch of clothing on. I guess he wasn't as shy as I thought!

He must have seen the excited look in my eyes, because he smiled and dropped to his knees. He motioned me forward, toward him. Once again, I couldn't breathe.

The music slowed and I danced toward him. He reached out and pulled my wet, silky mound into his face. He put his hands on each of my buttocks. As his tongue flicked back and forth over my clit, it sent waves of hot and cold through me. I dropped my head back and arched my breasts forward, dancing for the crowd.

Then Drew was on his back and pulling me down on top of him. I knelt astride his muscular hips and felt him inject his hard cock deep into the wetness of my warm cunt. His cock wasn't as long as my husband's, but it was thicker, and as I settled down on top of it and began to grind it slowly, it filled me with excitement. As he bucked beneath me and I swayed above him, I felt the eyes of the others on me. Opening my eyes, I realised that I could make out their faces just within the ring of lights. I looked deep into their eyes as Drew fucked me.

Drew came long before I wanted him to, shooting hot jets of come deep into my love cave. I was about to cry out in desperation, when I felt something soft brush my cheek.

There beside me was R.J., standing above me with the biggest cock I had ever seen. *Far out*, I thought, *tag-team fucking!* Gratefully, I turned to him and sucked him all the way into my mouth. Drew grew limp inside me and lay there on his back with his hands behind his head and watched as I sucked off R.J. When he came, filling my mouth with his warm load, I was ready to have it done to me. One by one, the others came up with their rock-hard cocks ready to penetrate me as the others watched and helped.

At one point, I had a hard cock in each hand and one in my mouth as Drew doused me down with iced champagne. It was like a rocket of orgasm taking me away with it. After that, I was definitely ready for more, and so were they.

I guess we went on for several hours. Much later, when we had stopped for a rest and were sitting entangled together on the stage, I saw R.J. fiddling with something on the side of the stage. I asked him what he was doing and to my shock, he told me he had videotaped the whole thing. Fearful, I began to protest — but he gently told me to wait before I made a decision and that if I wanted it destroyed, it would be mine to destroy.

He rewound the tape and, as we sipped fresh champagne, I watched myself dancing and undressing, then being fucked by one after the other of these strong young bodies. We all got so excited that we went at it all over again.

Now my husband and I watch the video all the time. I was afraid to show it to him at first, and I know he was really shocked, but we have a pretty open relationship and besides, it was *his* fantasy that got this whole thing started in the first place. In fact, now he's so turned on by the tape, he's organised a reunion of the whole group this Saturday night so we can make a new video. As for me, well, now that I know what really turns me on, I'm happy for an opportunity to perform. *Name and address withheld*

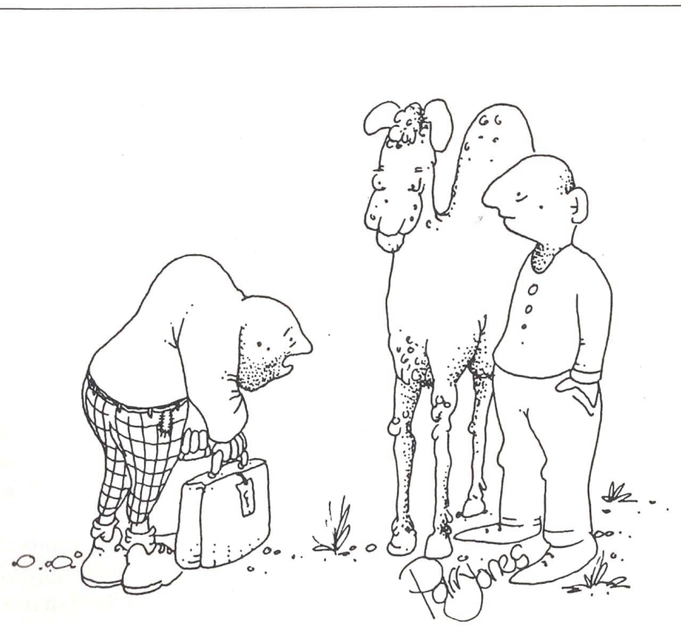
Sex daze on the road. . .

I drive a truck and last Monday I was heading north when I noticed a Mercedes convertible in the passing lane, speeding up, slowing down and swerving a bit. As I pulled alongside, I saw a woman in her thirties, brown hair, neatly dressed, drinking a cup of coffee, or so I thought. Then I saw her take the coffee mug and slide it up and down the inside of her thighs, higher and higher until she pushed her pleated skirt all the way up around her hips. I blinked twice when I saw she wasn't wearing any panties. She moved the mug around her furry patch. Then she put the mug down on the console, dipped her finger into the cup and brought it over to her clit, where she began rubbing ever so slowly. My dick was growing harder and hotter every minute.

After about five minutes of this, I gave here a little toot on my airhorn, and she looked up at me casually, knowing that I had been watching her. She winked and motioned me into a rest area up ahead. I pulled in, stopped and nearly killed myself jumping out of the cab. As I walked over to her, she jumped into the back seat.

My jeans almost burst open as she fondled my member through the denim. As quickly as I could, I pulled them down, got in the car and climbed on. I entered her firmly but gently. When her juices started flowing again, I was so intense with my rhythm that she came in two minutes. I continued to pound her until, sensing her next orgasm coming. I quickened my thrusts to meet her arching body.

Just as I was about to come, she reached over and grabbed the coffee mug, still half-full, and poured the warm coffee where we were joined. I exploded! The warm liquid and her heaving body sent me to the highest of all highs and the best orgasm I have ever had. I must have come for a minute. "Thanks for the cream," she said. — *Name and address withheld*



"Mum, Dad . . . I think I'll hit Notre Dame and have a crack at the movies."

"The council said it was a fire hazard."

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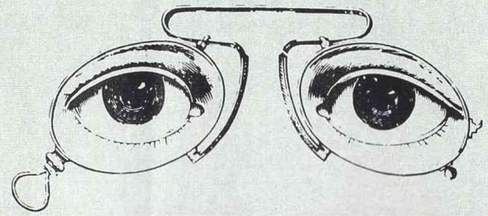


VIEW FROM THE TOP

A TOAST TO BAD DRUNKS

BY PAUL MANN

The first time I met MacDonald I was the new reporter at a Brisbane newspaper I won't name to protect the guilty. I was told by the chief-of-staff to go down to the pub and bring MacDonald back. He'd gone down for a heart-starter at 10am and got carried away with sheer recreational enthusiasm. It was now three in the afternoon and the chief-of-staff thought MacDonald might go easy on me because I was the new boy. Apparently he'd been known to punish other members of the staff who tried to separate him from the bar before he was ready.

MacDonald was fortyish, had thick black curly hair, probably preserved by alcohol, and wore those kind of baggy, shiny, greeny-brown suits reporters of the old school used to wear. I spotted him seated at the bar, his legs coiled around each other in a way only drunks can manage, nursing a beer and a Bundy, cigarette hanging from his mouth, eyes fixed on the gleaming bottles of joy juice along the opposite wall.

"Mr MacDonald," I said, walking up to him, "they need you next door right away."

MacDonald's head sort of wobbled and he took half a minute to turn it and check me out with eyes that looked like pickled beetroots. His complexion was like sunburnt pigskin and he's the only bloke I've ever seen who had varicose veins of the nose. He finally got me in focus, then asked: "What time is it?"

"Just gone three," I answered.

"Fight time," he said. And he turned and hit the bloke sitting next to him with a smack that sounded just like the noise a paddle makes when you slap it on the water. This bloke, who'd been having a quiet beer and a read of the racing form, went down like he'd been kneecapped.

"Right," said MacDonald, getting up and wiping the cigarette ash off his tie. "Let's go."

I found out later that the only reason the chief-of-staff wanted MacDonald out of the pub was so he could go down later and have a drink without MacDonald assaulting him. MacDonald was prone to assaulting people in those days. It was tolerated by the management of the newspaper because he was the best police roundsman in Queensland. It was tolerated by the management of the pub because he put $200 a week across the bar — and this was in 1969. And he was tolerated by his mates because he was the best act in Brisbane.

You probably know a bloke like MacDonald. Australia's full of them . . . or used to be. Every office or factory had a MacDonald, a hopeless, mad, compelling, dangerous, self-destructive Roman candle of a character. The kind of bloke who always gave you something funny to talk about, whose very survival made you marvel. The kind of bloke who generated an appalled fascination among all those around him — people who were afraid to stand too close to the flame in case they got burned in a shower of sparks.

The health revolution and widespread addiction to mineral water has undermined their appeal, of course. It has become fashionable to disapprove of that kind of indulgence and the apparent lack of self-esteem that goes with it. Blokes like MacDonald have become invisible in the baleful light of disapproval. Sad to say, they have become an endangered species in a prissy, health-conscious world.

The last outrageous stunt I heard MacDonald had pulled was one night at a restaurant where he got himself hopelessly pissed with a couple of old desperates he'd picked up. The paper's managing editor was entertaining some friends at a nearby table and must have assumed his authoritative presence would deter MacDonald from doing anything too horrible. He was wrong. Apparently MacDonald was on this way to the dunny, had circumnavigated a couple of tables, moved a chair or two and was under the impression he had made it. Finding a potted palm near the ME's table and in full view of the ME's guests he pulled out his old feller and pissed like Phar Lap into the pot plant .

MacDonald got the word after that: dry out or get out.

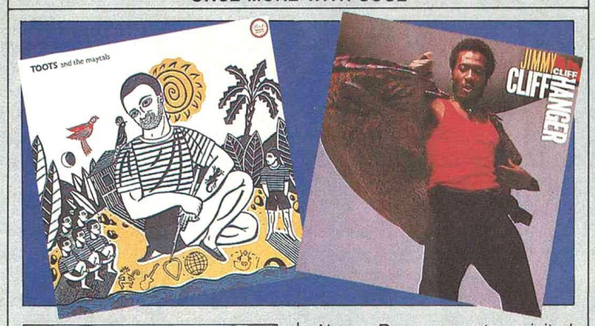
The last time I saw him I didn't even recognise him for a full minute. He had dropped some weight; his face looked clear and healthy; he was pleasant and coherent. It's better now that he's off the grog — better for him, his family, probably for everyone he works with.

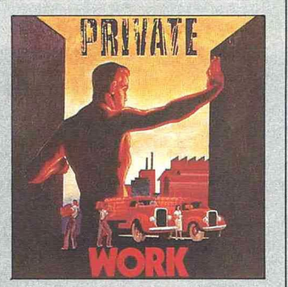
But there's an undeniable pathos about a reformed drunk, someone whose light has been extinguished by the suffocating conservatism of society. And I know my sense of loss is a purely selfish one because, if I am brutally honest with myself, I know I am just missing the real-life entertainment value of a man who was slowly but spectacularly killing himself in public. A kind of unofficial blood sport. There is no reason in the world why a guy like MacDonald should continue to kill himself for the amusement of others. But now he's gone, along with the rest, and I miss him. Sick, isn't it?

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

ONCE MORE WITH SOUL





Above: Reggae greats revisited. Left: New work from Propaganda and Private.

The justifiably tagged "Queen of Soul", **Aretha Franklin**, is back in fine form with the star-studded *Who's Zoomin' Who?* (Arista). Clarence Clemmons blasts his sax down the "Freeway Of Love", Peter Wolf and Carlos Santana give "Push" a shove and there's Aretha and Annie's reminder that "Sisters Are Doin' It For Themselves", lifted off the Eurythmics' last album. Most of this record is produced by drummer Michael Walden, who initially discovered papadams and white shirts in the Mahavishnu Orchestra and then meandered off into medium grade pop-disco. He co-wrote half the tracks and has provided the good lady with a solid soul backing firmly rooted in a classic Seventies style with enough of today to make the tracks sound fresh. Aretha never really ventured into the disco swamp but would retreat to her gospel roots. Her classic uptempo growled vowels and soothing ballad moods have been big influences on singers like Annie Lennox and Alison Moyet. Here Ms Franklin convincingly reminds us why.

While Aretha continues to keep Detroit on the musical map some other music that has done likewise for the motor city in the past is celebrated on *Every Great Motown Song: The First Twenty Five Years, Volumes I & II* (Motown).

If your taste runs to things more contemporary then **The Cocteau Twins** have put out a real *Treasure* (4AD/Virgin). The Twins, like the Thompson family, are a three-piece outfit but similarities end there. Foremost is the studied grace of Elizabeth Fraser's voice. Her concept is more operatic than pop, lacing the music with swirling melodies that go places Siouxsie Banshee would wail over if she could get there. Like the Banshees, the Twins tend to evolve songs over cyclic feels — as in the loping beat and strong guitar on "Persephone" — balanced elsewhere with near baroque counterpoint between bass and voice and dreamy synth washes. *Treasure* is not as overtly ambient as Brian Eno's attempts to upgrade the elevators of this world, but its effect is often as hypnotic.

The Cocteaus have also added their sounds to the floating collective known as **This Mortal Coil** — a recording umbrella presided over by one Ivo for people to record outside the parameters of their bands and for him to produce covers of his favorite obscurities. Fraser's voice dominates the single "Song To The Siren", but the rest of *It'll End In Tears* (4AD/Virgin) boasts many disparate performers that Ivo has made sound compatible, with only the cranked-up guitars of "Not Me" the exception.

As moody but with more hooks to hang your attention on is *A Secret Wish* (ZTT/island) by **Propaganda**, who have trusted themselves to the production prowess of Trevor Horn. They don't skimp on the thick synth strings, serious notions and significant statements — they are German after all — but all with a healthy pop sensibility. The singles "Dr Mabuse" and "Duel" form the immediate highlights but, as we've come to expect from Horn, none of it sounds less than huge.

Singer songwriter John Needham and bass colleague Phil Munro have spent many fruitful months in the studio crafting their debut *Work* (RCA) as **Private**. With the help of studio musicians they've produced one of the better sounding albums to emerge from an Australian studio. As Private Lives they managed to squeeze the "Pleas" single out of the record company but cloth-eared radio programmers blinked and missed it. This time their record company has more of a "vibe on the band", and hopefully Private may soon be more a public property. His delivery and lyric edge is often reminiscent of fellow Englishman Elvis Costello — a similarity that extends to some of the brass figures and feels. Main gripe is his overly languid approach to many melodic ideas, slip-sliding around the notes. Live work may toughen his attack . . . otherwise, a great debut.

Two of the great voices of Jamaica, **Jimmy Cliff** and **Toots Hibbert**, are celebrated on *Cliff Hanger* (CBS) and *Toots And The Maytals* (Island) respectively. Cliff's is reggae cast in the pop-soul mould and steeped in modern production techniques. He dances down "Reggae Street", pausing only to remind us of the proud personal philosophy mandatory in reggae with the ballad "Now And Forever (Make Your Stand)." Toots and the defunct Maytals are revisited through recordings from 1968 to '82 plus two tracks from Toots' subsequent solo career.

Weird Al Yankovic is back tilting at pop's windmills on *Dare To Be Stupid* (Epic). He gets brave with some of his own "cause I'm stranded alone in the gas station of love, and I have to use the self-service pump", but has more success trampling all over the likes of Madonna, Huey Lewis, the Kinks and Cyndi Lauper.

If Madonna ever decides to go more cosmic than carnal she's got **Kate Bush** as a model, currently *Running Up That Hill* (EMI).

Andreas Vollenweider waxes melodic on harp with percussion for *Pace Verde* (CBX) — apparently good music to sell books to.

More frenetic, the **Woodentops** *Move Me* (Rough Trade) with a barrelling jangle of acoustic guitars and drums.

Funnier than all the above, the ABC has graced us with an album of comic gems from the radio series *Slightly Out To Lunch* (ABC), featuring Angela Webber and the late Lance Curtis amongst others. — *Jeremy Cook*

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FILM

LET'S GO EAT ITALIAN

Cimino's Year Of The Dragon

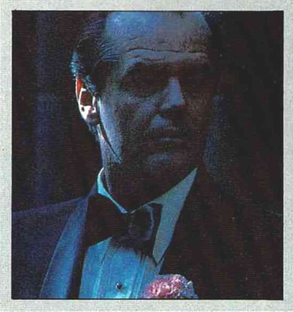
As any member of the Hollywood mafia will tell you between pulls on his fat Havana, a juicy flick that delves into goings-on in gangland guarantees bums on cinema seats. "Heck," he'll say, hoisting the Guccis on to the mahogany desk, "they cost a hell of a lot more than teensville sex and sniggers, but we know we're looking at boffo box office."

And it comes to pass that in the midst of a rash of rug rat adventures and cinematic bounces with teenagers on the duvet-covered mattresses of middle America, two gangland epics hit our screens simultaneously. To take us to the traditional blood-spattered mattresses of gang warfare come John Huston's *Prizzi's Honor* and Michael Cimino's *Year Of The Dragon*.

Both are "Family" films — the former concerning the Italian Mafia, the latter the Chinese Mafia or Triads. They're brothers in blood, laying on the red stuff with a trowel, and they share a theme of conflict between traditional values and the principles of a new generation. A remarkable number of similarities for two very different films. Huston's *Prizzi's Honor* is a complex, blackly humorous study scripted to showcase the talents of an excellent cast. Cimino's *Year Of The Dragon* is a badly flawed pseudo-epic that relies tenuously on cinematography to conceal a lacklustre, basically silly plot.

In **Prizzi's Honor**, Jack Nicholson adopts a Brooklyn "wop" accent in the role of Charley Partanna, godson to the Don of New York's most powerful Mafia family. Grating and a little unsettling at first as the seemingly slow-witted, lonely thug, Nicholson quickly encourages his audience to forget past performances and believe in Charley Partanna. The mercurial Kathleen Turner plays Irene Walker, the dame Charley falls for in a big way. She's cool and conniving and full of nasty surprises which explode intermittently like the cold violence that litters the film. Irene breaks all the rules laid down by the good ol' bad ol' boys of the Mafia, ultimately forcing Charley to examine his loyalties and act painfully on the decisions of his superiors to maintain the status quo.

Nicholson and Turner in Prizzi's Honor



This film has been called a "dramedy" by US scribblers with a penchant for such terms, and scriptwriters Richard Condon (from whose book the film is taken) and Janet Roach do indeed weave warmth, wit and even the odd bellylaugh into a complicated dramatic storyline. Such is the effect, bolstered by uniformly excellent casting and portrayals, that *Prizzi's* is sure to be high on the list for gold-plated gongs come awards time. This is a movie to revel in and remember over ravioli and chianti for years to come.

If *Prizzi's* sets cash registers ringing at Italian eateries, **Year Of The Dragon** is sure to have the opposite effect on the takings at Chinese restaurants. Chinese picketed cinemas showing the Cimino film across the States recently, and it's not hard to see why they jacked up. After watching scores of grisly scenes it gets pretty damn hard to look a plate of chow mein in the face again.

Set in New York's Chinatown, *Year Of The Dragon* concerns a confrontation between police, media and old and new elements in the Triads, the oldest criminal organisation in the world.

Young actor Mickey Rourke is miscast as police captain Stanley White, "a tough 'Nam vet with scars on his soul", who is assigned to clean up New York's Chinatown after a spate of street gang killings. Stan finds out fast that the youth gangs are doing the dirty work of the big boys in the Triads and he's soon in deep chop suey with the inscrutable elders.

John Lone gives one of the few creditable performances in a leading role as Joey Tai, a youthful "leading Chinese businessman." Joey's ambition is to wrest the heroin distribution racket from the Italian Mafia, thus expanding the Chinese connection beyond importation. He'll stop at nothing — except maybe Stanley White — to fulfil his aim and in doing doing so he upsets the delicate, long-established relationship between the Chinese and Italian underworlds.

Then there's Tracy Tzu, a beautiful Chinese American TV reporter, played by former top fashion model Ariane in a manner that suggests she should never have quit her day job. On the beat in Chinatown the tantalising Tracy is manipulated by Stanley White into exposing the Chinese criminal hierarchy, and predictably enough, she and Stan fall for each other.

If this is reading like a soap opera, it's because *Year Of The Dragon* is just that — a melodrama that meanders across a couple of continents leaving behind a crooked trail of sudsy bloodstains. It is crammed with cliches, unnecessary violence and embarrassing unintentional laughs. Its only real saving graces are its collection of sets and its cinematography. Overall, however, it has about as much appeal as a handful of frozen peas in a side order of fried rice. — *C.J. Mackay*

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SEX

THE SMELL OF SEX

The expression "making a pig of yourself" may soon take on a whole new meaning, largely because of a range of scents for men — called "pheromones" — now being promoted in the marketplace.

Now pheromones are real, and in general terms could be described as "odoriferous chemicals secreted by the skin glands or into the urine and/or faeces of various animals." The idea is that the airborne chemical is then detected by another individual of the same species and actually acts to alter the behavior of that animal. Pheromones are produced by males to influence females, by females to influence males and even by females to influence (suppress) other females, and it seems that most species of mammals utilise them.

Those familiar with farmyards may recall seeing a ram or a stallion sniffing around the backsides of his females, who promptly pass a little urine. The male animal probably then appears to lick his lips, strains his lower jaw forward as if to stretch his neck, and curls his upper lip back while apparently sniffing the air with shallow breaths. This is known as the Flehman response, and the male is vaporising a few drops of the female's urine and directing the odor into a small, specialised upgrowth from the nasal cavity known as the Organ of Jacobson. In this chamber the molecules of odor are concentrated and detected by special receptor cells, and, presuming the indication is right, the male will then try and mount the female. It is the mechanism by which many farm animals communicate to their mates that they are in heat.

Pheromones can be considered aphrodisiacs in that they induce sexually receptive behavior in individuals who would otherwise run away. But do they work for humans too?

If you were to believe a lot of recent advertising the answer would surely be yes. All it takes, according to the ads, is a quick spray from a can and any woman of your choice will be overcome with unbridled lust for you.

Research with rhesus monkeys has indicated that their frequency of copulation seems to be directly determined by the quantity of five fatty acids (acetic, proprionic, isobutyric, butyric and isovaleric acid) produced by microbial action on the vaginal secretions. These odoriferous acids enhance the attractiveness of particular female rhesus monkeys to male monkeys of the same species. The amounts of these fatty acids vary similarly in human females to what they do in the female monkeys.

Unlike with true pheromones, however, where there is an "all or nothing" effect, there is considerable variation between male rhesus monkeys in the degree of their response to such stimuli. Furthermore, the status of this finding is made uncertain by the fact that other researchers have had no response from the male monkeys when they've tried to repeat the experiment. All of this information seems to be at odds with the often extravagant claims of the pheromone advertisers.

Human sexuality is tremendously variable, with satisfaction obtainable through such diverse routes as masturbation, homosexuality and relationships with animals. Consequently it's impossible to be able to defend any suggestion that a specific odor is a prerequisite for orgasm by either sex. And from what is known of animal pheromones, their reactions are invariably specific. As well as this, humans are notoriously poor smellers, with only a tiny 0.0001 percent of their brain volume devoted to analysing odors, and are certainly devoid of the Organ of Jacobson that seems to be specifically involved in pheromone detection.

So what is the magic ingredient that pheromone manufacturers are flogging at exorbitant prices to under-achieving males? Some quick research reveals that it's not the fatty acids suggested by the rhesus monkey studies, but a steroid by the name of androstenone. And that's where the pigs come back into the story.

When most animals copulate it's a quick in-and-out affair, but that's not the case with pigs. Some ten minutes is required for a boar to ejaculate his considerable volume of semen (400 to 540 ml). It's for this reason that the boar has evolved a screw-like thread to the end of his penis and the sow evolved a complementary screw-like thread to the inner lining of her cervix. Consequently, despite the odd step to either side during the ten-minute orgasm, the ejaculating penis is held firmly in place and none of the semen is wasted. To further assist this anatomical adaption the boar and sow needed another mechanism by which the ejaculating male could ensure the female held still, and this mechanism is the pheromone androstenone, which is contained in the boar's saliva.

Pig farmers who now artificially inseminate their sows find that by spraying a little androstenone around the sty they can ensure the sows reliably remain still while being inseminated. (Coincidentally, a very similar steroid to androstenone is produced by truffles, which probably explains the success pigs have in locating these.

But I'm not so sure about the effects of androstenone on humans. I've never heard of female farm hands getting lusty after cleaning out the sties. In fact I strongly suspect that the male pig pheromone has absolutely no effect on humans — male or female — at all. But be warned: the pheromone does have a very real and strong effect on pigs. If you are tempted to try a little spray, make sure you give farmyards a miss for a few days. Otherwise you might be in for the surprise (and experience) of your life. — *Dr A.G. Wheeler*

illustration by Mark Tremlett

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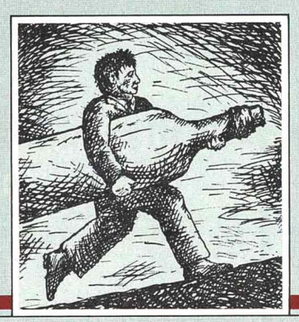

LIQUOR

PUNCHDRUNK

Punch is the drink without a pedigree, the classic mongrel drop. And as the old dictum goes: never trust a mongrel.

It's worth remembering too that the first man in history to get drunk was certainly a punch drinker; he would have tasted the accidentally fermented juice of stored fruit — that's a good enough definition of punch — scooping it from a cauldron with half a coconut shell or something. The next evening he invites his mates over to sample the same and the punch party is born, almost like a new chapter in evolutionary history.

These days, punch's earthy egalitarian qualities stamp it as something of a social barometer. A punch is, and always has been, equally welcome at a backyard barbie booze-up or a high-society happening. Dipping into a communal vat transcends the social niceties that tend to inhibit naturalness and openness in people. Given that the criteria of the hooch is that it should pack exactly what its name suggests, the scope in creating a punch that everyone is going to talk about at some stage of an evening is a virtual guarantee that any knees-up will liven up.

From various sources come these suggestions for enlivening the humble punch. The first rule is that there are no rules.

There are only suggestions: fruit (chopped), wine (sparkling, champagne, or casks of any color), fruit juices, soft drink (dry or lemonade) and spirits are the general categories. It's probably best to decide on a budget before worrying too much about what is to be bought, as the sky's the limit. (Seasoned punchdrinkers smirk to hear a wine columnist describe a bottle of "fane wane" as "interesting"; give them a case of the stuff, and the punchmaking basics, and they'll make the wine interesting all right.) But it is accepted in punchlore that the more you pay at the bottle-o, the less you'll pay the next morning.

Consider soaking some of your chopped fruit for a day or two prior to the event in a spirit such as tequila, a liqueur such as Galliano or Drambuie, or a concoction of a few. In this way, innocent-looking bits of floating apple become concentrated fireballs.

One test of a good punch is how much, if any, is left over — given that you've forked out the bikkies. A piece of advice in this regard is to share the responsibility, trusting the collective tastebuds of the makers. (From most of my respondents' experiences, a punch has been continually tasted at all steps of its mixing so by the time they've realised they have a great drop on their hands they're too zonked to remember what they did anyway.) The secret is the clear, creeping spirits such as vodka, gin or tequila, which don't overwhelm the fruit taste or the bubbles.

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

Your choice of vessel offers an opportunity to get the banter going. The plastic garbo (a new one, please) is of course now an institution. But some have tried fish tanks (with a secreted goldfish as a lucky door prize), bathtubs (complete with red vegetable dye and half-submerged skeleton at vampire parties), and — surprise, surprise — the punchbowl. The dyes represent something of the New Wave in punches. Back in the Sixties they only spiked punch with LSD; these days plastic floating dog turds and the color brown will predictably get a "Bad Taste" party off and racing.

Though it would seem the premise that "the more the merrier" is applicable here, don't overlook the punch-drinking potential of the dinner-party or the intimate gathering. They offer the chance to lavish less, but perhaps finer, ingredients to create less conventionally bizarre taste sensations. International bartender and author Eddie Tirado offers these suggestions in his textbook of *Cocktails And Mixed Drinks* (Lansdowne).

Try mixing up a Booby Trap. Add these proportionate measurements to get your desired amount: Drambuie (375 mls), Rosso Antico (180 mls), Bacardi rum (180 mls), Southern Comfort (375 mls), champagne (to taste — add last), orange juice (375 mls), all mixed together with ice and in-season fruit, or tinned fruit-salad.

Or there's the Knockout Punch. Mix together Midori melon liqueur (375 mls), creme de banane (180 mls), vodka (a bottle), cream (600 mls), garnish with strawberries, and add champagne or bubbly white to taste (with ice).

I personally favor an exercise in Kissing The Bride punch. It may serve only 12 in these measurements, but it's easy and out of this world. Put a punnet of strawberries in a punch bowl and sprinkle some icing sugar over them, add about 180 mls of cognac, and then whack it into the refrigerator for six to eight hours. When ready to serve, add some thoroughly chilled champagne to taste. (Don't bother with ice for this one.) It's a hit.

Punches are very much the safe bet, but if you fear failure — or love gimmicks — why not consider parking a vessel adjacent to the party's entrance and allow admission only after each guest inverts a bottle of whatever. This way everyone can take the credit (or blame), nobody leaves in a hurry, and the changing flavor through the evening will have everyone supping like accomplished buffs.

Beer is the one ingredient that is definitely ruled out, but that's only fair. After all, the local publican pulls no punches. — *Graeme Sims*

EXPECTATIONS OF PLEASURE.

SUNNY DAY. SCENT OF GRASS. TINKLE OF ICE.
AND THE UNMISTAKABLE TASTE OF GORDON'S.

SPORT

THE SURFARI KING

When we arrived at Denpasar Airport, three Balinese men wearing "King Surfaris" T-Shirts were waiting to greet us. One was holding a sign with our names printed on it. We were ushered into a taxi and whisked away to our pre-arranged bungalow accommodation; the surfboards arrived five minutes later. Like clockwork. And if you think that's unremarkable, then you've never been to Bali.

King Surfaris is the only overseas surfari outfit operating in Australia. Director Paul King, a Sydney-based surfer who's been exploring the Indonesian archipelago for the past five years, set up the company in May 1984 and has developed four distinct surfari packages which have two things in common: they are superbly organised; and they offer, on a wave-to-dollar basis, the best value an Australian surfer is going to find anywhere in the world.

The group advance purchase airfare organised through Garuda means that on any of the four packages you get the cheapest possible return flight to Denpasar from any Australian capital. From there you can simply take a week of pre-arranged accommodation in Bali or you can leave civilisation behind and get straight down to business by taking the Grajagan Overland Surfari, the G-Land Express Surfari or the Explorer Surfari. They're all designed to provide surfers with the sort of waves and the sort of adventure that are the stuff of surfing dreams, while eliminating the organisational hassles that can turn those dreams into nightmares.

Grajagan ("G-Land"), located on the south-eastern tip of Java, is an utterly relentless grinding left-hand barrel which, at around eight to ten feet (not at all uncommon in these waters), can provide rides of one kilometre and tube rides of 100 metres and more. It's without a doubt the best wave in Indonesia and stacks up well against any left-hander in the world. The intensity of the surfing at "G-Land" is matched only by the serenity of the environment; the surrounding jungle (home to tigers, lesser wild cats and poisonous snakes, among other things) is a strictly controlled national park, which means only a privileged few surfers are allowed into the camp each week. Simple elevated bamboo huts give protection from the hazards of the jungle — as if the wave itself wasn't enough to contend with — and Balinese cooks provide ample food and drink. Beyond that, you're on your own — and if you're riding monster barrels that break with awesome power on to a razor sharp reef adjacent to an impenetrable jungle, many days distant from genuine medical help, then you'd better be fully aware of your own capabilities. Grajagan is, in every sense, far out.

Top: G-Land barrel; Below: Sumbawa's unlimited potential.

Getting there through King Surfaris is, on the other hand, no problem at all. If you take the Overland Surfari you'll be picked up from wherever you're staying at around midnight for a six-hour bus trip through Bali and Java to Grajagan village; from there it's a one and a half hour ride in a Javanese outboard to the surf camp. The price, $375 for one week, is all-inclusive; they even throw in four beers per person a day. Alternatively, you can go way upmarket with the G-Land Express Surfari. For $645 you get a week of untrammeled luxury aboard *Moana Manu*, a 58-foot ketch which pulls out of Benoa Harbor (near Sanur, Bali) and lands you at Grajagan just before dawn. A rubber zodiac taxis you to and from the line-up: outrageous stuff but good value, since getting out at G-Land is no picnic when it's big. The all-inclusive price gives you access to snorkelling, fishing and windsurfing gear if you ever get sick of riding perfect waves.

The best has been saved for last. The Explorer Surfari is as close as you can get to the ideal combination of surf, adventure and freedom; it's the perennial surfing dream come true. King Surfaris provide your group (minimum of five, maximum eight) with an Indonesian sailing boat, a captain and a crew — and the itinerary is up to you. Captain Monoh knows all the breaks in the vicinity of Bali and can tap you into whatever sort of wave you're after. From Benoa you might head east for a brief taste of the lefts and rights of Nusa Lembongan before sailing on to Lombok, Sumbawa and Sumba (which has a left-hander not unlike Grajagan). There are breaks galore around these islands, from critical backhand barrels to mellow forehand fun. Best of all, you and your mates will be surfing in solitude; there's no road access to any of the spots on the islands beyond Nusa Lembongan. Depending on tides and swell, you might decide to head for Grajagan and then on to sample the unexplored southern coast of Java, where beach and reef breaks abound. Snorkelling and game fishing equipment is provided, along with two Indonesian cooks and heaps of food and drink. And get this: on board there's a video camera, a VCR, a TV and a video library. You can watch yourself surfing perfect waves each night and get a copy of the tape sent to your home address for no more than the price of a blank plus postage. One week on the Explorer Surfari is worth $375 per person.

Although the prices quoted here are for one week, you might take the Explorer for ten days, two weeks or whatever; you might want to string together all four surfaris and then start again the next month. *"Flexible holiday packages to Indonesia"* is the King Surfaris credo, and that's precisely what it's all about.

If you're interested in fulfilling the surfing and adventure fantasies of your youth, King Surfaris is the way to do it. You can make bookings through Go Travel at 585 George Street, Sydney 2000 (Phone 02-264 8722) and if you want to know more, contact Paul King Box 446, Cronulla 2230 NSW. — *Greg Hunter*

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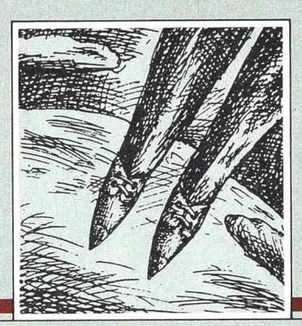
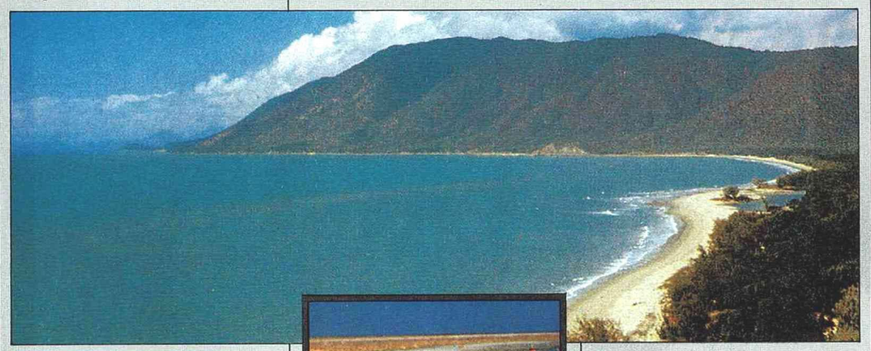


TRAVEL

QUEENSLAND'S BEST KEPT SECRET

Port Douglas: dedicated to indolence, though "progress" is gaining fast



When I need relief from the rattle of typewriters I head for Far North Queensland. Being lazy by nature – I haven't shifted anything heavier than beer glass for years — this drowsy part of the world and its easy going people suit me very well.

Unfortunately for me, it looks like I'll have to find somewhere even more remote. The developers have arrived and billions of dollars are being hurled into new hotels and resorts. They're mushrooming everywhere — in Cairns and Townsville there are almost as many tower cranes as palm trees. Cairns and Townsville, laidback as they are, have become a bit fast-paced. I used to head for Port Douglas, a tiny town on a little peninsula 62kms north of Cairns, where the inhabitants have raised the business of not doing anything in particular to something closely resembling an art form.

Soon, however, even Port Douglas will echo to jackhammers and cement trucks. Some time later this year construction will begin on a $300 million resort, jointly owned by the Queensland government and Sheraton Hotels. Progress has finally caught up with another good spot. My advice is to go there now, before the big bucks move in and bring the tourist hordes swarming in from the south and from overseas.

It's easy to see why Port Douglas is so attractive to a developer. The coral of the Great Barrier Reef grows closer to the mainland here than anywhere else in Australia; it has gleaming, empty beaches, mountain swimming holes and rarely-trodden tracts of rainforest. From here, access to the Reef and to the sheer wilderness of Cape York Peninsula is easy. The fishing is beyond the wildest fantasies of the most accomplished piscatorial liar.

Known locally as "Port", it was once going to be the capital of FNQ, but 75 years ago the projected railway was re-routed to Cairns. By the early Seventies, when the town's population had dwindled to 250, a few people started to rediscover the place. Fortunately they weren't all moneybags, and they liked the look of the somnolent old town. Old buildings were preserved, and new ones screened with tropical gardens; the village atmosphere and the healthy tradition of *manana* remained untouched.

Some stayed; others return year after year. There are now a dozen hotels, mainly modern, as well as caravan parks and camping areas. The Central Hotel is in the main street, within strolling distance of just about everything, and dates from 1886. It mixes the feeling of an old pub — it's very popular with the locals — with good, air-conditioned twin units.

With its hotels and its handful of pleasantly unpretentious restaurants, Port Douglas offers plenty of variety for such a small place. If you're an active type you can drive to Cape Tribulation or to a delightful old pub in the Rex Ranges, or go for a swim in the Mossman Gorge rainforest. Some distance from Port Douglas, and accessible only by water, is the remarkable Bloomfield Lodge, a tiny establishment hidden among trees. It's there mainly for the fishing, but it's a good refuge for those who occasionally find the pace of Port a little too distressing and who prefer to nurse their hangovers in comfort and seclusion.

Bloomfield operates 8-metre Shark Cat boats out on to the reef. They are described as wet boats and indeed they are — leave your Gucci gear at home. The Lodge can accommodate only 18 people, and the catering arrangements are remarkable. You bring your own grog and the general idea is that you go out and catch your tucker on the Reef. At night, it's barbecued out of doors, and the talk and the drink flow on through the night. Next day, you can go out on the Reef again and blow away the after-effects in the sun and the clean salt air. And . . . you don't have to be rich. It's astonishingly cheap, and the atmosphere is so relaxed that their idea of changing for dinner is to put on a clean singlet.

Port Douglas might develop — and in fairness I must add that the new resort will have no structure higher than a palm tree and will be as dedicated to the pursuit of laziness as the rest of the place — but it will still be a long time before the tower crane looms over Bloomfield. — *Fred Baker*

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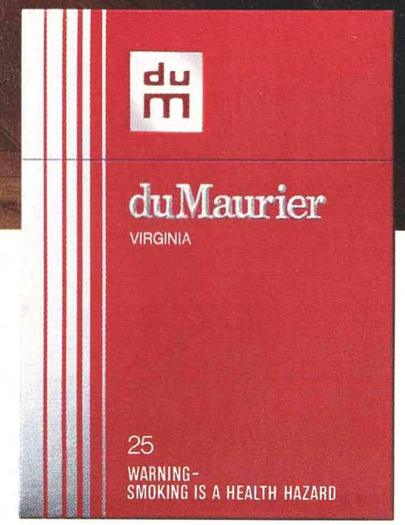

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LUST FOR BLOOD

A new type of murderer is appearing on Australian police files with frightening frequency. He is the man who kills for sexual thrills

BY PAUL WILSON

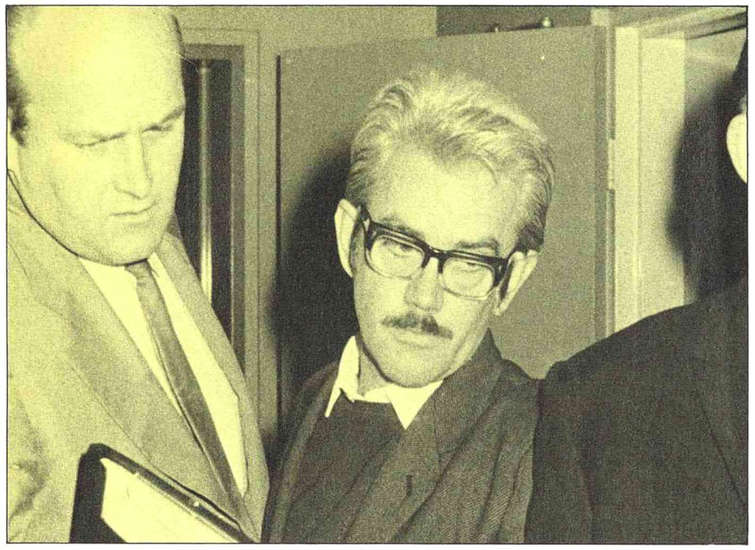
The dream had come back again powerfully and provocatively. It was of a Sultan, a powerful man who would tie beautiful women up, their arms and legs pinned to a huge bed, their bodies quivering with both fear and anticipation. He had read the Sultan's story when only a youth and, with variations, his sexual fantasies had illuminated every detail, poured vicariously over every limb and breast, until the dream became too powerful to control.

Then the time came to translate the dream into reality. On the Friday morning of May 7, 1954, Leonard Keith Lawson, an established commercial artist, drove five young fashion models to a sparsely populated rural area northwest of Sydney. The young girls trusted Lawson. He was respected in his craft and some had worked for him before . . . so, without hesitation, they followed him in single-file along a lonely bush track.

The laughter and the spontaneous teenage chatter all changed as the gun was drawn and the scissors and rope

PHOTO BY JEREMY TAYLOR

Top left: Mary Laenen, found naked in her car's boot by her father. Left: Leonard Keith Lawson murdered while on parole. Above: Robin Reid's deadly arsenal.



BLOOD

appeared. Their eyes blazed in terror as one by one they were tied up and sticking plaster was placed on their mouths. And, as the Sultan had done, Lawson stroked their legs with one hand and, with the other, cut the seams of each girl's dress, moving the scissors ever upwards, the blades searching for the softness of their panties.

They pleaded with him not to hurt them. The two 15-year-olds told him they were virgins, the married model said she was pregnant, the others that they were ill. But he raped or indecently assaulted them one by one, forcing all of them to watch as their eyes bulged and their mouths strained against the sticking plaster, anticipating their ordeal and wondering whether it would be their last moments alive.

The five models lived but Leonard Lawson's next victim did not. Considered completely rehabilitated, Lawson was released from prison in 1961 having had his original death sentence for rape commuted to 14 years. In reality he served only half that time in prison.

Now a talented artist, Lawson was the toast of middle-class liberals throughout Sydney. So, when the mother of 16-year-old Jane Bower was asked if her daughter would pose for a portrait, consent was given without hesitation. Inevitably, however, the dream came back. While she was sitting happily in Lawson's flat one day a sock full of sand crashed down upon Jane's head, sending the girl sprawling, unconscious, to the floor.

She struggled to consciousness only to find her wrists tied and her dress ripped off, with a heavy spliced rope around her throat. The rope tightened around the choking and spluttering girl as the Sultan's saga flashed, for the thousandth time, before Lawson's eyes. But this time, unlike all the others, it was the moment for the dreamer to move forward, away from archaic and tired fantasies, toward a dazzling new reality.

As Jane Bower's eyes bulged, as her body heaved in a desperate attempt to escape, Lawson reached down, grabbed a hunting knife and plunged it deep into her chest. While the girl slowly gurgled her last gasp Leonard Lawson, crying now, scrawled the words: "God forgive me, Len" with an eyebrow pencil across her bare midriff. Almost blinded by tears, he fled the scene.

Even when escaping, the Sultan's story flashed yet again in Lawson's head. Driving down the Hume Highway from Sydney he returned, as if programmed to do so, to the small town of Moss Vale. This was where he had first come when released from prison and it was to a school in the town, the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School, that he now went.

This time his fantasies had sharpened to a new, horrible climax. He would hold schoolgirls as hostages and demand that three women he had lusted over be delivered to him. He wished for a nun, an Olympic gold medallist and the current Miss Australia. Brandishing his gun over the petrified pupils, Lawson began the business of turning fantasy into reality. But the fantasy dramatically changed course when the courageous headmistress lunged at Lawson, grabbing the barrel of the rifle. Bullets exploded around the girls, killing one 15-year-old instantly.

The saga of Leonard Keith Lawson was nearly complete — except for the final episode. In Parramatta Prison in 1972 Lawson and his fellow inmates were being entertained by professional dancer Sharon Hamilton at a charity concert. After the concert, while prisoners and entertainers were

mingling, Lawson suddenly grabbed Miss Hamilton and stuck a knife to her throat and another at her back. Fortunately he was quickly overpowered by other prisoners and the dancer escaped with only minor cuts to her hands and chin.

The Sultan's legacy was not yet complete, however. Although the courts awarded her $99,000 as a result of her traumatic experience with Lawson, Sharon Hamilton commited suicide in 1978 by overdosing on sleeping pills. It was an act that police directly linked with the devastating experience she'd had with one of Australia's most notorious lust murderers.

In Australia and in most other countries killing for lust is hardly common. But what is frightening is that murderers in the mould of Leonard Lawson appear to be dramatically increasing in numbers. In fact in the United States a new, deadly type of lust killer — the serial murderer — is killing in violent rage more frequently than ever before.

In the last ten years there may have been as many as 120 of these murderers who have killed several victims, almost always at random and almost always strangers. Variously describing them as serial or recreational murderers, the FBI estimates — much too conservatively in the opinion of many criminologists — that in 1983 alone about 5000 Americans were murdered by these killers. The carnage works out at five murders every day committed by serial killers, or one out of every four homicides recorded in the United States. Half the victims are under 18 and both young males and females appear equally at risk.

Unlike traditional mass murderers, who suddenly crack under stress and kill everybody around them — such as Charles Whitman, who shot 14 people from the University of Texas tower, or Richard Speck, who strangled to death eight nurses in Chicago — serial murderers kill and kill and kill, often for years on end. Beyond the fact that serial or recreational killers are people who intertwine sex and violence and kill repeatedly, United States authorities are unsure about all the characteristics of both the killers and their crimes. Although not present in every case, there is often evidence of a mutilating attack or displacement of the breasts, rectum or genitals, leading some experts to differentiate serial killers who kill for lust from those who kill for sadism. It is reasonably clear, though, that most serial murderers are motivated by lust rather than sadism.

Recent cases demonstrate the nature of such crimes. Theodore Bundy, 37, called "the glamor boy of serial murder", was convicted of three killings although he is suspected of murdering as many as 40 girls and young women between 1974 and 1978. Bundy was equipped with blue eyes, a sensitive mouth and a charm that even attracted "groupie" teenage girls to his trial.

The most prolific serial killer of all time is probably 48-year-old Henry Lee Lucas. He confessed to more than 360 murders, although in recent months he has retracted credit for some of his "kills", stating that he was "exaggerating." Yet the Texas Department of Public Safety claim that between 190 and 200 of Lucas' cases have been cleared.

In his own words, Lucas "killed every way known to man." The knife, strangulation and fists were just some of the methods he used to dispose of his victims. In graphic detail Lucas recounted to law officers other occasions when he had "crucified" some victims and "filleted [others] like a fish." According to author and serial murder expert Jane Rule, who has extensively studied most American lust killers, Lucas epitomises what she calls the "hands-on" nature of most of these murderers. As Rule puts it, "It's rare for them to simply shoot their victims as in a sniper attack. It usually seems to be a sexual attack of some sort. They are working out a rage in which the hands-on part of it seems to be essential."

> In his own words, Lucas "killed every way known to man." The knife, strangulation and fists were just some of his methods

The rage of the lust murderer has been most recently demonstrated in the brutal killing committed by the "Green River murderer", outside the American city of Seattle. Twenty-five women, mostly prostitutes and runaways, have been asphyxiated in a wave of violence that has terrified Green River residents since mid-1982. So far the killer has not been caught.

Australia's contribution to the horrible litany of American serial murders came in the form of 39-year-old Australian playboy Christopher B. Wilder, suspected slayer of between eight and 14 young women. Wilder, who spent lavishly on cars, mansions and real estate, was killed by his own gun in a struggle with a New Hampshire state policeman.

After a two-month rampage of rape and murder the affable and sophisticated Wilder left police with four bodies located, four bodies missing and three terrified women who escaped after being tortured and sexually assaulted. His *modus operandum* was to use a kidnapped California woman to help trap the victims by asking them to pose for photographs as a means of having them enter the modelling field.

Australians do not commit lust murders only when overseas, however. On February 12, 1980, James William Miller, a 40-year-old laborer, stood trial charged with the murders of seven girls and young women at Truro, South Australia. The Crown alleged that between December 23, 1976 and February 12, 1977, together with an accomplice, Christopher Worrell (subsequently killed in a car accident), Miller had picked up seven victims with the purpose of having sex with them.

The two had shared a close, brotherly, sometimes sexual relationship, and Miller's defence was essentially to place the blame firmly on Worrell. Worrell visited hotels and other public places in order to pick up girls. According to Miller, he was simply the driver of the car and he denied ever having sex with any of the girls or seeing the actual murders take place.

But Miller did know that Worrell raped and subsequently killed the girls he picked up. He said: "The first time he [Worrell] did it in the car I helped carry the body, but after that he got them to walk into the paddocks because they were too heavy to carry." Forensic evidence suggested that all the victims had been strangled, either manually or by ligature, although there was a strong suspicion that the last of the victims had been alive when placed in a makeshift grave.

Miller described seeing Worrell's victims after they were dead. He told Detective-Sergeant Glen Lawrie, an investigating officer, that in one instance he went into a house and found a dead girl lying on the floor with sticking plaster over her lips and blood coming from her mouth as well as from sharp-looking marks on her neck. On another occasion Miller described the death of girl in a paddock and, just prior to her death, slow groaning as if the girl "had been kneed in the stomach or something."

Great pains were taken by Miller to assure the court that he played no part in the murders. But he had no trouble in passing judgement on the victims. Like most serial killers he was adept at rationalising his actions by describing the victims as worthless. "They weren't worth much," he said. "One of them had even enjoyed it." According to a young female witness at the trial, Miller had said that the victims "were just rags."

Miller and sections of the press tended to put the victims of the Truro killings on trial themselves. How, some people asked, could seven young women allow themselves to be picked up and driven to lonely, isolated locations? In her moving and honest account of the death of her own daughter, *It's A Long Way To Truro*, Anne Maree Mykyta described how she reacted with grief and anger at newspaper arti-

BLOOD

cles suggesting that the girls were somehow to blame for their own deaths.

But the Truro girls, like other victims of lust murders, were guilty of nothing more than a belief, naive perhaps but still a reasonable belief, that they could walk the streets and roads of major Australian cities without fearing sexual assault, torture and ultimately death.

Such a belief was also held by two 13-year-old schoolboys, Peter Aston and a friend, as they walked along a main road leading towards the Gold Coast. The date was May 4, 1982, and the two boys never imagined that their encounter with Robin Reid, a 34-year-old army corporal, and Paul Luckman, a 17-year-old army private, would lead to the mayhem that occurred.

As the youngsters approached a Daihatsu four-wheel-drive parked with its bonnet up on the side of the road, they noticed Reid leaning over the engine ostensibly repairing it. The boys stopped for a chat and eventually accepted a ride south.

After a two-hour journey the Daihatsu stopped at a deserted beach just over the border in Kingscliff, NSW. One of the boys, Peter Aston, was kicked, punched and stripped. Hair was cut from his head and he was stabbed repeatedly in the neck and elsewhere on the body. His throat was cut, he was bashed around the head with a shovel and then a rifle, and burnt with cigarettes. Holes were punched in his ears with a leather punch, and an aerosol spray was ignited near his face. The boy was abused sexually during the course of these events. His friend and companion, petrified at what he had seen, joined in the attacks, fearing for his own life.

While being stabbed Peter Aston screamed out, and the two soldiers stuffed his T-shirt into his mouth. Sand was shovelled on his face and he was buried in a shallow grave. The boy's injuries included 15 knife wounds, a depressed fracture of the skull, partial dislocation of the cervical spine, and severe bruises to the area of the penis and rectum. The attack had been carried out with a knife, rifle and shovel.

At the conclusion of the murder trial, in which both soldiers were found guilty, Justice Roden said that in more than 30 years in criminal courts he had not seen injuries inflicted on a victim as serious as the scars borne by Peter Aston.

Other judges have their own preferences as to who qualifies for the dubious honor of Australia's greatest lust killer. In sentencing Kevin Gary Crump and Allan Baker to life imprisonment on June 21, 1974 for having conspired to murder Virginia Gai Morse and having murdered Ian James Lamb, trial judge Mr Justice Taylor did not mince words. After describing the atrocities committed on Mrs Morse, Judge Taylor called Baker and Crump "depraved animals." He recommended the pair spend the rest of their lives in jail, and asked that any future parole board should treat the two men with the same amount of clemency they showed Mrs Morse.

What sort of men — with a few exceptions they are always men — mutilate, maim, torture and kill in the pursuit of sexual gratification? No-one has done more work on lust and serial killers than the Behavioral Science Unit of the FBI. According to specially-trained officers attached to the unit, there are two basic types. One is the organised non-social lust murderer who exhibits complete indifference to the interests and welfare of society; the other is the disorganised asocial killer who is basically a loner without the cunning and methodical manner of his counterpart.

Both types, though, plan their killings although the actual crime may be spontaneous. Sadism of some sort — ranging from deliberate torture through to bites on the body — marks the lust killer from other types. Frequently, as in the killing of Peter Aston, the murderer smears the victim's blood on himself and will frequently take a "souvenir" — an article of clothing, a finger, or a tuft of hair.

Advancing age is typical of lust killers. Many of these murderers grow old ungracefully, finding it difficult to accept their diminishing sexual desirability. At the same time, however, they want more sexual stimulation and the combination of torture and sadism may develop as a new erotic dimension.

The youth-oriented culture we live in leaves many males feeling over the hill upon reaching their thirties, thus exacerbating their frustrations and fantasies about sex. It is not surprising to find that Henry Lucas was 48, while Dean Corll, homosexual killer of 27 boys in Houston, was 33; that John Wayne Gacy, homosexual killer of 33 in Chicago, was 37, as was Ted Bundy, murderer of 36 young women.

Australian lust killers exhibit the same pattern. Leonard Lawson was in his forties when he held a knife to Sharon Hamilton's throat. Although Peter Luckman, one of the soldiers who sadistically tortured to death 13-year-old Peter Aston, was only 17, his collaborator Robin Reid was 34. Worrell, one of the two Truro murderers, was in his early twenties and his accomplice, Miller, was in his mid-thirties.

The action of fantasy in nearly all lust killers is strong and virtually everlasting. Charlotte Hullinger, the founder of an American organisation called Parents of Murdered Children, tells of the case of a mother whose 12-year-old daughter was raped and murdered by a man who was out on parole at the time of the rape. He had been previously convicted of nine crimes including rape and assault with a deadly weapon. According to Mrs Hullinger, this man had admitted committing other rapes in at least five American states.

"Very funny, Martha!"

He said in an interview just before leaving the institution in which he was incarcerated, "If I had to spend five years here, I would fantasise probably of raping again, only this time on a mass scale . . . a college dorm where you could line up 15 or 20 girls." In spite of this revealing statement, the man was paroled. He has since been convicted of rape-murders in two states.

John Lewthwaite, who in April last year caused panic in Sydney after failing to return from day-leave at Long Bay, was obsessed with sadistic fantasies. Eleven years ago Lewthwaite brutally murdered a five-year-old girl, Nicole Hanns, who had interrupted his attempt to abduct and sexually molest her nine-year-old brother. Nicole was stabbed 19 times.

Lewthwaite, in interviews with psychiatrists just prior to his trial in 1974, spoke frankly about his fantasies. He told them of his thoughts of killing by stabbing or strangulation a young boy while having intercourse with him. He has also had strong desires to abduct a boy and take him to an isolated bush area, sodomising and then finally murdering the victim.

Leonard Lawson was dominated by his Sultan fantasy throughout his life. Both Miller and Worrell, especially Worrell, had an obsessive interest in sadistic-violent material, as did Luckman and Reid who, just prior to the killing of the young boy, practised sado-masochistic scenarios on each other. Psychiatrist Dr Allan Bartholomew, in reviewing other Australian cases of sexual murder, has documented the bizarre and aggressive fantasies, often entertained from adolescence onwards, that preoccupy such killers.

There can also be no doubt that these fantasies are reinforced, perhaps even fuelled, by an obsessive interest in sadistic pornography. In my book *Murder Of The Innocents* I have argued that most lust killers want far more than the normal man's fare of erotica. What they crave and what they lovingly collect is visual or written material which emphasises bondage, torture, mutilation and death.

Dean Corll, the Houston killer of a score of teenage boys, kept a collection of sadistic pornography while Miller and Worrell stored similar material in a locked trunk which they would gloat over. The infamous Moors murderers, Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, recorded the screams of their dying child and adolescent victims and often visited their graves on the lonely moors. Both treated the Marquis de Sade's novel *Justine* as a "manual for killing" providing, as it does, a justification for murder, torture, rape, incest, slavery, masochism and blood-letting.

Yet it is facile to blame lust murder on sadistic pornography alone. A litany of explanations for sexual killing have attempted to centre it on the psychological and biological characteristics of the killer.

Explanations have ranged from those that emphasise traumatic birth experiences to some which suggest that the killers have additional chromosomes. Still others attempt to describe lust killing as a disease with characteristics as distinct and definite as cancer or leprosy. None of these theories has sufficient evidence behind it to warrant much credence, however — especially the explanation that suggests that such killers are mentally ill.

It is true that many sex killers feign madness in order to escape punishment but their alleged insanity is simply a rationalisation used by them, and by society, to excuse the brutality of their act.

Reid and Luckman planned to act as though they were insane. Their ploy failed, however, when an astute police sergeant uncovered a note from one of the soldiers to the other directing him to "act mad." Worrell and Miller, contrary to the protestations of the latter, knew exactly what they were doing and no-one could seriously excuse Leonard Lawson for his crimes on the grounds of mental illness.

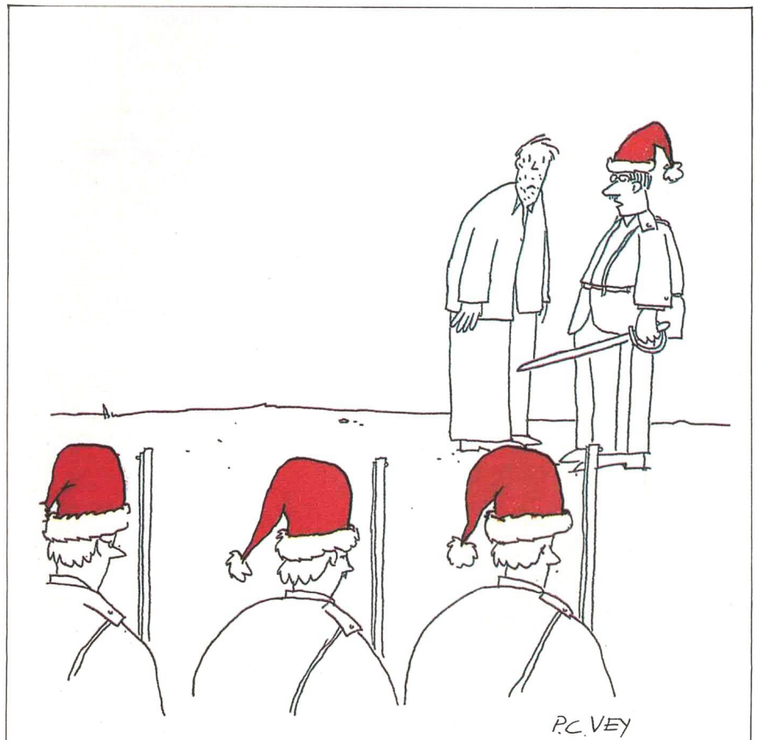
Pentridge psychiatrist Allan Bartholomew, a man who has probably seen more lust killers than anyone else in the country, refuses to regard such murderers as basically insane. Bartholomew quotes British expert R.P. Brittain, who states that lust murderers are not large, hulking brutes of low intelligence with histories of mental illness. In fact Brittain, like Bartholomew, found that the major characteristic of such killers is that "the majority may appear to be much like other people."

But "other people" do not maim, torture, mutilate and kill with as much thought as they give to drinking a beer. Clearly, there must be a difference in the way lust killers experience life.

An association between sex and violence established in childhood frequently occurs in the history of lust killers. Whether the violence occurs as a punishment for masturbation, or whether the genitals are used as an object to punish, is, it seems, irrelevant. What is relevant is the fusion of sex and sadism within the killer's psyche, a combination that acts as a time bomb. Love, hate, lust and anger churn around the murderer's mind as pressure builds up to find a victim. The victim can then serve as a person to control and dominate, to displace all the emotions of hostility felt towards oneself, one's parents and the world generally. At the same time sexual satisfaction is obtained in penetration, mutilation and eventually the victim's death.

At the moment of the death of the victim lust killers report a sense of profound relief, of the pressure within their head oozing away and of being in total control. In a sense they *are* in total control, perhaps for the first time in their lives, of a person.

Robin Reid stated that he had pressures inside him, fuelling his fantasies and eventually leading to the death of Peter Aston. Leonard Lawson was dominated by an obsessive dream. But these pressures, these



"Merry Christmas."

BLOOD

strange moods, are only temporarily relieved by a killing. They build up again and again, demanding yet another sacrifice, another body to vent that hate and lust upon.

Not all lust murderers kill repeatedly — thus becoming serial killers — but many do. Others are only charged with one killing but may well have killed before and escaped detection. Most state police forces have missing persons departments with a wall covered in pictures of children and adolescents who have never been found.

Take Queensland. In 1982-83, 2500 children were officially classified as missing and 81 were never heard of again. How many of these, and similar children in other states, end up buried somewhere is anyone's guess. We can be sure that serial killers are more common — and undetected — than most Australians realise.

Take the case of the infamous Wanda Beach murders, just outside Sydney, in 1965. Two 15-year-old girls, Christine Sharrock and Marianne Schmidt, were victims of the same ferocious killer. Their bodies were discovered together half-buried in the sand. The attractive, inseparable friends were assaulted for some hours before they were killed and had been brutally slashed, bashed and sexually assaulted many times. It was clear that Christine had made a valiant attempt to escape from the killer but two deep stab wounds in her back and drag marks in the sand indicated that the killer had hurried after her and brought her down with a vicious knife attack.

Warnings by psychiatrists and the police that the killer might strike again seemed well-founded. In Wollongong, shortly before dawn on Saturday, January 29, 1966, a lone cleaner, 57-year-old Mrs Wihelmina Kruger, was found dead at her place of work. The woman had been strangled, viciously bashed and mutilated, and there were also signs of sexual assault. Her body had been dragged down two flights of stairs, leaving a trail of blood and personal belongings — false teeth, keys, bits of clothing.

Four days later another body was found, this time by a woman tanker driver who had stopped to fix a puncture on the highway near Lucas Heights, south of Sydney. The 27-year-old victim, Annya Dowlingkoa, was near-nude, lying on her back with her wrists bound by a red woollen jumper. A mud-stained bra was nearby and her body bore marks of stab wounds and signs of strangulation that reminded the Sydney coroner of the Ripper murders in London in 1888.

We cannot be absolutely certain that all four killings were committed by the same person but there are some remarkable similarities. All the murders occurred in an area south of Sydney and the victims were killed in an obvious frenzy of lust and hate. No real attempt was made to conceal the bodies and sexual assault occurred only after the women were killed — a common phenomenon with serial murderers.

The still unsolved murders of homosexuals at Surfers Paradise in the early Eighties and the horrific sex-slaying of a number of adolescent males in Adelaide in recent times are just some of Australia's modern murders that bear the stamp of serial killers. Most recently the deaths of four women between December 1980 and February 1983 at Tynong North in Victoria look very much the work of a lust killer.

The headless bodies were found in thick scrub, some clothed, others naked. All four women were either unemployed or worked part-time, leading investigators to believe that they were abducted during the day. But despite four and a half years' investigation and 2000 interviews, coroner Mr Anthony Ellis SM was forced to return an open verdict on their deaths.

> The investigation was drowned in a sea of paper, the Ripper himself interviewed nine times in the six years of his killings

On Wednesday, June 12, 1985, Ellis said: "There does not appear to be any particular pattern to the dates and times that the women disappeared. There is no doubt that foul play must be suspected . . . I must return an open verdict." If a multiple lust murderer is responsible for these deaths — and there are good reasons to suspect that one is — then it may be a long time before the killer is caught or the coroner's open verdict changed.

Experience in Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States demonstrates that serial killers are usually particularly hard to find and that law enforcement is often inept in co-ordinating searches for such killers. In Vancouver, British Columbia, police let mass killer Clifford Olsen go — allowing him to kill four more times — before finally arresting him. Even then, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were only able to charge Olsen after offering the killer $100,000 in a macabre bodies-for-money deal.

In the investigation of Peter Sutcliffe — the Yorkshire Ripper who murdered 13 females — 250 detectives worked continuously for more than three years. But the investigation was drowned in a sea of paper with Sutcliffe himself being interviewed nine times from the time the killings began in 1975 until his arrest in 1981.

American serial killers have also been remarkably successful in escaping detection. In 1979 in Florida, Theodore Bundy was convicted of sexually abusing and murdering three young women but was believed to have slain at least 35 more. Bundy was at large for months even though he was a prime police suspect.

Florida law enforcement agencies had a list of a thousand names, which was subsequently narrowed to about 200, including Bundy, who was named by four people as being the killer. These leads, however, were not sufficient to single out Bundy to the police. He was finally caught almost accidentally by a patrolling officer who stopped Bundy in his car one night, suspecting he was a burglar.

Serial killers are street-wise, making it difficult for even efficient police forces to catch them. Bundy once worked for a Crime Commission and was familiar with police methods.

Police in America had to step up their methods in order to meet the challenge of the lust killer. A new National Violent Criminal Apprehension Program (VI-CAP) provides a computerised clearing house for information on unsolved homicides, violent or deviant sexual assaults and kidnappings or disappearances. Though VI-CAP will not stop sexual murder it will most certainly speed up and expedite the identification and apprehension of the offenders.

So too will a sophisticated FBI-centred crime analysis unit specialising in "profiling." After interviewing 100 lust killers across the nation and studying their crimes in detail, behavioral scientists are able to make accurate statements about the characteristics and personality of the killer.

Lust killing and serial murder may, at this point, be largely an American tragedy. In the last 20 years the rest of the world, with a population of about 4.5 billion, has probably produced no more than 40 serial killers. In the States during the same period at least 120 such killers have been singled out by law enforcement agencies.

Australians, though, cannot afford to be complacent. We have had a long history of macabre lust killers and at least some of those have been serial killers. Australia is very Americanised not only in terms of its social life but also in terms of its crime patterns. We should expect the worst results to manifest themselves not now, but two or three years down the track.

Are Australia's police forces ready to tackle lust killers? The answer would have to be a resounding "No." All police agencies have understaffed missing persons bureaux and no computer network interlocks one force with another. Nationally, Australia is probably more efficient at trac-

Continued on page 144

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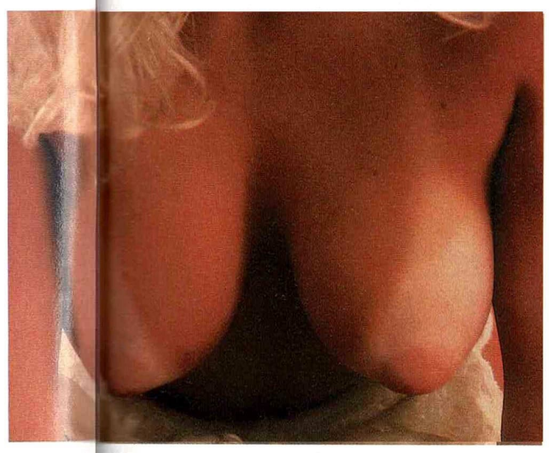
FEMALE OF THE CENTURY

Words are just words when it comes to describing the physical bounty of 22-year-old Renee Colbert. Why bother with florid phrases celebrating female pulchritude when a glance at the woman herself renders the written word ineffectual. You might say the tall blonde is ineffable, but be prepared for an argument. "Popular opinion has it that I'm extremely effable," she laughs.

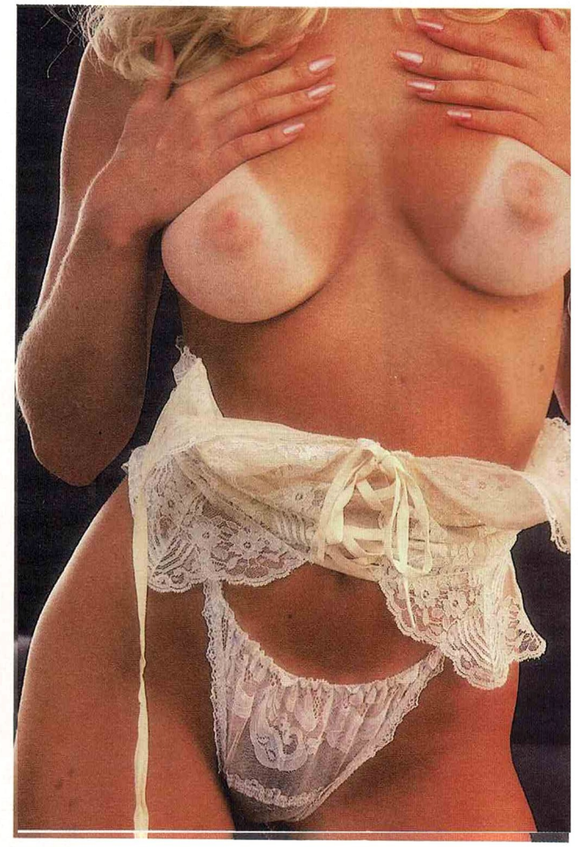
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Playing with the language is fun for Renee, but it's seldom that she opens up to people. When she does the syllables flow thick and fast.

"I've been told I have an excellent vocabulary," says Renee. "Maybe it's because I've always got my nose in a book. I like nothing more than strapping on my bikini and heading to the beach with a good read."



Her tastes run to non-fiction, preferably modern history. "I like to get my teeth into something that'll improve my general knowledge," she says. "Don't be surprised if I pop up on *Sale Of The Century* and clean up." In our books, she's a red hot favorite as Female Of The Century.



COAST WARS

The salvos are flying in Queensland's battle of the beaches

BY FRANK ROBSON

"If the Gold Coast does have a heart, you'll probably find it between the groynes." — Noosa resident

"Compared to here, the Sunshine Coast is a tourism graveyard." — Denis Pie, Mayor of the Gold Coast

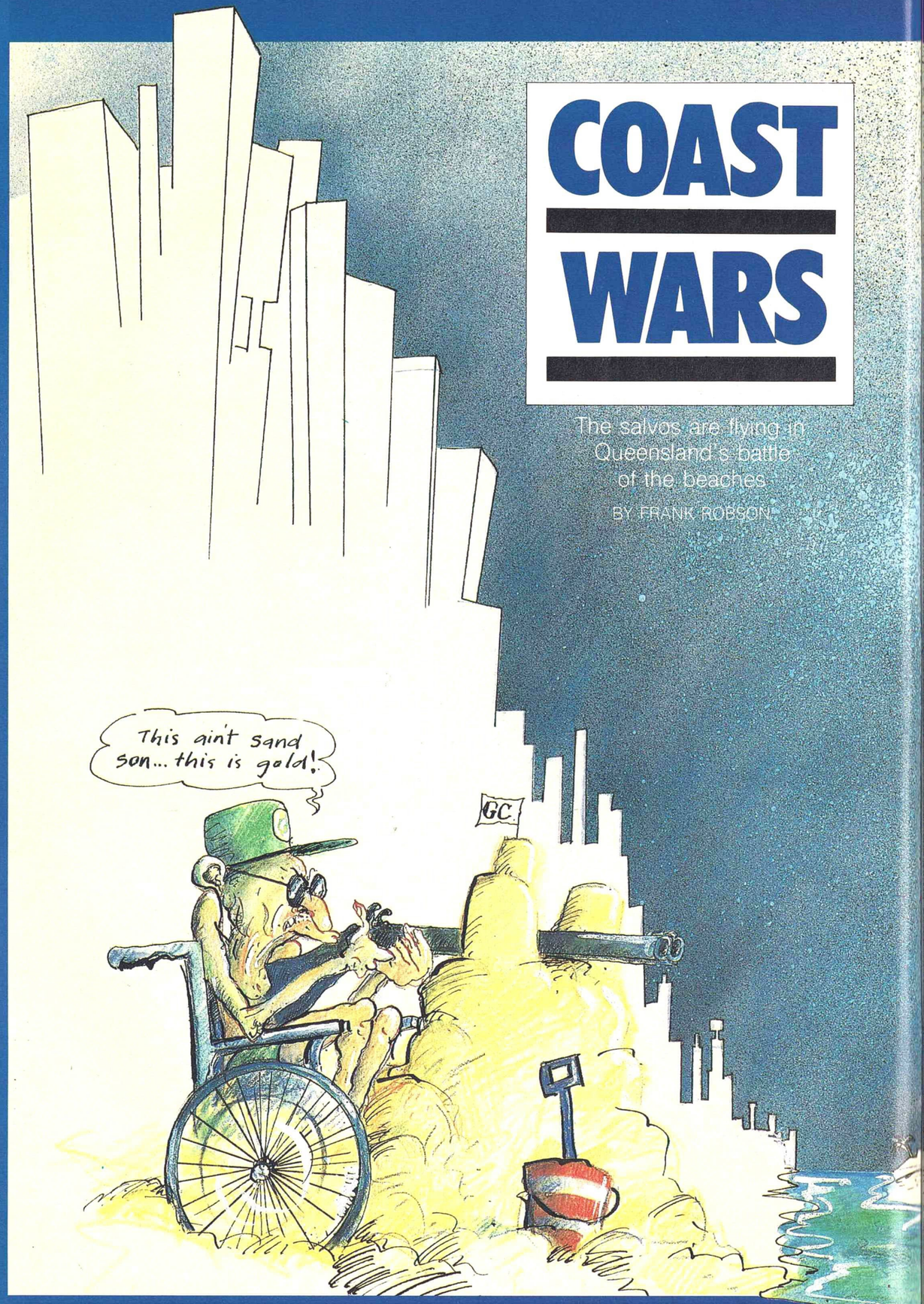
"Surfers will become a vast retirement village . . . all they'll sell will be bowls and coffins." — Barry Goodwill, Sunshine Coast promotions man

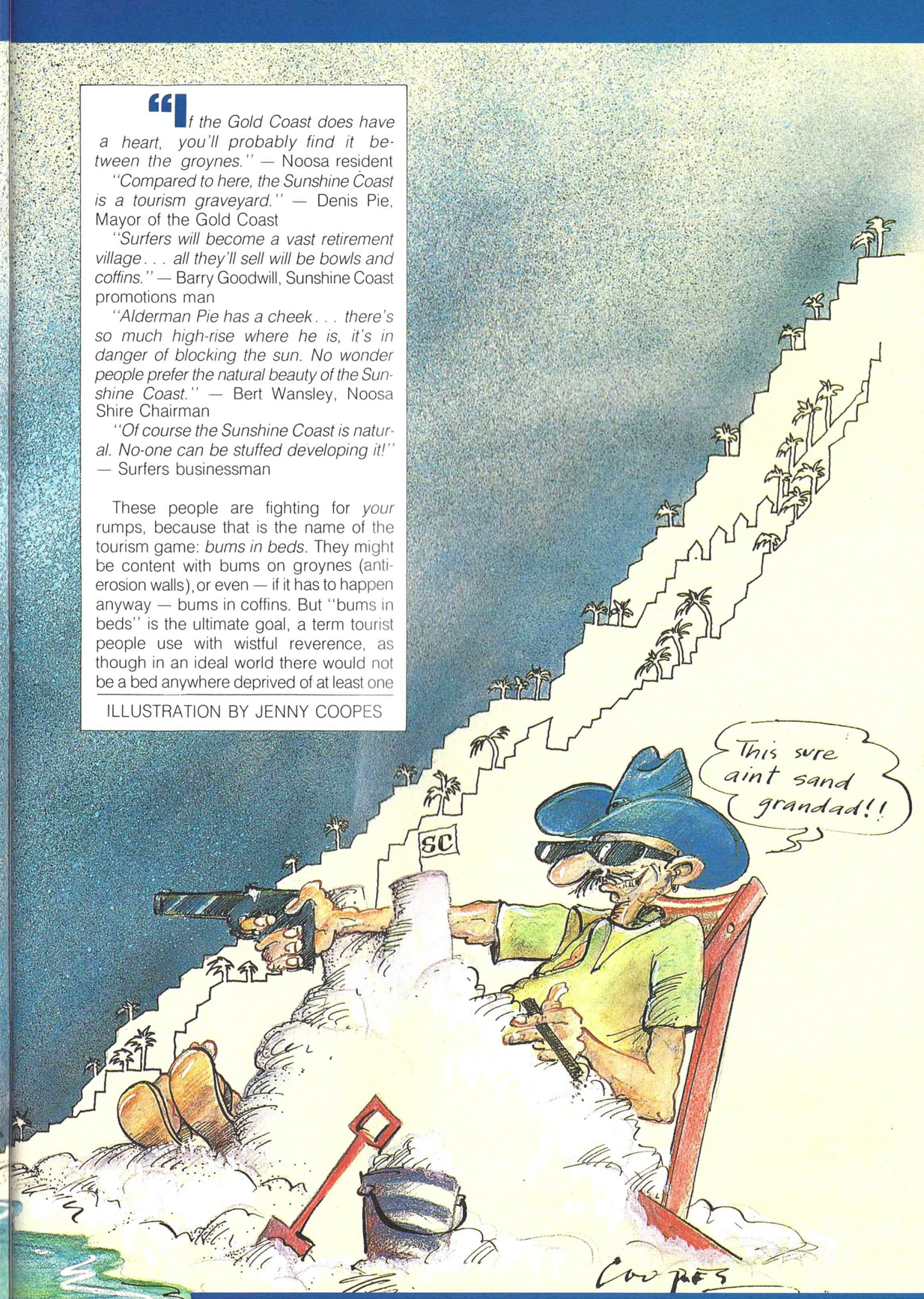
"Alderman Pie has a cheek . . . there's so much high-rise where he is, it's in danger of blocking the sun. No wonder people prefer the natural beauty of the Sunshine Coast." — Bert Wansley, Noosa Shire Chairman

"Of course the Sunshine Coast is natural. No-one can be stuffed developing it!" — Surfers businessman

These people are fighting for *your* rumps, because that is the name of the tourism game: *bums in beds*. They might be content with bums on groynes (anti-erosion walls), or even — if it has to happen anyway — bums in coffins. But "bums in beds" is the ultimate goal, a term tourist people use with wistful reverence, as though in an ideal world there would not be a bed anywhere deprived of at least one

ILLUSTRATION BY JENNY COOPES





COAST WARS

paying bum.

In truth, alas, there aren't always enough vacationing buttocks to go around — and over the years this has led to intense rivalry between Australia's two best-known holiday destinations: Queensland's Gold and Sunshine Coasts. Even the names are competitive, suggesting a monopoly on the two natural elements most commonly associated with life and the enjoyment of it.

Occasionally, triggered by the release of figures showing one area nudging in some way ahead of the other, the rivalry becomes an entertaining slanging match in which parochial residents join administrators in denigrating the opposition. All quite normal and healthy of course . . . in fact, it's in the precise spirit of cut-throat competition that has forged a prosperous and powerful state. Interestingly, though, there are direct links between Queensland's coast wars and that other bunfight — often heart-felt behind a humorous facade — between Sydney and Melbourne.

The first comparison is obvious: Surfers Paradise — brassy, commercial, a city of go-getters — equates with Sydney, while Noosa is quieter, more introspective and — dare we say it — cultural, like Melbourne. But the links go deeper.

Victorians began buying Noosa in the late Sixties and now own a goodly part of the place. You can see them any day or night, doing what Victorians like best: eating their heads off in gourmet restaurants, talking with their mouths full and frowning authoritatively at wine lists.

Among this seaside ruling class even a mention of the Gold Coast can cause indigestion. "So *vulgar*!" they cry. "All those conmen and junkies . . . all those ugly concrete towers with absurd names. And the *tourists*! [they seize your arm] . . . My God, the poor things with their plastic airline bags and herds of accidental brats, all tearing about on giant multi-colored tricycles . . . or packed like beasts into coaches for endless visits to meaningless theme parks . . . And the murders! And rapes! . . ."

On it goes, usually well into the second bottle of Director's Special, which is usually when someone presents the "definitive" statement on the Gold Coast. It's always the same one: "Not long ago, Gold Coast residents had to choose between a new sewage system or a new cultural centre. They chose sewage."

On the Gold Coast, as in Sydney, most people are too busy slashing and hacking their way up the slippery pole to bother what anybody thinks of them. Significantly, big numbers of them *are* ex-Sydneysiders: ordinary wage slaves who've retired to comfortable brick veneers beside man-made canals; self-made millionaires drawn to speculate on the craziest property market in the country; and a drifting mass of surfers, punks and dope freaks so committed to dole ennui it matters not where they experience it.

But if there's one thing that unites Gold Coasters (at least those of a commercial bent) it's a challenge to the area's status as Australia's reigning "tourist playground." One came not long ago with the release of the state's latest tourism statistics. The figures showed a general boom, with the Sunshine Coast posting the most dramatic growth gains of 30 percent . . . with the Gold Coast limping in behind the likes of Bowen, Brisbane and Ipswich. While it remains by far Queensland's most popular tourist destination (and biggest money-earner: visitors spent $317.64 million there on accommodation alone in the year to March, 1985) the strip of coastline from Coolangatta to Surfers is obviously facing a future challenge from the almost identical strip of coastline from Caloundra to Noosa.

During the inevitable row that followed the release of the statistics Gold Coast mayor Denis Pie called the Sunshine Coast "a tourism graveyard", adding: "We've got $400 million worth of projects on the go and the Sunshine Coast's got nothing . . . hotel developers are pouring money into the Gold Coast, and they are not stupid."

> A lot of groovers on both Coasts actually believe that Noosa — the place itself — is among the most powerful aphrodisiacs known to man

Yet the Sunshine Coast is winning tourists from the Gold Coast on the basis that it's *not* over-developed . . . it proudly promotes the fact that Gold Coast-style high-rise is banned in the north. At first glance, the Sunshine Coast seems to have adopted the sane approach: if a policy against unfettered development is popular, stick with it. However, insiders know better; in the long run, they insist, money will win out. High-rise *will* transform the Sunshine Coast — or at least the southern and central parts of it — and sooner than most people think.

Actually, the destinies of both Coasts are sealed; they are, and always will be, the once-a-year holiday destinations of ordinary Aussie families, as traditional to our way of life as Brighton and Blackpool are to the English. Which is not to say they'll wind up identical, seeing they're both already stamped by the elements that forged Sydney and Melbourne so differently. And of course the Gold Coast, love it or hate it, is well ahead in terms of size and population — so much so, in the words of one Surfers' millionaire, that it "frightens" the Sunshine Coasters, perhaps in the way that a clear vision of the future might frighten any of us.

Is it possible to analyse the underlying natures of such areas, where transient populations greatly outnumber residents . . . where everything, finally, is sublimated to the quest — sometimes almost religious in its fervor — for *bums in beds*?

Usually not . . . because of the intense, commercially induced parochialism that makes people representing Queensland resort towns talk like tourist brochures.

Nonetheless, I doggedly pursued well-known residents of our feuding Coasts, trying to learn how they really feel about where they live and one another. As an exercise, it showed that those who began by saying that nothing would make them criticise the other Coast were the most likely to do just that.

It showed that a lot of groovers on both Coasts actually believe that Noosa — the place itself — is among the most powerful aphrodisiacs known to man.

It showed that young thrill-seekers from both Coasts often swap places in search of sexual adventures — both groups convinced conquests are "easier" outside their own backyards.

It showed that while Surfers is happy to be identified with the Gold Coast, Noosa considers itself distinctly separate from (and superior to) most parts of the civilised world . . . including the rest of the Sunshine Coast.

It showed Gold Coasters as more likely to laugh at themselves, and Sunshine Coasters believe their rivals have more reason to laugh at themselves.

The exercise left me with several tapes of intercoastal insults, carefully phrased put-downs and ghastly promotional blah.

It was on the Gold Coast, when hope had almost faded, that I came across the warring Coasts' first objective attempt at self-analysis . . . packaged, remarkably enough, as a promotional video. It's the work of Ken Newton, 47, an ex-ABC journalist who for the past decade has operated a public relations consultancy at Southport. Once a speech writer for the city's best-loved mayor, the late Sir Bruce Small, Newton cackled delightedly over the Noosa resident's crack about the Gold Coast's heart being between its groynes, then shot back with a few barbs of his own:

"Take Noosa out of the Sunshine Coast and there's nothing left . . . it's a poor man's Gold Coast . . . its future, like Yeppoon, would be as a sleepy retreat for local farmers and weekend fishermen."

He had an office on the Sunshine Coast but closed it in frustration because local

COAST WARS

tourism promoters and councillors were "backwoodsmen, straight out of last century . . . the area was handed to them on a plate and they don't have a clue what to do with it." And so on.

"What they need up there," Newton said, "is the one thing that could change their whole future — a solitary worthwhile entrepreneur. At the moment they don't have one."

Gleefully, he added, "But no entrepreneur in his right mind would go to the Sunshine Coast . . . because all the dough is here!"

Newton talked of how Gold Coasters were literally a breed apart, describing them as "a crazy, wonderful race, bred from every entrepreneur, go-getter, crook, spiv, adventurer and dreamer who came here from everywhere and nowhere."

And he's right. They *are* a separate race: a sort of essence of entrepreneur, the offspring of pioneering tourism giants — slicker than the original models, yet retaining a quirky, indefatigable optimism that is the trademark of the true Gold Coaster.

Newton said he'd made a video film on this theme for the Gold Coast Visitors' and Convention Bureau, and called it *The Gold Coast Experience*. "It's an analytical, warts-and-all look at the place. We present Aborigines as the first tourists. They used to walk here all the way from Maryborough (passing right through the Sunshine Coast!) to have beach picnics and tribal get-togethers; then we go on to examine the nature of the people today."

A line from the script: *"Paupers and millionaires walk side by side — they all look the same in their bathing costumes."*

Tell Newton the Gold Coast is garish, brash, brassy and vulgar, and Newton nods contentedly.

"Right," he agrees. "And everybody loves it!"

Knock high-rise development, and he smiles patiently.

"Development," he says, "simply means putting as many people as possible as close to the sea as possible. That's where the bastards want to be!

"The difference between here and the Sunshine Coast, with all its talk of 'natural' this and 'natural' that, is that we have the people and the dollars — and they don't."

Barry Goodwill, whose name belies his attitude towards the Gold Coast, sees things differently. For 12 years his thin, clever face was as well known around Surfers as the outrageous, bumless "cheeky" bikinis he designed, sold and promoted amid a welter of gimmicks which he now estimates generated "a million bucks worth of publicity."

In 1981 he suddenly got up and moved to the Sunshine Coast, claiming the Gold Coast was being developed wrongly . . . that there were "too many old people" and the city would eventually have a market only for bowls and coffins. (Until recently, retired folk made up half of the Gold Coast region's population of 250,000.)

"If I ever do go back," Goodwill declared in 1983, "it'll be as an undertaker. There's one Gold Coast industry with a *big* future."

Nowadays, Goodwill works near Noosa as a compere and entertainment booking agent. "When I go into Surfers now I feel claustrophobic," he says, "Something about the whole joint really gets to me."

He finds the Sunshine Coast more casual, relaxed — "like the girls" — and believes Noosa has some intrinsic quality that promotes human sexuality. (This is actually a recurring theme. Mention Noosa and people tend to chuckle knowingly, as if recalling some pleasant secret. To describe it they use the same words: "exotic", "sensual", "intimate", "natural." Gold Coast trendies flock there for holidays, but rarely visit other parts of the rival Coast.)

The son of a Tivoli wardrobe mistress and a fabric wholesaler from Melbourne, Goodwill is a tireless "ideas" man who plainly resents the fact that the Gold Coast didn't make him rich.

"The typical Gold Coaster hasn't changed in 15 years," he says. "He's still the super-smooth car salesman type — the sort that won't last 15 minutes in Noosa or anywhere up here. It's still like a big country town, where people take 12 months to accept you."

When asked if he still knew any parochial Gold Coasters I could talk with, Goodwill mentioned several names, "if they're still alive, the silly old buggers."

Then he remembered Bernie Elsey.

"Bernie's different," he allowed. "I love old Bernie! I'd like him to come up here and buy Noosa. Liven it up a bit."

As it happened, Elsey was already on my list. At 80, the man whose ideas and determination physically shaped the Gold Coast in the Fifties and Sixties lives with his wife and son in an imposing white mansion near the hinterland town of Nerang.

Elsey, I think, embodies more than any other individual the entrepreneurial spirit at the heart of Ken Newton's examination of the Gold Coast psyche. He launched the famous pyjama parties that scandalised and delighted Australia in the late Fifties; he established the Coast's first air services, built hotels and nightclubs and pioneered midnight cruises on The Broadwater.

In 1963, it was Elsey and not Bruce Small, as most people believe, who launched the Surfers Paradise meter maids: a promotional stroke of genius that did more for Gold Coast tourism than any gimmick before or since.

But not long after that his third marriage broke up in a blaze of publicity. (Elsey did a "Mad Max" on his wife's lover's sleek Mercury, ramming it to bits at a set of lights in Surfers, then spending the weekend locked up.)

He left the Coast bitter and lonely, bought Daydream Island and later roamed the world in his yacht looking for "a lovely brown-skinned girl."

In Manila, he found Angelina Adriano, 29, who became the fourth Mrs Elsey. They now have a young son — "J.R." — at whose birth the old campaigner declared, with typical candor: "And I thought I was firing blanks!"

When I asked him if Gold Coast people had changed much, he gave a humorless laugh. "They're all dying off," he said flatly.

And the entrepreneurial spirit?

He sighed. "There's no-one here that really bothers that much about the place itself. I couldn't tell you what's caused that."

Of the Sunshine Coast, Elsey said simply: "We've got about 25 years start on them."

A welter of ugly sex crimes on the Gold Coast made Elsey decide not to jeopardise his son's safety by sending him to school; instead he apportioned a part of the mansion as a classroom, hired a couple of tutors and now welcomes — each morning — about 12 other youngsters who attend "J.R.'s private school."

Though typical of the way he always did things, the private school is a pointer to how Elsey feels about the modern Gold Coast; it makes him seem a prisoner in his own lost paradise.

Barry Ritter has owned and operated Barry's Bistro in Hastings Street, Noosa, for 18 years — ever since he left Melbourne. With splendid views across Laguna Bay, it remains the favorite eatery of Noosa's well-heeled vowel-stretchers.

I asked Ritter, as we spoke by phone on a weekday afternoon, what was cooking in sexy Noosa. "I'm standing here watching the surf," he said languidly. "Yesterday I was standing here watching five topless girls and the surf. But I didn't go outside. There has to be more than *seven* topless girls before we leave the building."

Would he ever consider moving to the Gold Coast?

"No [sharply] . . . I own top-drawer stuff here, so why should I leave?

"I mean, the Gold Coast's good for kids, because there's more to do. But my clientele is *fifty*! Not quite geriatrics, but getting close, like me.

"If I get bored here, I go over to the States for a change. When I get back, I really appreciate what I've got. We do get Gold Coast people in the restaurant. They come up to brag about how much better the Gold Coast is. I can always pick them — they have white, pointy shoes."

David Graham, 35, is joint managing director of Quality Inns. He's lived on the Gold Coast since he was four.

"I never knock the Sunshine Coast," he says enticingly. "In fact I often go there myself. But I have great difficulty thinking of it as competition. The Gold Coast is a resort *city* — we've been at the game since the early Fifties — and, well, we're just so far ahead. I mean, to compare this with that little strip — Hastings Street, Noosa — as most people do, well . . .

"Noosaites are a bit snobbish. They rave about their exclusive Hastings Street, but take a drive down the end of it and you hit a council caravan park! Right in the middle of that 'sophisticated' area. Down here, we've pushed the caravan parks out where they belong . . ."

On the vital subject of *bums in beds*, Graham acknowledged that with eight new international-standard hotels on the drawing board, and the massive Jupiter's Casino-hotel nearing completion, the Gold Coast will soon have to "get more people from somewhere.

"But even if we brought in five more Jumbo-loads a week through Brisbane, that wouldn't even fill Jupiter's," he told me. "We'll have to tap other markets . . . maybe motivate non-travelling Australians. It's a definite problem."

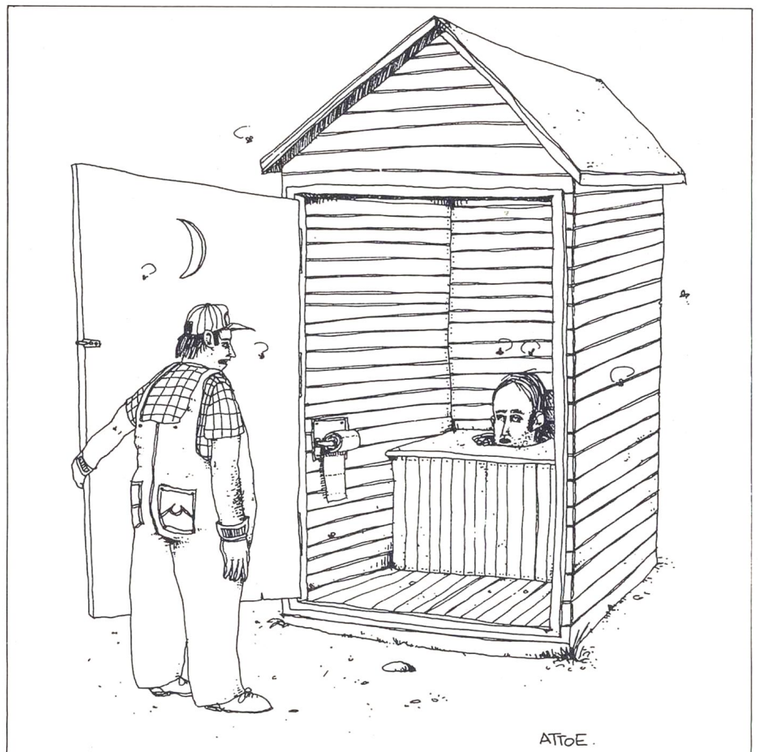
Roger Knight, a director of the Sunshine Coast Tourism board, lives near the river at Tewantin (close to Noosa) and keeps a yacht, *Noosa Seducer*, at the world-acclaimed Mooloolaba boat harbor, about halfway along the resort strip.

He's 37, married with a couple of kids and employed by a company that's about to build a $30 million hotel (not high-rise) on *both* sides of high-priced Hastings Street, connected by a walkway above the road. Just back from addressing two travel seminars in Melbourne, he says Noosa's future — as distinct from the rest of the Sunshine Coast — will put it in direct competition not with Surfers, but with resort islands on the Barrier Reef and throughout the Pacific.

"At the seminars I told them to think of Noosa as Clayton's Island — the island resort you go to without all the hassles of getting to an island. And it's true: we have all the benefits of an island in one self-contained area."

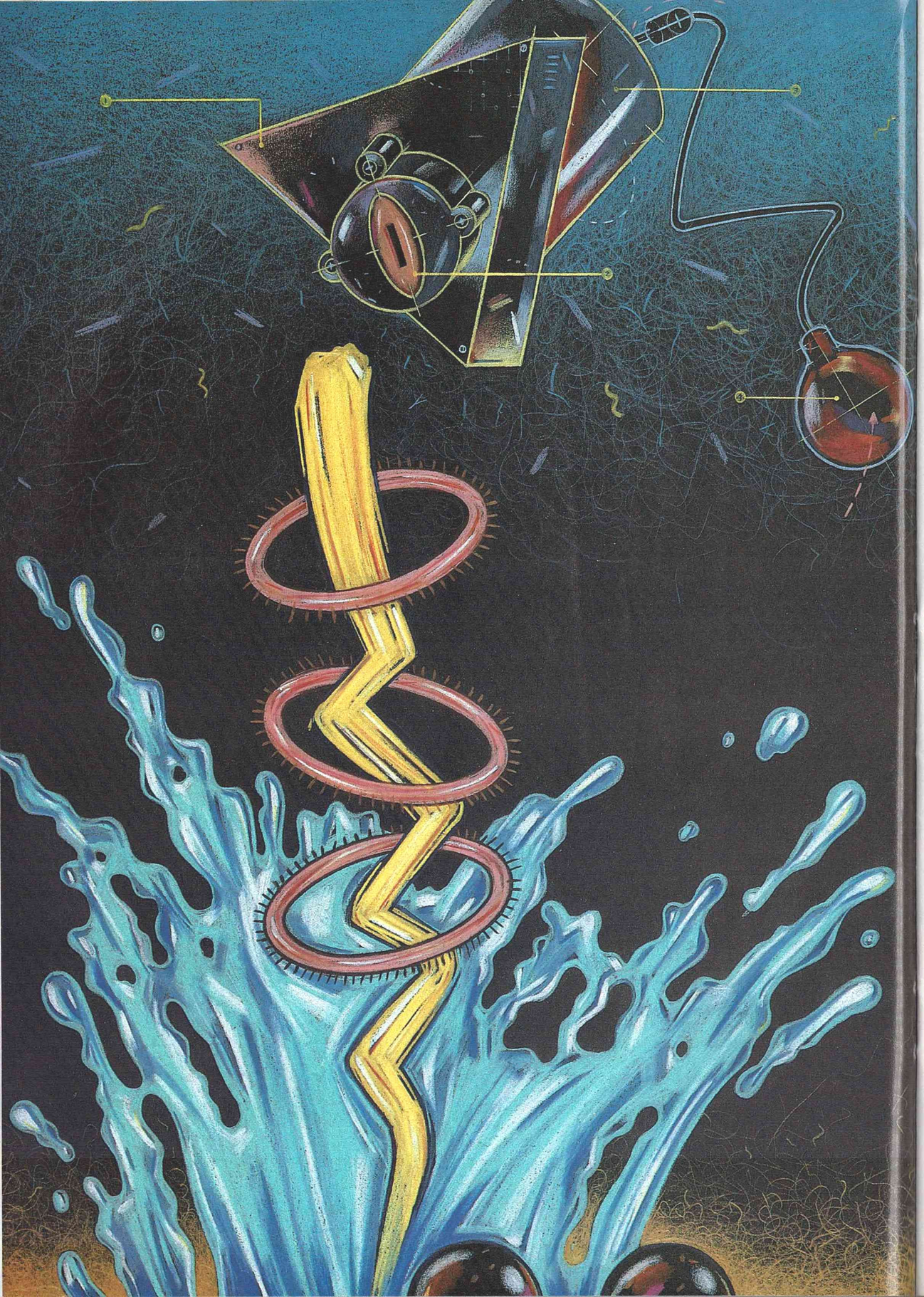
Like others in the know, Knight predicted that the central part of the Sunshine Coast, Mooloolaba and Maroochydore, would become the commercial heart of the area and develop, with high-rise, pretty much the same as the Gold Coast.

But Noosa — "magic and villagey" in the words of one denizen — would remain opposed to any development that threatened its native charm. Possibly without realising it, Roger Knight evoked Noosa's common tongue with this brief appraisal of the Gold Coast: "I feel out of place when I go there . . . it's very plastic, not really my scene. I'm into natural things."



"Even if they do find you, they won't be crazy enough to go in after you."

"Wait! Let's settle this like gentlemen. . . . I'll blow you!"



HUMOR BY GREG HUNTER

AUTO •SEX•

If sexual intercourse is going the way of all flesh, what will replace the flesh?

A Kings Cross sex shop proprietor recently phoned *Penthouse* to inform the editor that the world was undergoing yet another sexual revolution. Jaded by the rigorous requirements of his job, my boss wasn't in any condition to embark on another walk on the wild side. He did, however, ask what was the nature of this latest attempt to undermine the missionary position. "Autosexuality" was the informant's response. The task of investigating fell, by default, to me.

Austosexuality, I was pleased to learn, has nothing to do with humping cars. Nor, however, has it anything to do with humping people. Actually, it's another way of saying masturbation. The sex shop proprietor explained: "The Sixties saw the flowering of heterosexuality. The Seventies ushered in the era of homosexuality [it was obvious they did for him anyway]. But in the Eighties we live at a time when having sex with an actual human being is fraught with danger and difficulty. We stand at the dawn of a new epoch: the age of autosexuality."

Our man reckoned he had the statistics to prove his theory. They came in the shape of upwardly mobile sales figures for

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

AUTOSEX

his exhaustive range of male masturbation aids. For the purveyors of these rubbery nightmares, AIDS has apparently been an absolute Godsend. But you don't need to be blinded by science, or indeed by masturbation, to recognise the obvious: just look around. When was the last time you saw a prostitute on the streets of Kings Cross, St Kilda, or wherever? When, for that matter, was the last time you dared to kiss your teenage daughter goodnight on the lips? Or to have sex with anyone other than your wife (if you're lucky enough to have one), and only then after sending off a specimen of her saliva for laboratory analysis?

For those who remain unconvinced, here's what the sex shop man had to say: "There seems to be a definite trend towards auto-erotic behavior, reflected mostly in the sale of masturbation aids, since the advent of AIDS and herpes. I'm ordering more vibrating vaginas than ever and sales figures have gone up steadily. We recently put out a mail order brochure and by far the biggest selling item on it was an economy vibrating vagina called the Seaman's Bride." A spokesman for Venus Enterprises, the outfit which distributes these diabolical devices, reckoned there'd been a big increase over the last three years in orders for pocket pudenda, while his offsider added chirpily: "Ninety-nine percent of the items ordered now are masturbation aids in one form or another, whereas ten years ago it would only have been 50 percent. But in a year or so, when people *really* start to panic about AIDS, I expect a very, very big increase in the sale of masturbation aids. It's all about to happen."

Call it what you will: twanging the wire, jerkin' the gherkin, turning Japanese, feeding the chooks . . . clearly, it's all the rage right now. Not that rod walloping is anything new, of course; the Bible fingers Onan, son of Shobal, chief of one of the 12 tribes of Israel, as the first man to "spill his seed upon the ground." Hence *onanism:* "the love of self." (Actually, although he's now identified as the original wanker, history has treated old Onan a bit unfairly. He was ordered to sleep with his dead brother's wife in order to "raise up issue" with her, and merely figured he could use the odd hump on the side but not a whole tribe of holier-than-thou rug rats, so he invented *coitus interruptus.* Had he opted for oral sex instead (no mess, no fuss) he might have got away with it. As it was, Onan suffered the wrath of the Almighty.)

Actually, I've got a feeling that the AIDS scare isn't the only thing that's causing men to take matters into their own hands. I reckon a lot of blokes have worked out that rather than go through all the bullshit required to put a root together these days, it's easier to just stay home and take the top off. In any case, the question I want to address is this: has modern technology improved the lot of the wanker since Onan's time? Naturally, the purveyors of plastic pudenda reckon it has. But rather than take their word for it, it was incumbent upon me to put a few of their terribly tacky twats to the test.

In case you're thinking this track test idea is a bit of a wank, reflect for a moment on the seriousness of the male predicament. For one thing, vibrators and dildos, much to the chagrin of a lot of men I know, have been part of the sexual landscape for many years; they're always rearing their ugly swollen heads when you least expect it, and how can the average man's trusty doodle be expected to compete with a ten-inch tool that never wilts and actually pulsates electronically? We've been made redundant by technology, and what better comeback than to whip out an equally daunting device whenever the need arises? Secondly, avid readers may recall a story entitled "Guys And Dolls" (*Penthouse* October '82), in which we assessed the erotic talents of a selection of inflatable life-sized ladies. Those were happier times: herpes was a mere wrinkle on an otherwise flawless sexual horizon, while AIDS was no more than an afterthought in the bedtime prayers of Fred Nile. "Guys And Dolls" was just for fun — but the age of autosex has changed all that. We're talking now about sexual survival.

> "I get the feeling," the good officer observed, "that you don't want me to see what's in that briefcase."

I decided to concentrate on two types of male masturbation aid — the artificial vagina and its close relative, the "jackpack." The main reason was that these little gadgets are selling like hot cakes right now; it seems only sentimental types are opting for the more expensive inflatable life-sized models with the movable eyes, cute little noses and other essentially useless features.

Apart from that, I reckon pocket pudenda represent, to a large extent, the refinement of a concept. You start with a naked lady, and the production line then branches off in two directions. On the oral line, the next refinement is to present simply a head, which happens to be called "Pinky" ($39). To quote the tasteful Venus catalogue: "Head only, but what a head!" From there you progress to a mere mouth with a vibrating attachment, which is called "Deep Throat" ($29.95). But if you think that has to be the bottom line, you're wrong. You can buy the same thing without any lips for four bucks less. It is called, appropriately enough, the "Cocksucker." (They like to keep it simple in this business.)

On the genital line, the first offshoot is the Love Torso ($110): "While you screw, fondle her beautiful, soft, pliable breasts with incredible nipples!" Then you get down to the basics: the simple twat. But since a twat is essentially not a thing but an empty space, you have to surround it with a life support system — in this case, a randomly shaped hunk of rubber. The range kicks off with the "Electro Pocket Pal" ($44), billed as the "ideal travelling companion." With friends like this evil-looking number, you don't need enemies. A similar gadget is the "Vibrating Pocket Pussy." The sex shop man referred to it as the "Granny Special", owing to the fact that it comes complete with a crop of grey pussy hair. (I thought it prudent not to ask why. There are some things best left in the realm of the unknown.) Next there's the ever-popular "Mini Vibrating Vagina" or "Seaman's Bride" ($35), which is a smaller version of the massive "Vibrating Vagina Deluxe" ($59). The former looks a bit like a hot water bottle, while the latter more closely resembles a Meapro ham. Either way, it's not a pretty sight . . . but then again, the idea is to shut your eyes and think nice thoughts, so who gives a damn?

And now we get to the very latest refinement: the jackpack. These totally functional wanker's requisites make no concessions to appearance at all. They don't try to *look* like the real thing, but simply *feel* like it. The range starts with the basic warm water or air-filled models (both $14.50) to which you attach a vibrator. (The warm water job is called the "E-Z Stroker Tube", which seems to suggest that wanking is a very difficult task without it. Personally, I reckon it's just like riding a bike — once you learn how, you never forget.) Next comes the "Remote Plunger Pump" ($40): "Take the big plunge. Release your pent-up desires with powerful pumpin' pleasures." This is a nasty-looking contraption and unless you're very good at changing tyres and that sort of thing, you'd better steer clear of it. And now we come to the classic jackpack: the "Super Deluxe Sexus Optimal" ($60). This little beauty is by all accounts the pride of the German rubber manufacturers: built to last a lifetime.

In keeping with the *Penthouse* tradition, I selected the top-of-the-line gear for test-hump purposes: the Sexus Optimal and the Vagina Deluxe. With both items stashed away in my briefcase (I knew I'd find something to put in it one day), I headed home for a close encounter of the rubbery kind.

"Let's go back to our cabin."

"What a Sterling idea."

BENSON and HEDGES
STERLING 25s
VIRGINIA, SPECIAL MILD AND MENTHOL

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

CC2167/85 BH6964 PEN mojo

AUTOSEX

And that was when things started to slide downhill. I was pulled over for a Random Breath Test, which was no drama since I was caught in a rare moment of sobriety. But the officer wanted a peek at my licence, which was in my wallet which I'd left in my briefcase in the boot along with the you-know-whats. So, with the constable breathing heavily into my left ear, I tried to affect an air of nonchalance as I clicked open the locks on the briefcase, eased the lid up about half an inch, snaked my arm through the gap and groped around blindly for a good two minutes until I found the goddamn wallet. "I get the feeling," the good officer observed, "that you don't want me to see what's in that briefcase."

"What gives you that idea?" I croaked pathetically. Sensing an overnight transformation of his career prospects, our man seized the briefcase and whipped open the lid to reveal its ghastly contents. At that point I think we'd *both* have been more comfortable if he'd uncovered half a million bucks worth of street-packaged Number Four heroin. I considered telling him that I'd purchased the Vibrating Vagina Deluxe and Sexus Optimal for my brother. who'd lost both legs in a mine blast back in 'Nam and hadn't got his end wet in 13 years. But I was unable to form the words.

Having finally recovered from that traumatic setback, I found myself sitting naked in my loungeroom, surrounded by a cornucopia of autosexual delights. The jackpack and rubber twat lay invitingly at my side: which one would I favor? Next to that, the finest stick mag money could buy; and to top it all off, the editor had kindly supplied me with a coupon entitling me to one free Phone Fantasy Company call. The total value of the puller's paraphernalia I'd assembled was $164. At that sort of price you'd be looking for a damn good time or your money back.

I selected the Sexus Optimal because its cold, clinical, emotionless Germanic functionalism appealed to me. It projected much the same sort of aura as Colonel Klink, who would no doubt have treasured it. The Venus catalogue promised: "Finest latex material. Air pressure applied through bulb pump will ensure perfect fit to any size as well as perfect transmission of vibrations of built-in vibrator. When using this device, continue pumping until a climax is reached." The last statement seems a bit superfluous, although I guess a large slice of the market could be assumed to have a low attention span.

Having greased my already rigid member with the recommended water soluble lubricant, I slipped on the jackpack and turned the vibrator up to full bore. It made a horrible whirring noise as I ground it up and down the length of my rod, and then began to emit the sort of raucous pussy farts that make a certain type of bloke insist on going in the backdoor or not at all. I wondered how I could muffle the cacophony so as to conceal it from my Phone Fantasy Company aural sex partner. Perhaps if I just grunted very loudly . . .

"Hello-ooo. Phone Fantasy. Roxanne speaking."

"Hi! Listen, I've got one of these free coupons . . ."

Silence. Then, in an icy tone: "Oh. Have you now? Well, we'll see about *that*."

"Uh — what's the matter?"

"Well, I just think it's a bit rude, that's all."

"I thought that was the whole idea."

"Look, I've done nine calls today and this is not an easy job. And now I've got to do a freebie for you. It isn't fair."

"Oh, I see. You're paid on commiss . . ."

Roxanne wasn't listening. She'd already stormed off to tear strips off some poor jerk who'd been big-noting himself around town by handing out these free coupons. I considered hanging up, but I had a job to finish. I felt ridiculous.

Roxanne finally returned. "All right, then. What's your fantasy?"

I was halfway through an exhaustive monologue, wondering when she was going to interject with some blindingly erotic statement, when she said: "Hang on. What the hell is that whirring noise in the background?"

"It's . . . uh . . . the vacuum cleaner. I'm just doing the carpet."

"Whaddya mean, doing the goddamn carpet? You've got one hand on the telephone and the other one on your cock!"

"Yes, I know. It's one of those new automatic ones. You know those Kreepy Krauly pool cleaners? Well, this one does the same sort of thing on the carpet . . ."

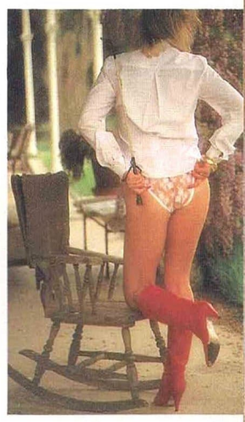
What the hell was I worried about? After all, I had just finished saying (as if in a dream): "I'm about to ram my swollen shaft right into the deepest, darkest recesses of your . . . ."

"Sounds disgusting," Roxanne had replied. Which, of course, it was. I couldn't go on. I called a truce with Roxanne and hung up the phone.

I had begun this absurd encounter with an erection. I now had a deflated dick and ego to match. But I was determined. Without any ado I exercised the option of switching twats. With the Vibrating Vagina Deluxe strapped on, I went for broke. At last it was over.

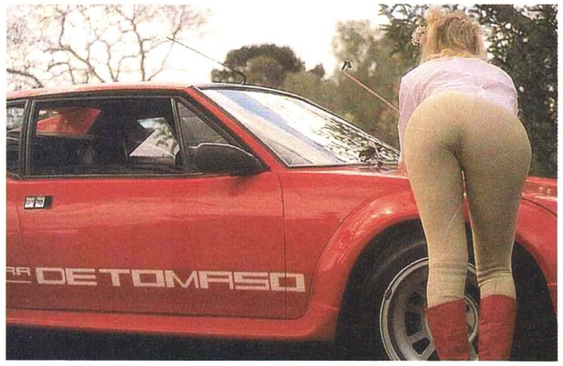
In fairness, I must report that both the jackpack and the rubber twat produced, in combination with copious amounts of lubricant, a sensation vaguely similar to sexual intercourse with a woman. At the same time, I would point out that the women of the world have got nothing to worry about. And if the Eighties is the age of the autosexual, all I can say is that I'm awaiting the Nineties with eager anticipation. Whatever's in store, it has to be better than this.

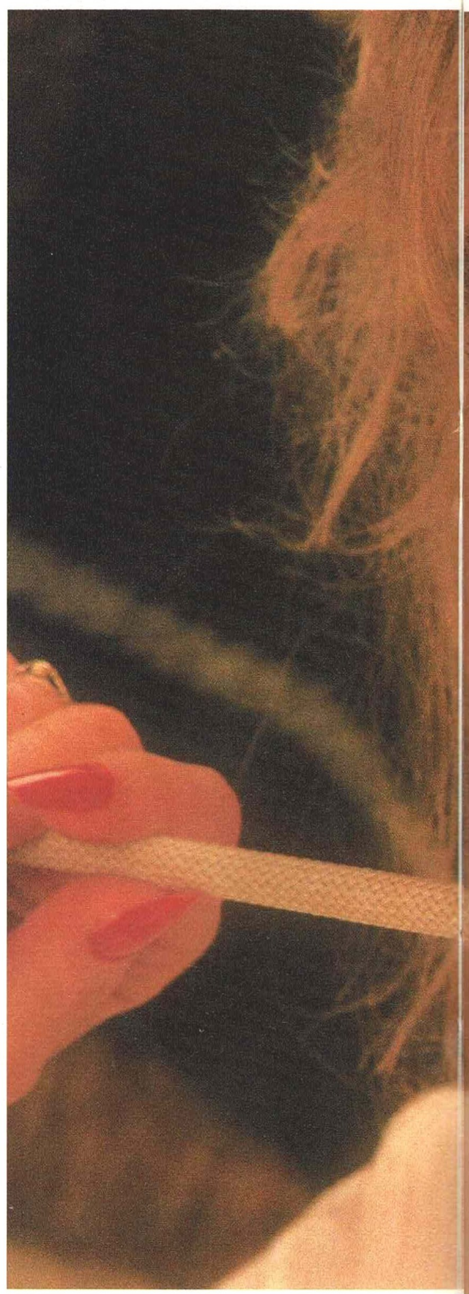
"It's amazing, Professor Steinmetz, what can be accomplished with a $2-million government grant and a hundred pounds of Play-Doh."



EBONY

De Tomaso Pantera GTS: courtesy Toy Shop, North Sydney; Riding Gear: supplied by Goodwoods Saddlery, Broadway; Underwear: courtesy of Estelle, Surry Hills; Sheepskins: Aries The Ram, George Street, Sydney; Cane Baskets: Outside-in, Paddington; Antique Farm Equipment: John Normyle Antiques, Paddington & Gregory Ford Antiques, Paddington.



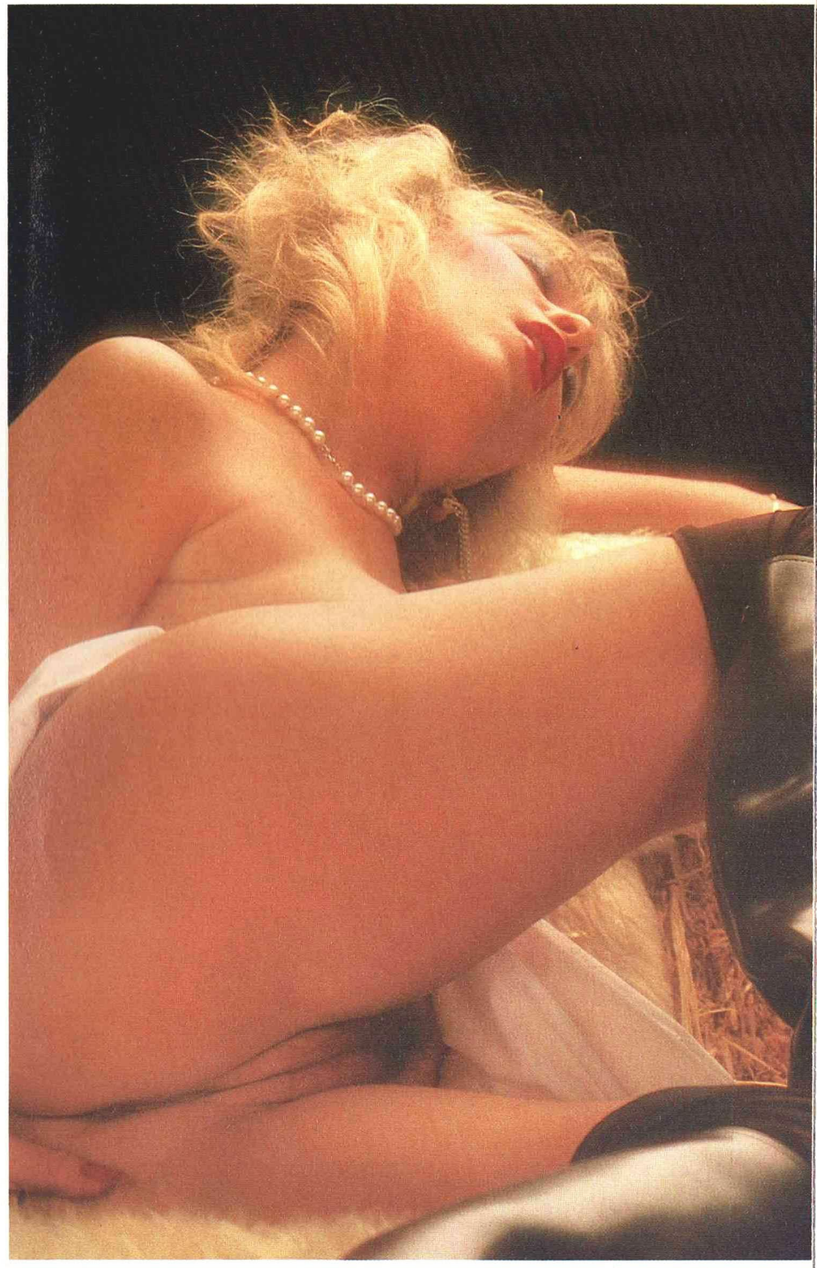


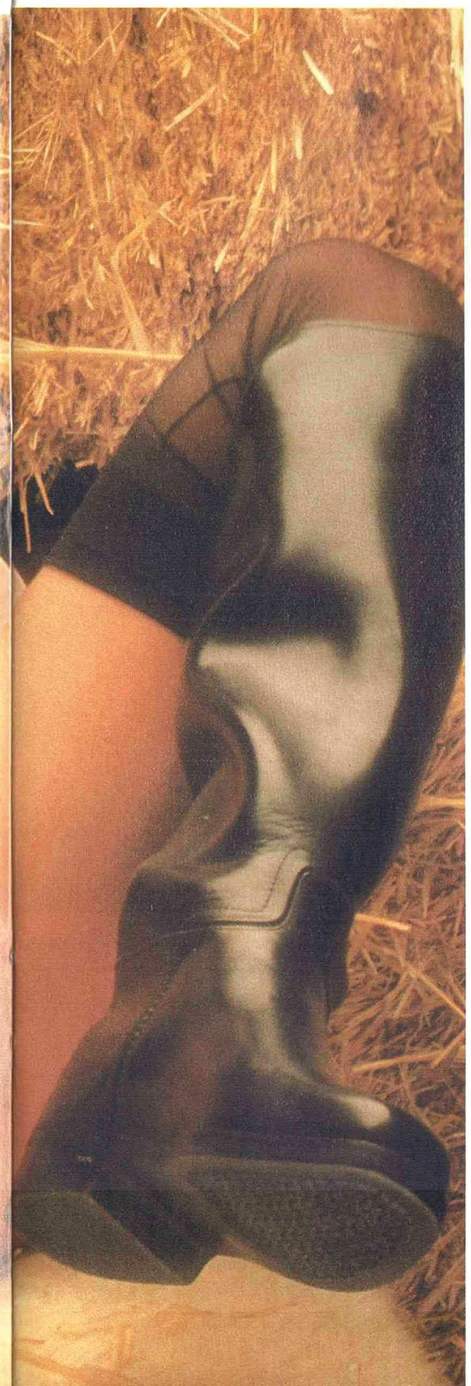
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEREMY TAYLOR

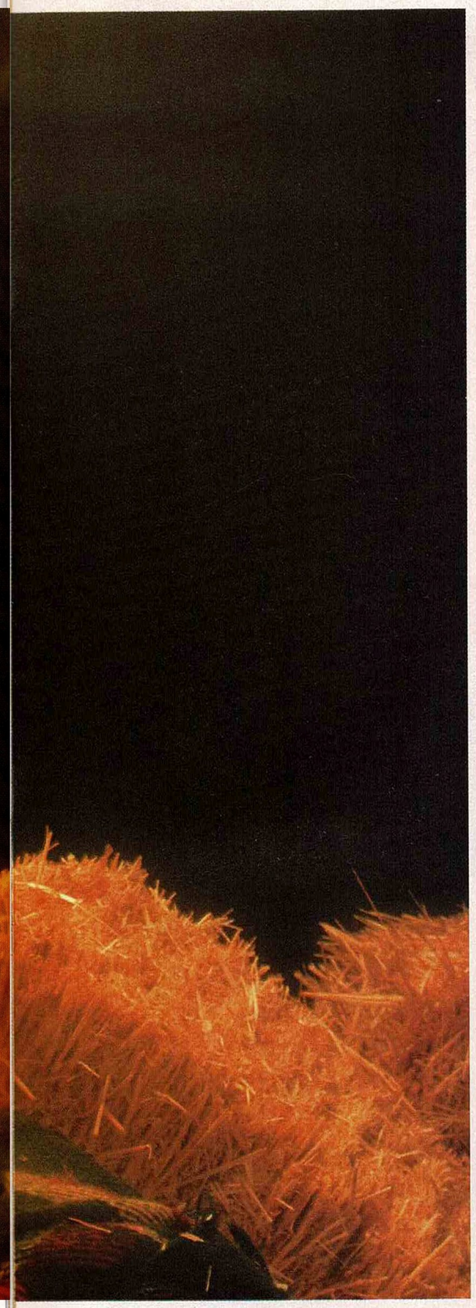
MISS DAPPER

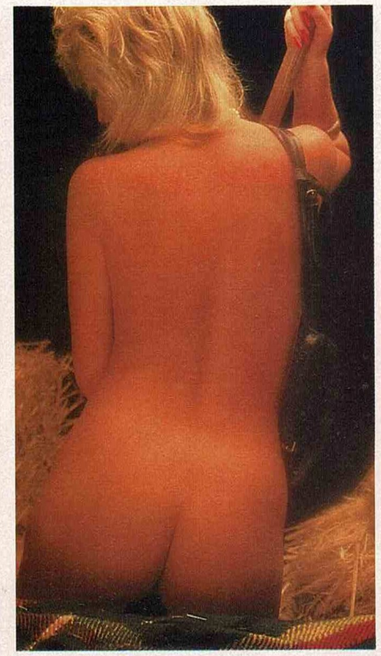
"Ride a horse close and tight, ride a man easy and light," announces Melbourne-born Ebony Marshall. "It's not a bad maxim for a young equestrienne to live by, even if she changes it around once in a while for variety," she adds, green eyes twinkling. "I didn't make that up, by the way, Benjamin Franklin did. There just might be something to this kite-flying business."

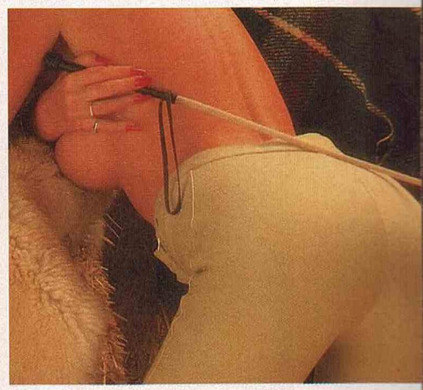
Speaking of kites, this tow-headed 22-year-old is a high flier herself, and it's all natural. She admits to having tried a few ''things'' when she was younger and sillier, but she gave them all up as a bad joke when she realised that nothing was going to get her higher than simply getting up in the morning.

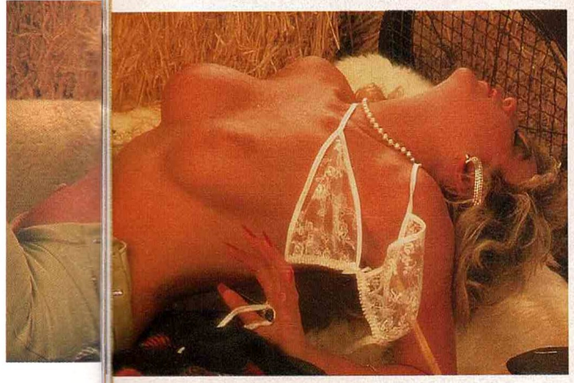






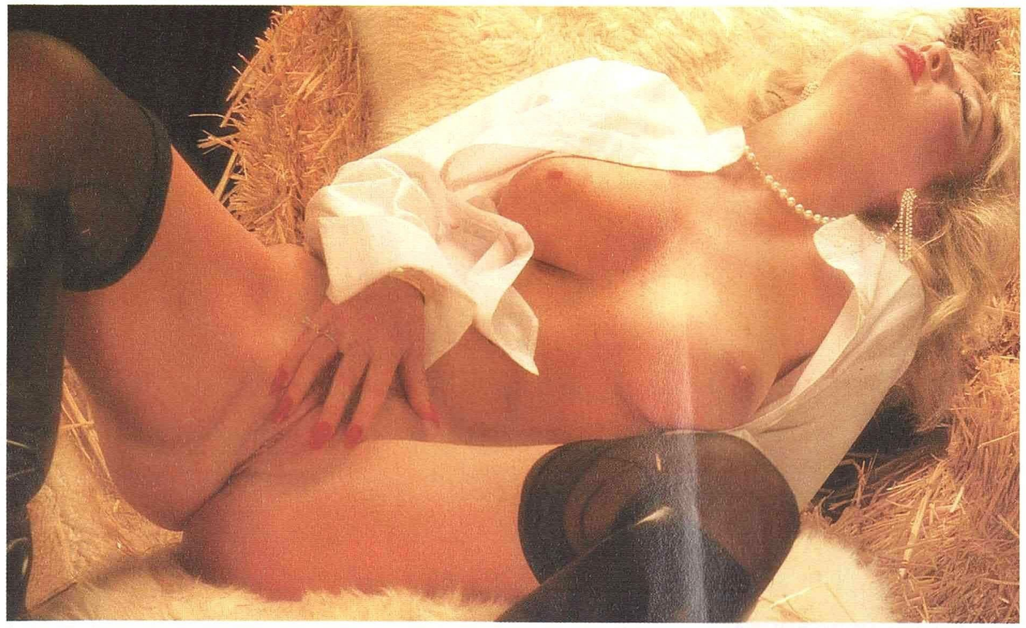






While growing up in Melbourne, Ebony learned to ride on weekends at a farm her parents owned. After school she began working as a legal secretary and stuck at it for a few years before the urge to break free of a desk got too much for her. A while back she began work as a dancer.

These days Ebony works as a model, and with her vibrant personality and remarkably quick wit, she's not just a pretty face. Nor is she backward in coming forward. When asked how she keeps in shape, she flicked her riding crop and said, "Rolling in the hay." Seriously!



"One hot night a friend picked me up from work," she remembers, "and it was so steamy that I just had to remove my clothes. I hung my leg out the window of the moving car. You should have seen my friend's face. He went so red!" Little wonder.

MISS EBONY MARSHALL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

BY GRAHAM GAMBIE

UNDER THE HAMMER

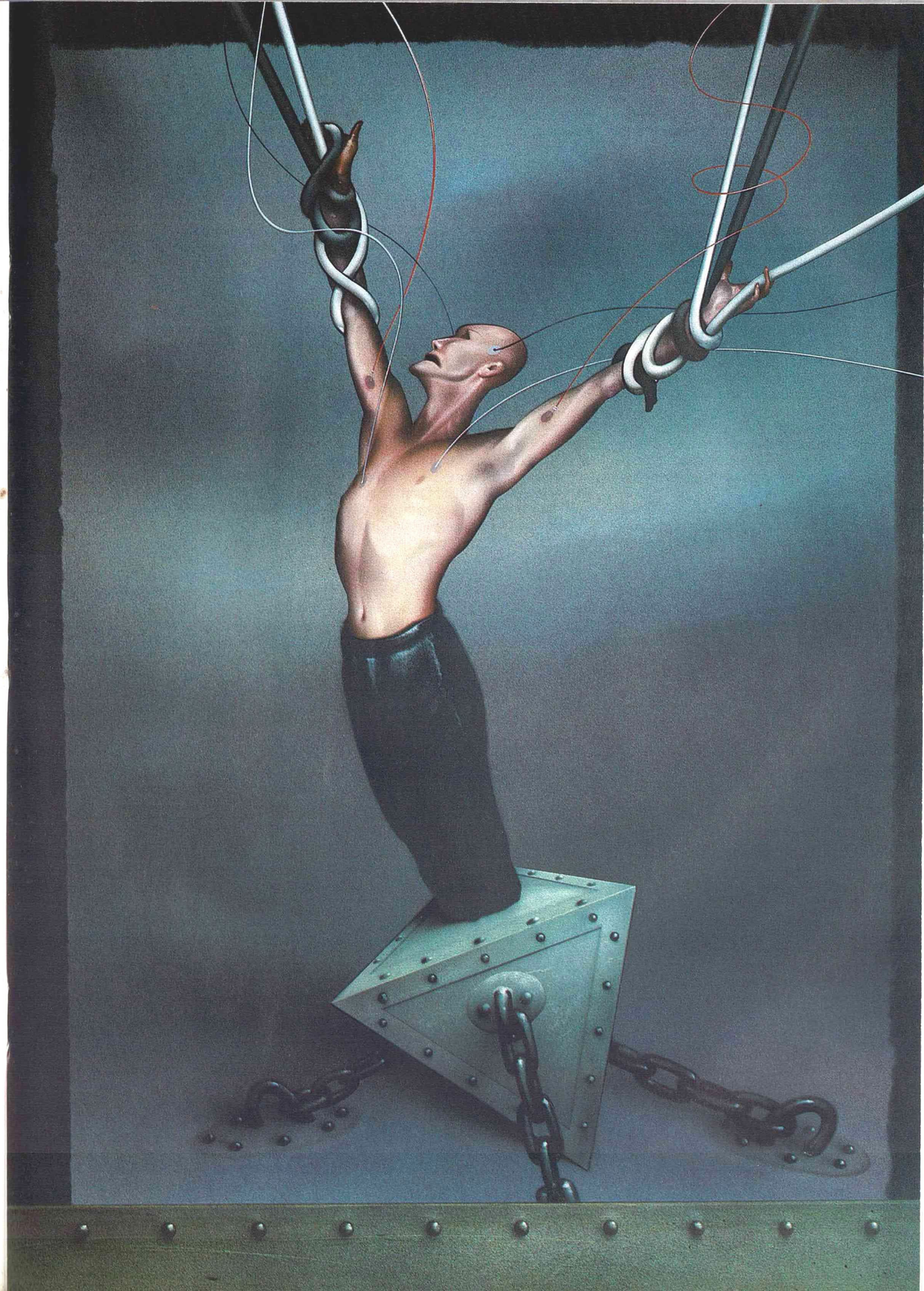
The only people who don't benefit from Australia's expensive drug rehabilitation programs are the addicts.

DAYCAP, a NSW court assessment program for drug and alcohol victims, dealt with 120 clients in 1984, devoting an average of one working day in interviewing time to each. It is run on an annual budget of $450,000. "The tests are very thorough and scientific," commented one addict dryly. "At the end of it the psychologist announces proudly that they've finally determined that you are mixed up and a junkie."

Official estimates state that around $20 million a year is spent by the government in NSW alone on heroin rehabilitation. Yet those with a more intimate knowledge of the workings of the 120 or so different rehab agencies in that state, taking into account welfare payments and donations, put the figure closer to $75 million.

Gordon Gately is one possessed of such inside information. He knows the hidden but true cost to society of heroin. His formula: to support a basic $150-a-day habit, an addict must steal $300 worth of goods, something in excess of $100,000 a year, to ensure a supply. With conservative

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



THE HAMMER

figures indicating that approximately 7000 NSW addicts support their habit through theft, that adds up to more than $700 million a year. Consider also the jailed addicts. It costs the community $18,499 a year to keep one such prisoner locked up.

Combine the three totals and it doesn't take an Einstein to realise, as does Gately, that the estimated 15,000 addicts in NSW are holding society to ransom.

Yet of these three areas of money-spinning it is the subject of rehabilitation that most raises the ire of Gordon Gately. To him, the crunch comes in the fact that what he sees as the genuine "success" or "graduate" rate is a negligible 3.5 percent. Even more infuriating to a man like Gately is what has resulted from the $75 million chequebook cop-out. A mass deception is being played out, the presumption existing in society that sponsored and well catered for avenues are available for addicts to escape the tortuous entanglement of White Death.

It's a deadly presumption, says Gately, and one that is actually contributing to the unabated increase in heroin use and addiction in Australia. The very notion of providing such a multitude of choices plays right into the manipulative hands that characterise an addict, thus perpetuating the problem. They rob an addict of the chance to regain the dignity and self-esteem necessary to combat the insidious lure of smack.

"The addict has become a pawn in the survival game not only for the corrupt police and drug distributors but for the whole drug rehabilitation industry network. The whole system makes a mug of the using addict because it allows him to go on using more drugs," Gately says. So lucrative, let alone politically sensitive, have careers in addict counselling become that Gately is convinced rehabilitation agencies are more concerned with their own continued existence than with evolving a strategy for keeping people off heroin.

"If the 'experts' get rid of the addicts they've run themselves out of a job. If their funding is threatened you'll see them getting groups of their client population together to march up and down in front of Parliament House, using them as a visual lever to incite this mass reaction. Others encourage their clients to write testimonials for publication. You know the sort of thing: 'I used to be like this but now I'm like that and I'm ever so grateful.' Of course, you never hear from them again; they're back up at Kings Cross getting into mischief."

So just who is Gordon Gately, this strident crusader against the perpetuation of the rehabilitation system mistake — however well-intentioned some sections of it may be? He is a man with 20 years' first-hand experience of the heroin scene — first as a Kings Cross addict, then as one of the first few people to be tried on the controversial methadone program; he's an ex-counsellor with five different agencies, and most recently a radical reformer of the rehabilitation system, establishing his own independent centre at Leura in the Blue Mountains, west of Sydney. To say that his ideas have been born out of the fire of addiction is to acknowledge that his credentials cannot be matched by any amount of academic status, any amount of judicial or political refereeing (though some would try), or any religious commitment. Quite simply, Gordon Gately has learnt the hard way — if not the only way.

Though users get little or no sympathy from him (they do get advice and help), those who manipulate these master manipulators incur the full weight of his commitment. A few years ago he was involved in a bitter wrangle with the powerful WHOs (We Help Ourselves) rehabilitation organisation. Its leader, David Gordon, was removed following disputes about money and the controversial treatment programs. While WHOs had asked the NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority for a grant of $400,000, the Authority claimed audit certificates from WHOs had signatures that were illegible, and social security money and private donations were not listed as sources of income. Subsequent claims of WHOs' 85 percent "success" rate for the tightly run Odyssey House (founded and based on American methods) placed Gately at the centre of the media controversy. Gately dismisses the 85 percent claim. "The figures show that in 1983 they had 322 contacts and managed to maintain 92," he says. "Of those 92, 13 graduated. With their budget of $960,000, that makes an average of $74,000 per graduate. If you take into account the other contacts, it works out to be something like $3000 just to set foot in the place."

Gately's scepticism is further fuelled by his personal knowledge of five of those 1983 "graduates" who have since fallen off the wagon. In fact he is immediately suspicious of any group who claim to have graduates. "Anyone in rehabilitation will be quick to point out that it is an incurable disease. Once you are dead then you are cured. That's how it works.

"When you've got something like 120 drug treatment agencies in NSW alone then you've got 120 venues to be manipulated by addicts to perpetuate their drug use, which is precisely what many want to do." Gately believes the first step towards a realistic solution to the problem is to limit these options with a hardline approach. "Give addicts the choice between five years in jail or a minimum of 12 months treatment and at least the manipulation — the pulling of wool over the public's eyes — will be curtailed. We must put a stop to the *game*.

"This might be seen as very unfair and harsh, but this is where everyone has got it all back to front. Everyone is looking at the Robert Trimboles and the other figures with their fingers in the pie, but if there wasn't that guy you see walking up and down Darlinghurst Road putting $50 worth of heroin into his arm every day then there wouldn't be drug figures like Robert Trimbole and this corruption of police, the judiciary and parliamentarians."

Thus Gately believes categorising a root cause of the heroin problem, as so many politicians would do in their references to crime bosses, is misdirected, let alone an impossible task. The roots he perceives in the very fabric of society and the alienation of the individual. To correct it would require "hanging society on a hook, shredding it, and then trying to put the pieces back together."

Having experienced so much of the heroin culture, Gately's outspokenness stems largely from the bleating accusations made by the ignorant. "I could never sit back and let anyone condemn the children who get involved in narcotics because they are only available through the corruption of the elders in society. There are no scapegoats involved in this. I'm so often asked whether it's a case of the young people copping out; unfortunately I've had to bury too many 16 and 17-year-olds and they weren't copping out."

Applying for treatment through the numerous agencies is, to Gately, one of the first major steps in relinquishing control of the vital reins of an addict's life. "Once somebody describes themselves as heroin dependent they are treated like lepers. Once you're branded, you're branded. It's taken me seven years to shake off the title, but if I mention to people that at one stage I was really involved they nearly fall off their chairs. They expect you to have two heads or to roll around the floor in a fit."

Gordon Gately does not roll around the floor. He speaks from a house in the Blue Mountains that is the residence of Delancey Australia. This is his baby, a model of his proposed system for addressing the heroin rehabilitation problem. It is based on independence from all government and charitable bodies because of its residents' firm belief that much of the user and criminal population has come about through incompetent government strategy and a multitude of well-intentioned but bungled approaches.

"All some agencies have been doing is perpetuating the problem by simply keeping the addicts alive," he says. "In the junkies' eyes these agencies are seen as simply a refuelling stop; they recharge their batteries before they leave and power into it again.

"The problem there is the very essence of the welfare-conditioning approach. The rehab industry deludes the public into believing that should someone become narcotic dependent then there is a place to go and there are treatments. They use sophisticated public relations techniques to get government money, invent new terminology and rhetoric, and when that doesn't work they blame the addict and ask for another grant.

"Delancey is where an addict learns self-reliance. This is a country where if you want your own home you have to work for it, and that principle should be as applicable, if not more so, to addicts. At the moment, everything is being done for them and they have no responsibility. They've got to make an effort; this silver platter attitude has got to stop."

There is no mincing of words at Delancey. Addicts are told that they have to go out and work or be subjected to life without dignity. "The addict must be completely and utterly shaken. With this emphasis on hard work, an addict will find he can gather self-respect and dignity. Without these attributes an addict will never have the strength to keep fighting off heroin."

Given the divergent nature of Gately's philosophies, it's not surprising that relations between Delancey and officers of various government instrumentalities are not always free of tension.

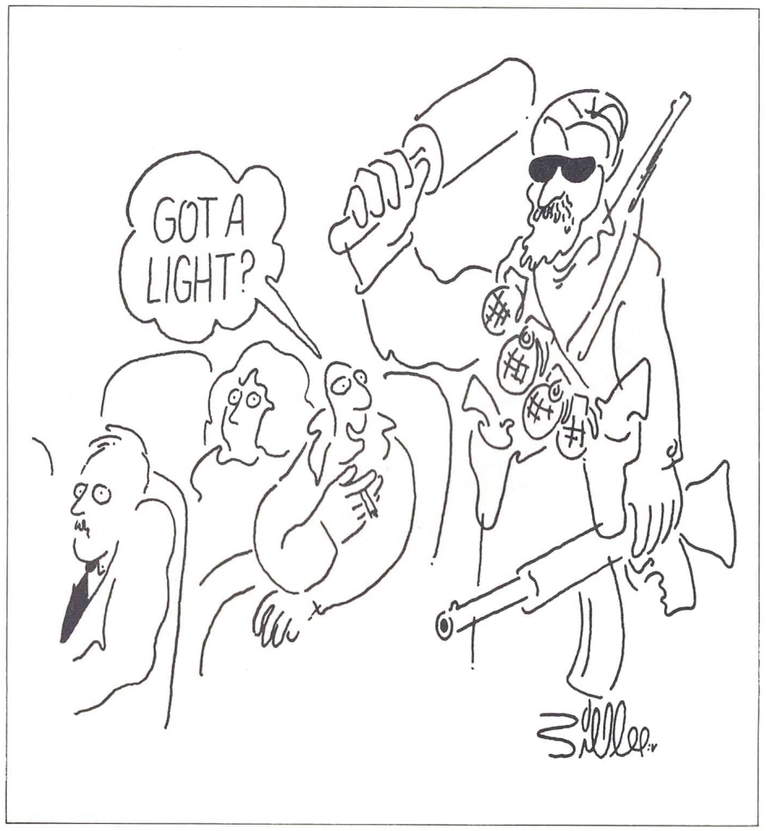
Gately hopes, however, to eliminate frictions and gain a greater degree of acceptance for a program that is showing marked signs of success, even if it may be thought of as somewhat unconventional.

These tensions have taken various guises, one of the most extreme being a council move to have them evicted. A neighbor of Delancey subsequently wrote to the local newspaper and told a story of just one experience on a local level which exposed the callousness of that attempt. "A working-bee was held at the local school and only two parents turned up to help, but within no time at all these so-called "creatures" from the Delancey group — without being asked — came over armed with mowers, trimmers, rakes and rubbish bins and had the area cleaned up." It may be just one example, but as she concluded: "Give me these people any day in preference to those whose only concern is the value of their property."

Of the 80 people who have passed through Delancey, Gately says 16 have now become fully employed, a figure that clearly suggests a soundness in his ideology and the implementation of it — especially when compared with the wider three percent "graduate" rate. As far as costs go, at Delancey the addicts are on part social security only for the first one or two weeks to give them enough strength to get back on their feet. After that familiarisation period, a decision must be made whether they want to stay and fight — and sweat.

"If they can stick it out for six months they're nine-tenths of the way there," he says. "Some of the other centres which collect social security (an average of $96.50 per week per person) also collect more than $500,000 federal money each year.

"Now put in your tongue and take out your wallet."



THE HAMMER

Their budgets operate at over $30 a day per client — and usually involve some level of self-help to further cut costs. Some are simply bed and breakfast treatment.

"We're not interested in that. Even if we kept people here for a full year, the costs to the government would only be $15.89 a day — if we were to accept it." Gately established Delancey with a $15,000 loan. His residents have included everyone from laborers to PhDs. "They can buy a one dollar share in the Delancey company. It attracts a dividend after one year and the only way there can be payment is through the efforts of those share owners."

Yet in some of the other programs, two-thirds of the costs are taken up by salaries alone, and on this issue Gately becomes heated: "It's not inconceivable that a man could graduate from Sydney Uni in the Twenties or Thirties, fail in the rehab projects of the Thirties, fail in the debacle of the Returned Servicemen's Administration in the Forties and Fifties, fail in the urban renewal and ping-pong-paddles-for-the-people schemes of the Sixties and Seventies, and on that basis be placed in senior role in a government agency or university commission to clean up junkies. *We are capable of cleaning ourselves up.*

"Likewise the image of the trendy drug counsellor, on a salary of $42,000 a year, living in some exclusive suburb and driving to visit the junkies in his care in his Mercedes — it's like something out of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*" Gately is hard on the army of 5000 so-called experts who make a comfortable living out of junk on the safe end of the syringe. "The relationship between these people is not the same as visiting a doctor for a broken leg, and when the addicts see these people living this plush lifestyle — one the addict can never hope to attain and one sponsored by the addict's suffering — it brings out a lot of resentment. On that basis alone, how dare they start preaching to an addict that he should do this or that?

"The whole spectrum is there, from the fanatically religious right to the kind of holiday farm retreat with rest and recreation. But I say again, it plays into the addicts' hands. Though the threat is there that if they don't perform they'll be sent to jail, the courts and parole services have all been let down so often that nobody has faith in the system but nobody can change anything.

"Of course, the present idea of jail is laughable, as there is more pure and cheap heroin available within the NSW Corrective Services system than on the street. I believe the option of, say, five years jail with full surveillance and daily urine tests — or submitting to at least a year in a place like Delancey — is the only way out. We need that deterrent there right now in black and white. We must say to addicts: 'The argument is finished; here is the end result of your actions.'

"That, of course, must be matched by consistency in the courtroom in sentencing, with no room for manipulation. At present, many addicts welcome a sentence because it gives them a breathing space. Half a parole officer's time is taken up with heroin offenders, and with all these different treatment approaches the addict is really up against the wall. Subsequently an addict will say to himself: 'I don't know what's right or wrong anymore.' Eventually he will want to get stoned again to avoid the confusion."

As if the rehabilitation centres themselves aren't enough of a problem, there is also great contention about the establishment of controversial methadone programs which has been boosted by the federal decision to spend an extra $1.2 million on their introduction. But there is so much contention in the community that health departments are finding it difficult to even find localities for the treatments because of residential opposition.

Gately is one of the strongest critics of the methadone program, which he says substitutes heroin dependence for a worse addiction. "I was the fourth person on methadone in NSW. When I decided to stop taking it, it took me four years to get over it," he says angrily.

"I was a vegetable; I had no emotions . . . no feelings. I could eat, sleep and work, hold down a job and be socially acceptable because I paid tax, but that's all. Methadone robs you of all spontaneity. You have no emotional responses, even to your children. You don't cry and you don't laugh. It is no solution."

Though, at 34, Gordon Gately is never short of things to say on the whole issue of heroin, he insists that as a social reformer he wants to be judged on his results rather than a few philosophical ideas.

THE OFFICIAL VEIN

NSW Health Minister Ron Mulock is totally opposed to the hardline approach adopted by Gordon Gately, stating: "To lock yourself into a single methodology would be to allow people to escape through the net. They are very manipulative people.

"A lot of criticism of the rehabilitation schemes comes from the competitors for the dollar, and those responsible for the running of the system have to sort all that out. Sometimes that can only be done by taking money away from one group and giving it to another."

Mr Mulock, who last year toured a number of countries to see how they dealt with the problem, sees heroin not so much as a health issue or a social issue, but rather as a people's issue. "Locals of a particular area don't want people with mental illnesses, even a moderate degree, living in their communities. They don't want to have young offenders near them, a lot of which is false fear and lack of education.

"I know about Delancey; they've got a particular philosophy and while they can't get government support, they don't want it anyway. Still, the government can't put all its eggs in one basket."

Penthouse also asked the Chairman of the NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority, Brian Stewart, for his reaction to the low success rate for existing rehab centres, to which he replied that he didn't believe it *was* a low success rate. "It all depends on what you mean by curing people.

"If you are talking about total abstention for life, it's not easy. But if you are looking at abstention for long periods of time and improved family and domestic circumstances, we see improvement all the time.

"You must face the fact that there are something like 80 deaths a year from narcotics in NSW, and that in itself is worrying, but that is opposed to 1500 deaths a year from alcohol.

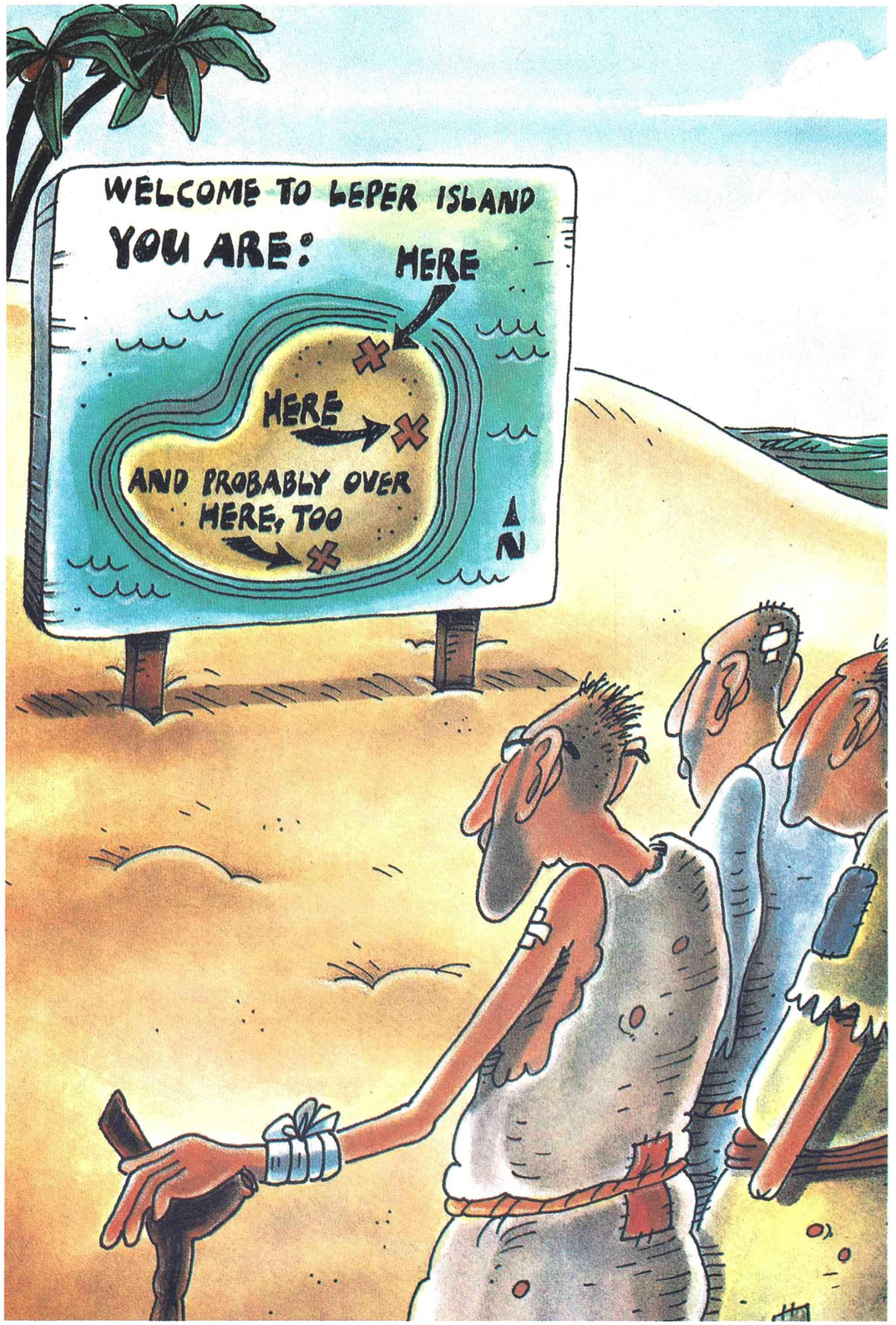
"If you use the terminology loosely, most people are 'cured', but it takes a long time — several years — because you are helping them with personality problems, domestic problems, employment problems — all of these things add up."

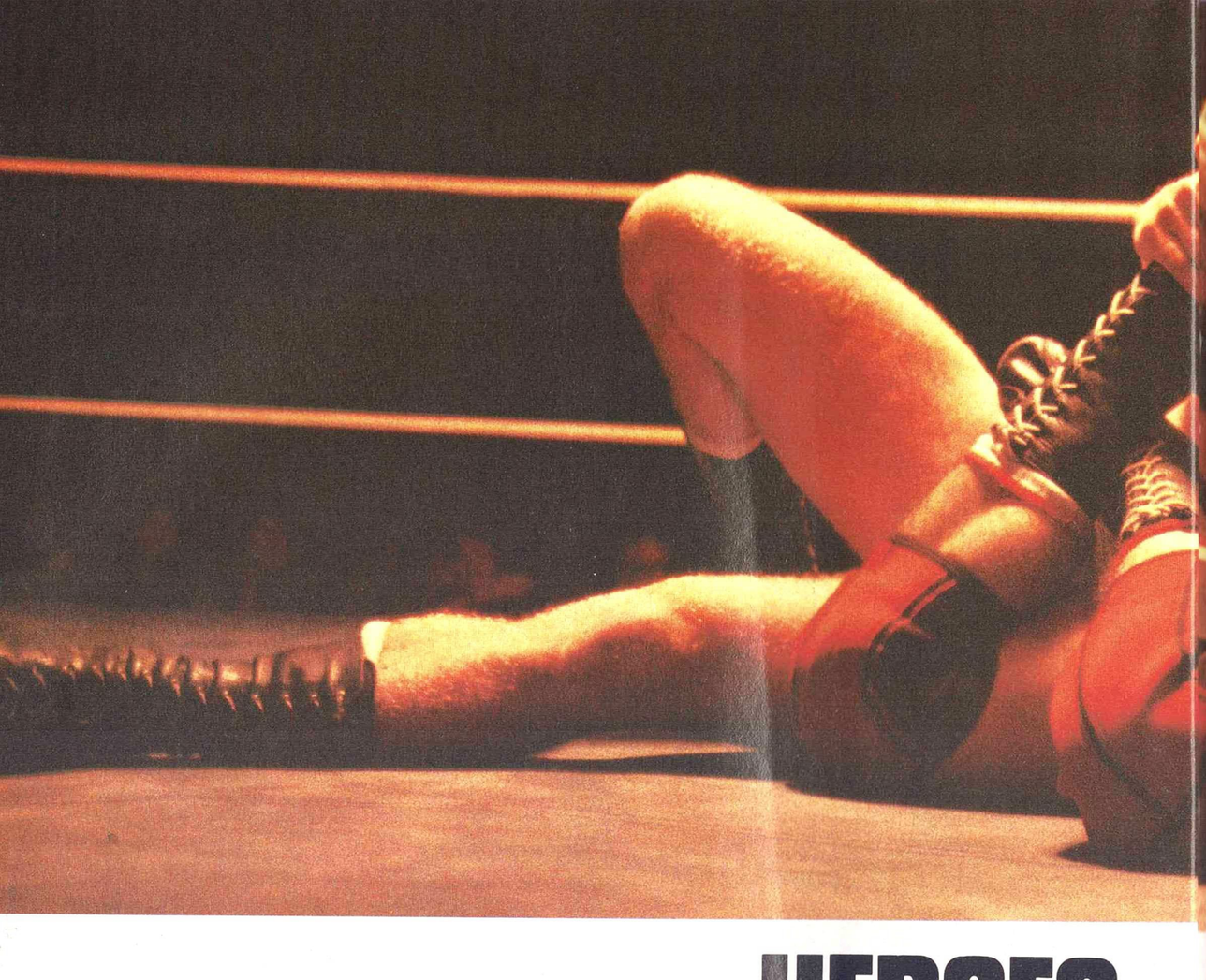
Asked what checks and balances exist for distribution of money to rehab centres, Mr Stewart said there was a project team to keep in touch with them and there were 20 conditions an agency had to meet before getting a grant. "We are stricter than anyone else."

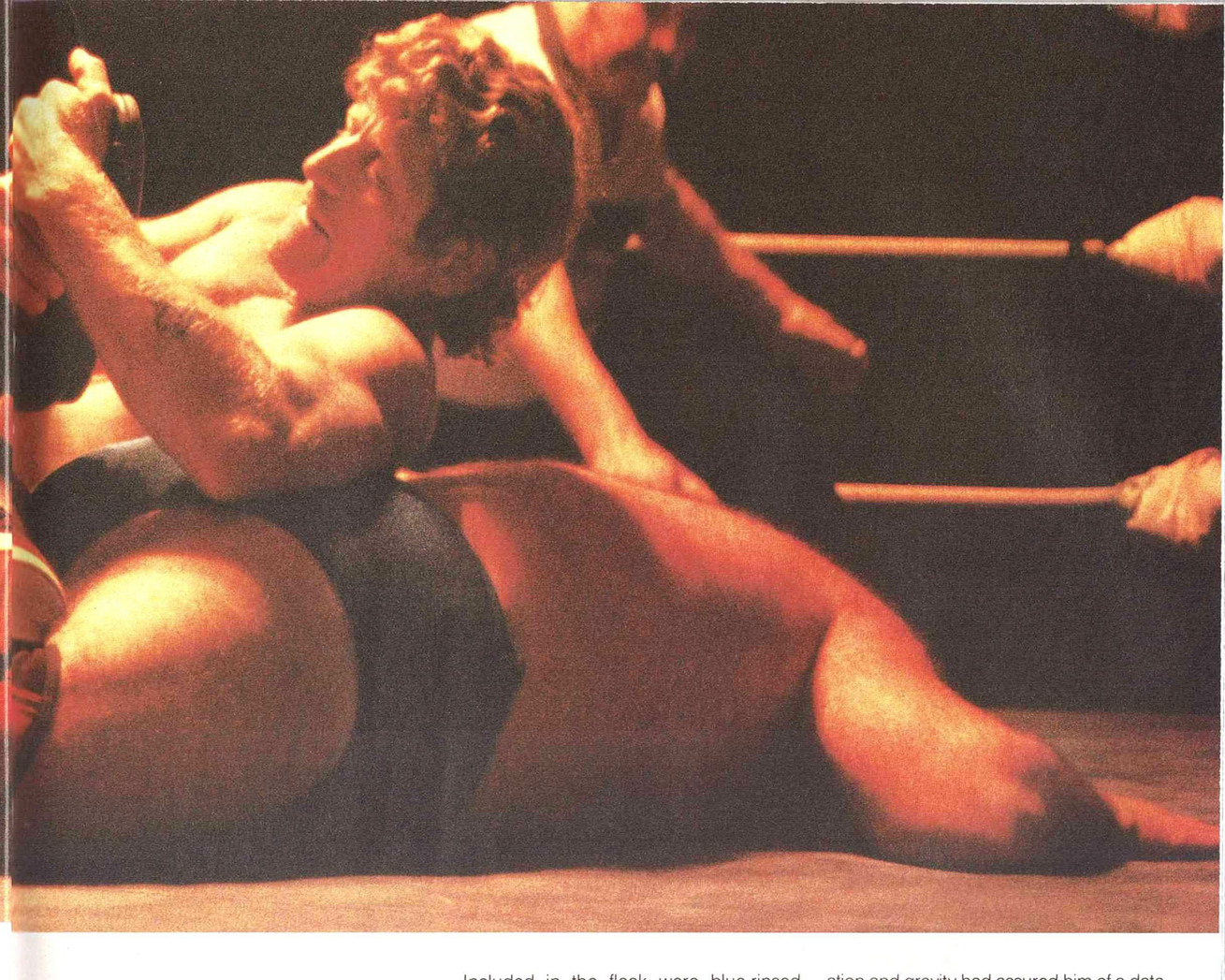
Asked about those living on fat salaries from the proceeds of such agencies, Stewart admitted that "might happen" but said it depended on the individual responsibility of each organisation. He added that moves are afoot to license all of them.

On that point, Mr Mulock said that the findings of a review committee were soon due (at the time of going to print) in response to concerns expressed to him on this issue. "There has to be a monitoring of the effectiveness of these programs and we certainly have to find out the success rate."

Mr Mulock said he believed a 25 percent success rate should be obtainable under the present system. "But firstly we have to define what we mean by 'success'."







HEROES AND VILLAINS

The comic book world of pro wrestling has Australia in the grip of mat mania

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

WORDS BY JOHN ELLIOT

The scheming Jap — his brow furrowed in an attempt to appear as inscrutable as possible (or was he trying to recall a cue?) — fell to his knees and pleaded for mercy. His honest Aussie assailant looked confused. Should he forget his grievances, including the Jap's ungracious assault on him while he was completing his ritual warm-up rope pulls before the opening bell? Should he extend the hand of friendship in the spirit of Australian sportsmanship? Or should he continue to pummel the side of his opponent's head? He turned and asked those assembled for guidance. Their message was loud and clear: "Belt the shit out of the Oriental bastard."

The scene was the auditorium of the Revesby Workers' Club, a garish haven from working class drudgery amid the fibro-cement and tiles of southwestern Sydney. The event: Sunday afternoon pro wrestling, a once-a-month attraction billed as "action-packed entertainment for the whole family."

The families of Revesby seemed to endorse that billing. They'd gathered, 500 strong, to witness the afternoon's activities. Included in the flock were blue-rinsed grandmothers, mums and dads, teenagers, seven-year-olds, even a baby in a pram, all of them clustered around tables stacked high with packets of potato and corn chips, along with jugs of beer and assorted cans of soft drink.

Meanwhile, back on the mat, the Aussie — a colorless, journeyman-type going by the name of Kenny Dunlop — slowly turned back to his cowering quarry. It was obvious what he must do. The Jap, aka The Great Tojo, certainly knew what to expect, as did the increasingly excited fans. Dunlop clambered up on top of the corner post. An eternity seemed to pass as Tojo kowtowed, whimpered, grovelled and howled. His touching pleas were to fall on deaf ears; as the honest Aussie reached the top of the corner post he swung around, balanced, and then with a great bellow launched himself in the direction of the hapless Tojo.

But the scheming Jap was not finished with yet; in the split second that his opponent became airborne, he deftly rolled across the ring. Terror suddenly seized the Aussie, contorting his face and paralysing his graceful free-fall body arch. It didn't take an Einstein to recognise that mass, acceleration and gravity had assured him of a date with destiny.

His plunge on to the mat was window-rattling — possibly made even more thunderous by the microphone said to be strategically concealed under the ring. Tojo immediately bounced to his feet and hurled himself into the ropes. He catapulted back into centre-ring and torpedoed, head-first, into the Aussie's still-quivering buttocks.

Tojo hauled himself up. The Oriental gave every indication that he harbored a sadistic streak that would have made the commander of the Changi POW camp look like an old softie. Gloating over his prize, he released a gleeful, deranged horse-laugh; some of the younger, bolder members of the audience brayed back. Tojo scowled from under the spotlights and spat in the direction of the loudest brays.

It was time to get back to business. Tojo pulled Dunlop to his feet. The Aussie battler was no dead weight: he kindly assisted Tojo by pushing himself up with one hand. The Jap grabbed Dunlop's arm and spun him around a couple of times before releasing him. The Aussie lurched into the ropes and rebounded back to centre-ring.

Tojo had been introduced to the crowd as "the karate champion of Japan" and

VILLAINS

this was his chance to show his skills. He wound up his right arm and brought his hand crashing down on Dunlop's head with all the force of a breast dropping from a suddenly untethered bra. Although the mob looked unconvinced, the blow appeared to affect Dunlop in the intended way. He stopped in his tracks, rolled his eyes once, and fell to the mat in a heap.

The first fall in this three-fall bout was decided. Tojo arrogantly pinned his opponent's shoulders for the mandatory three count, and then slipped in a boot to the thigh for good measure. The count was noticeable for its rapidity — in a bout where everything else seemed to be in slow motion, the referee belted the canvas so quickly that it sounded like a burst from an automatic weapon.

But the bruised and battered Aussie was anything but finished. Within five minutes he had staged a miraculous recovery (the commentator said something about "extraordinary recuperative powers"), and overpowered Tojo to take the second and equalising fall. The deciding fall went right down to the wire, with the advantage swinging from one combatant to the other. With some tricky manoeuvring Dunlop appeared to be getting the better of his opponent. But then — *disaster*. A miscalculation by the slightly overexuberant Dunlop sent the Japanese hurtling over the top rope, and that meant instant disqualification for the Aussie. Tojo was the winner — by default, but still the winner.

The fans acclaimed the result with a barrage of hoots and howls. Dunlop stood in the ring, crushed and alone, and even the referee seemed to be pondering the injustice of it all. There was an attitude of disbelief about the place . . . but then, you'd have to expect a fair bit of disbelief associated with anything to do with professional wrestling.

Take The Great Tojo, for instance. It was pretty hard to believe that he was really "the karate champion of Japan", or even that he hailed from that country. He didn't really look Japanese and any student of Japanese social behavior would have known immediately that the gentleman was just as likely to have come from Addis Ababa as from his alleged home town of Tokyo. His exaggerated "Japanese" mannerisms had been culled directly from a *Sergeant Rock* WWII comicbook.

A little research revealed that Tojo is in reality a Samoan, and has been making a living by wrestling around Sydney for at least three years. He doesn't have a job, finding that the income he derives from his two or three bouts a week is enough to get by on.

Of course, the Samoan glamorises and dramatises his ring *persona* for the benefit of the crowd. The very first promoters of the sport recognised that professional wrestling is more about entertainment than about matching the physical skills of the matmen, and an important part of that entertainment is the image and charisma of the wrestlers. According to Steve "The Crusher" Rackman, a pro wrestler of 20 years experience now working in wrestling promotion, "A wrestler has got to be able to tell a story. If he can't do that he's got no future in the game."

Professional wrestling has a long history in Australia, going back to the Twenties when a troupe of American pros first reached these shores. They all assumed colorful identities, such as Indian chiefs, or gave themselves ferocious nicknames like Killer or King Kong. One, from Chicago, called himself "Count Sogoloski, Champion of Russia", when he'd never been there; another, a New Yorker, was publicised as the "Champion of the British Empire." Not one them wrestled under his real name.

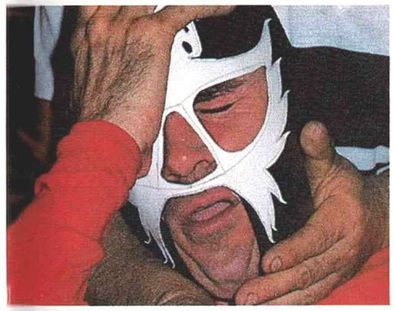
The tradition continued through to the Fifties — the heyday of pro wrestling in Australia, according to some old-time aficionados. That's when 10,000 screaming fans would cram into the old Sydney Stadium and Leichhardt Stadium (Sydney) and Festival Hall in Melbourne to see the likes of Chief Little Wolf, the creator of the famed Indian deathlock, the masked Zebra Kid, Gorgeous George in his sequinned robes and Lord James Blears, the English nobleman who wore a monocle and a family crest upon his cape.

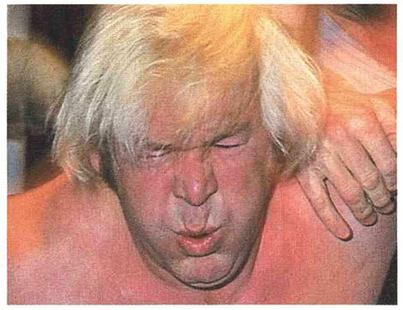
In the Sixties, with the advent of televised wrestling, the sport was able to reach out to a vast audience. New venues opened up in places such as Perth, Newcastle and Whyalla as Saturday afternoon wrestling was taken on by more and more TV stations. American promoter James Barnett, now the brains behind the World Wrestling Federation and its *Rock 'n' Roll Wrestling,* brought a host of overseas matmen into Australia, most of them coming from the US. The stars amongst them were paid big money — in the vicinity of $2000 a week in the early Seventies. Andre The Giant, weighing more than 250 kilos and billed as "The Eighth Wonder of the World" (and still wrestling today), commanded $2000 a night.

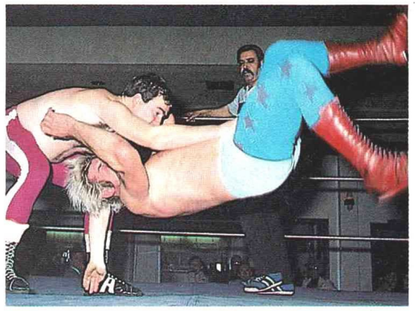
Television did bring some important changes to wrestling. Bouts were shortened to satisfy commercial needs and the limited attention spans of TV viewers, while the commentators emerged as key personalities in their own right. The first TV commentators were both Americans: the gravel-voiced, thin-as-wire Jack Little, and Sam Menaker, an ex-wrestler with an intimate knowledge of the sport.

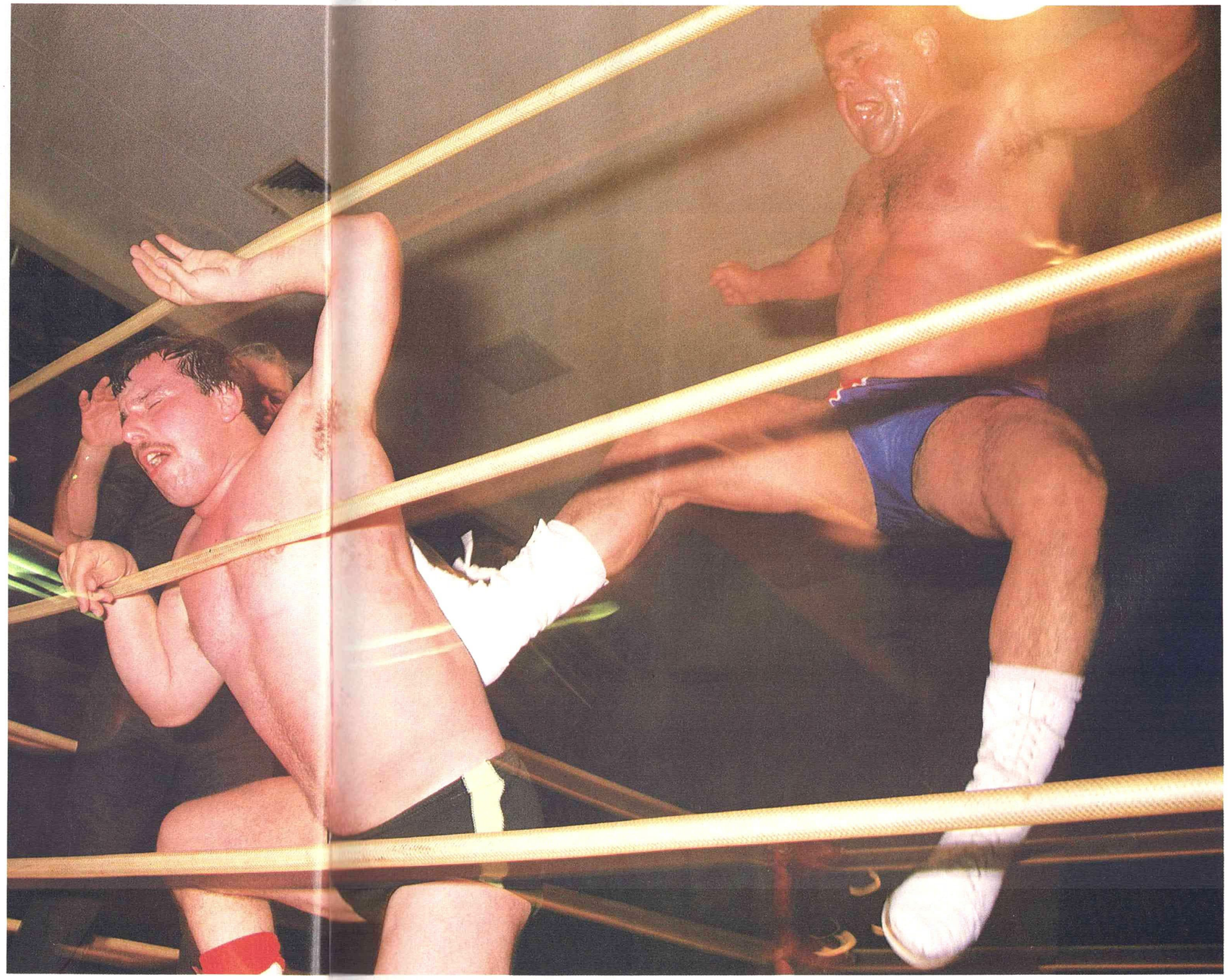
Most components of the time-honored formula that had established wrestling's success were retained, however. There was the same reliance on ethnic stereotyping and the same black and white, good-versus-evil, comicbook

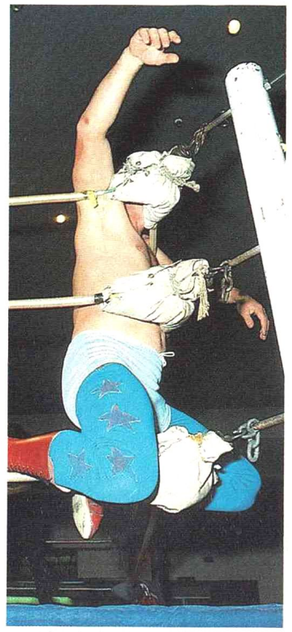
From left to right: A mysterious masked wrestler (from parts unknown) feels the pain; Handsome John Lucky caught in a not-so-handsome moment; Lucky on the receiving end of a Kenny Dunlop body slam. Below: George Chami, the pride of Lebanon, wipes his boot on the back of the pain-racked Lou Marcello.











WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

If you spent the better part of the Sixties or Seventies glued to a TV screen most of these names should be synonymous with Saturday afternoons . . . the time for the Nine Network's *World Championship Wrestling.*

• Roy Heffernan ("The Man of a Thousand Holds") — has his own wrestling promotion company, and sets up about 100 shows around Sydney each year. Also trains up and coming wrestlers.

• Sam Menaker — said to be commentating in the US state of Georgia.

• Wallaby Bob McMaster (referee) — operates the Wallaby Hotel in Mudgeeraba, Queensland.

• Brute Bernard (the camel walk) — the crazy French-Canadian shot himself in a game of Russian roulette in 1984.

• Skull Murphy (reputed to have a skull six times thicker than that of a normal man) — commited suicide by overdosing on sleeping pills in a trailer park in New Jersey 12 years ago. At the age of ten, suffered scarlet fever and as a result had no hair at all on his body.

• Red Bastien — now retired and living in Minneapolis. Like many wrestlers, has had to have both hip joints replaced.

• Mario Milano — still wrestling in Melbourne, and a booker for World Class Wrestling.

• Professor Tanaka — lives in California, where he has many TV and movie commitments. He has appeared on *The A-Team* and in a series of American commercials for Toyota, and played Oddjob in the James Bond movie *Goldfinger.*

• Dory Funk Jr — still wrestling in and around Amarillo, Texas.

• Fritz Von Erich — now a wrestling promoter in Dallas, Texas.

• Mike Cleary (wrestling commentator) — now the NSW Minister for Sport and Recreation.

• The Beast (the bear hug) — now living in Hamilton, Canada under his real name, John Yachetti.

• Alan Pinfold — lives in semi-retirement outside Sydney. Still referees occasionally.

• Con and John Tolios — now both successful Sydney businessmen. John is still wrestling while Con has retired.

• Kenny Medlin — still wrestling. Also employed as a doorman at the Cronulla Workingmens' Club, NSW.

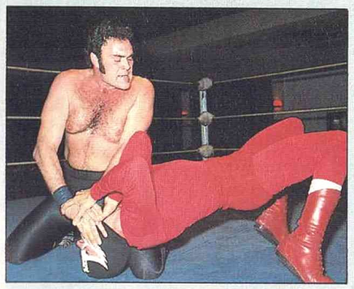
• King Curtis — rents surfboards at Waikiki Beach, Hawaii, although at last report was stricken with terminal cancer.

• Haystacks Calhoun — suffered from diabetes and so had to give up wrestling. Now a Christian revivalist preacher in North Carolina.

• Dominic de Nucci — lives on a farm near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Now a wrestling promoter, still wrestles occasionally.

• Spiros Arion ("The Golden Greek") — owns a restaurant in Athens and still wrestles occasionally.

• Killer Karl Kox (the brainbuster) — retired and living in Amarillo, Texas after suffering a heart attack.



The inimitable Mario Milano at play

• Tex McKenzie — now a successful producer of wildlife documentaries in the US.

• Jan Jansen — operates a Sydney gymnasium.

• Gorilla Monsoon — promoting and still wrestling in the New York area.

• Mitsu Arakawa — a wrestling booker in Miami, Florida. Sometimes gets back into the ring.

• Mark Lewin (the sleeper hold) — still wrestling in the US.

• Tiger Singh — wrestling in Japan.

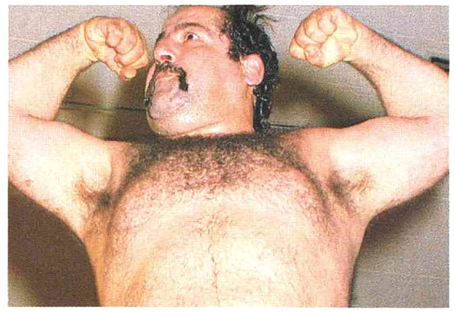
• Killer Kowalski (the claw hold) — wrestling promoter and manager. A keen photographer, Kowalski owns an art gallery in New York and follows a strict vegetarian diet.

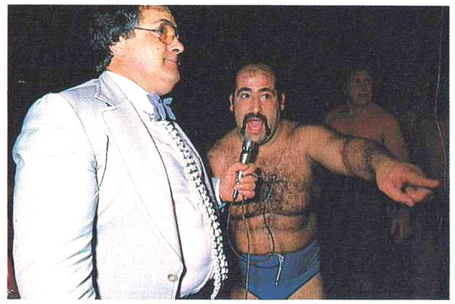
• Bulldog Brower (the twitch) — thought to be still wrestling in the US.

• Bruno Sammartino ("The Living Legend") — now a commentator on the WWF's *Rock 'n' Roll Wrestling.*

• Ron Miller — now a Sydney wrestling promoter.

• Larry O'Day ("Australia's Own") — recently returned to ring after being in semi-retirement for some years.





From left to right: Handsome John Lucky kisses the turnbuckle in an unusual mid-match ritual; Danny Lykouris tests the pain threshold of Hurricane Harpas; Kenny Dunlop shows off his acrobatic skills; the victorious Harpas demonstrates due humility; Harpas shares some thoughts with the immaculately attired ringside caller, Larry ("Dogsmeat") Memery.

VILLAINS

approach to the matching of contestants. Good guys were often southern Europeans, thus tapping the Greek and Italian communities as large sources of impassioned fans. Baddies either came from Japan or Germany (World War II was not so remote in the Sixties), or were bald or masked. Some purported to be men very much of the times — Dr A claimed to be a nuclear physicist, a brilliant scientist who had to wear a mask because a horrific laboratory explosion had so scarred his face. Entertainment was the watchword, and no matter how skilled or scientific a local wrestler was, if he didn't come with a colorful over-the-top personality, he was destined to rank as a palooka, there to make up the numbers for the "other bouts" or to serve as a punching bag for the more fancied overseas stars.

The popularity of TV wrestling peaked in the late Sixties and then began a slow decline, although various gimmicks such as "Texas death matches", three-man tag team bouts, caged bouts and midget wrestling were introduced to rekindle the interest of fans. It finished up in 1978 — directly, says Steve Rackman, as a result of the Nine Network taking on cricket telecasting.

Now pro wrestling in Australia is largely confined to the club circuit, although large shopping centres sometimes feature as major venues. The nature of clubs in NSW — with the income-generating qualities of poker machines — ensures that Sydney is now Australia's wrestling headquarters. Three promoters operate out of Sydney, including ex-wrestlers Roy Heffernan and Ron Miller as well as Larry Memery, the doyen of wrestling commentators, who runs Worldwide Wrestling with some assistance from Steve Rackman. They're all putting on about two or three shows per week (in such venues as Revesby Workers, Marrickville RSL and Ingleburn RSL) and all claim that business has never been so good. They're booking new venues every week.

All three promoters admit that the televising of live professional wrestling from New York, plus the screening of American wrestling clips on the Nine Network's *Wide World Of Sports,* has been directly responsible for the resurgence of interest in the sport. "We were only getting half a house every second month at Manly Leagues eight months ago," says Memery. "Now we're getting full houses there, and we're on every month."

The scene has picked up in Melbourne too, again thanks to the interest in the TV wrestling from the US. "There has really been nothing to speak of happening in wrestling for years," says promoter Ian Eddy, who with the able assistance of the Sixties' "Mr Wrestling" Mario Milano, operates World Class Wrestling. In the last few months Eddy has been regularly packing more than 5000 fans into Melbourne's Festival Hall, and had his wrestlers complete a very successful tour of country Victoria. They've ventured interstate as well, doing shows in Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane.

While American TV wrestling has undeniably been a catalyst in drawing fans back to the ring, members of the audience at Revesby Workers' expressed varied reasons for being there. They all agree, however, that it's great fun . . . that it really is "entertainment the whole family can enjoy." They also agree, of course, that the wrestling is fixed. In fact, that seems to be the way most fans like it.

If they really thought pro wrestling was fair dinkum, that the wrestlers really were putting their lives and limbs on the line every time they hopped into the ring, the great majority of fans would be horrified. Most wrestling fans don't go to see brutality . . . or blood . . . or even genuine wrestling skills. And they wouldn't be taking their kids along if they thought those "stomps to the mid-section" were really hurting.

The fans appear to see the wrestling game differently from the promoters and the matmen themselves. Not too many wrestlers are prepared to break ranks in response to what must be *the* perennial question: "How fair dinkum is it *really?*" They point to their bruises, tally up the injuries they've incurred and tell you how many of their own teeth they still have. They'll even swear that they're not members of Actors' Equity.

The promoters are somewhat more forthcoming. To the perennial question, Larry Memery, never one to mince his words, gives a direct answer: "It's about 60:40."

"The world is full of trickery and imagination," waxes Steve Rackman in response to *the* question. Later on he adopts a philosophical line: "There are allegations about corruption in lots of things today — politics, the police, the church . . . even journalism. Why should wrestling be spared?"

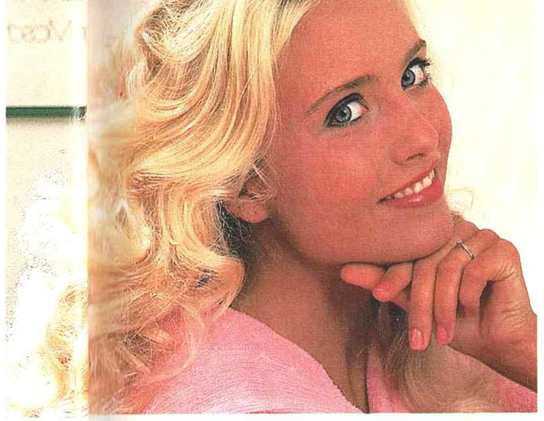
Ron Miller and Roy Heffernan are far less candid. Miller maintains that what sometimes appears as fixing is really just the mismatching of wrestlers, where the stronger man must hold back to at least give the appearance of an even contest. Heffernan takes a firmer line: bouts weren't fixed in his days in the ring and none of the matches he promotes are staged, and that's that. Roy Heffernan's not the sort of guy you'd argue with. To back up his case he mentions that on Good Friday, 1982, a wrestler who battled under the name of El Greco collapsed and died from a brain haemorrhage after a bout at Revesby.

Maybe the fans at Revesby, those who call out "We want juice" and "Top rope", wouldn't have laughed so heartily on that day. But whether you're inclined to take the wrestling seriously or not, there seems to be no question that it's here to stay. Society's always had a need for gladiators . . . and clowns. OH

WILD HONEY

Liv's love of life looms as her biggest obstacle, she says, to ever settling down with one particular man. And she warns that anyone who confesses their love to her is invariably in for a hard time. "One of my stipulations in falling in love is that the man won't want to possess me in any way, so that I stay as free as a bird . . ."

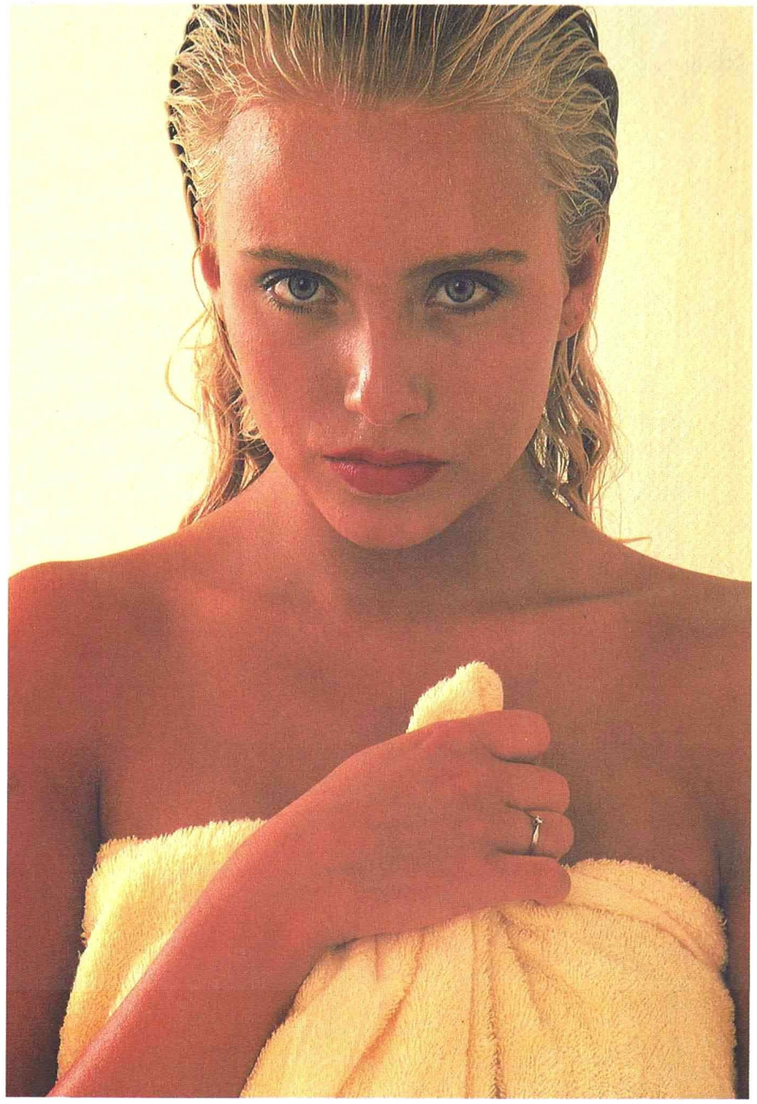
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL V. STROHEIM

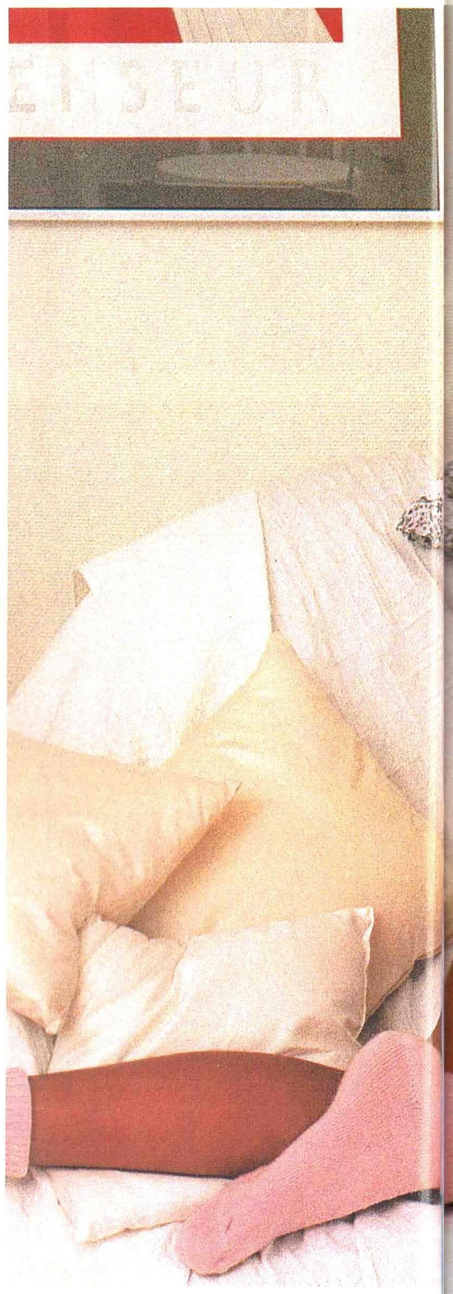


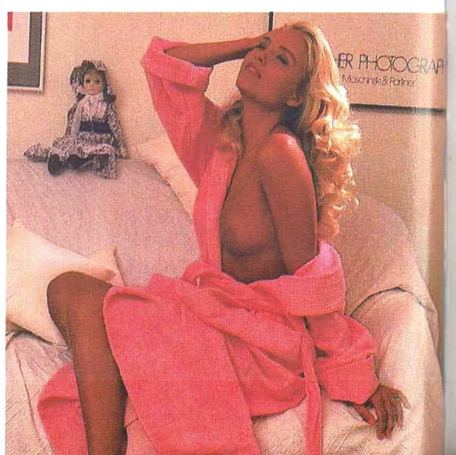
"My footloose freedom is what appeals in the very first place, I think, so you tell me why anything should change just because a strong attraction happens to develop. Why sell out?" Why indeed!

"Now Sting is one man I could marry and be possessed by," she says. "When I hear him sing that song, "If you love somebody, set them free . . . ", I could race him off to church without a second thought."

Now isn't that a little contradictory for lively Liv? "Why, of course," she responds. "But he understands what I feel and what my grandmother used to tell me: *catch your flies with honey*." It seems contradiction is one of the spices of Liv.







"Free as a bird", "Catch your flies with honey" — her expressions might suggest naturalist leanings, but Liv says straight out that she is more partial to the wild life than flora and fauna. "I know a little about the birds and the bees," she says. "And I can guess the rest . . ." O+

FICTION BY FRANK HARDY

REASON IN REVOLT

As a whore or a revolutionary, Raelene West was a loser.

Raelene West got out of the cab in front of the Carlton-Savoy, spreading her legs in an unlady-like manner. Her split skirt revealed ample thighs right up to her brief knickers.

She tipped the liveried flunkey who'd opened the door, aware that she was being observed by every male within ogling distance. She was also aware that she could *carry it off*, living here in London's most fashionable hotel with Rudi Dalby-Smythe. She knew that a young and beautiful woman would be accepted anywhere, but she had learnt to distrust her sensual beauty, even to laugh at it when posing among the rich and famous. Now she imagined herself saying, mocking herself as well as the grand ladies in the foyer: "You're not as beautiful as me and you're not sure if I'm a whore or a rich man's lady — so you must accept and admire me."

Her mood was ecstatic. She had just won a thousand pounds on her roulette system at the casino and she was the mistress of a jet-setter who picked only the best (in and out of bed). Raelene had never asked Rudi where he got his money, but

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL GOODMAN

From *The Loser Now Will Be Later To Win* by Frank Hardy, published by Pascoe Publishing.

REVOLT

now that she had some of her own she was in a mood to challenge his assumptions about her.

Raelene followed Rudi through the revolving door, stepping on her high red heels like a dancing princess only to be confronted by two porters and a detective searching everyone who entered the building. The IRA boys must be at it again, she thought — and jolly good luck to them, too.

Rudi passed through with relative ease and Raelene didn't really mind when the detective carried out an unnecessarily detailed body search and leered at her when he saw the bundles of cash in her handbag.

"That copper thought I was a whore," she told Rudi while they were waiting for the lift. She said it with the air of someone who had just been paid a compliment.

Rudi reacted with an icy stare. He treated women like whores, but that didn't mean he liked them to revel in that role. Raelene took his arm and feigned a posh voice: "Darling, let's have drinkies in the lounge upstairs and listen to the pianist."

"Let's go to bed," he replied.

But when they were in the lift she pressed for the bar-restaurant floor instead of the fifth, and he resignedly followed her into the restaurant/bar/supper room, where the rich dallied over their last drinks to tunes played by a French-looking pianist, although he was probably a cunning Cockney.

"Some enchanted evening," Raelene sang softly, quite in tune with the piano. Rudi was embarrassed, as he always was when she sang in public, even though she sang well — except for a certain quavering in her upper register. But the quavering did lend a certain innocent girlish charm to her singing, probably because she once *was* innocent and girlish.

Rudi led her to a table while the head waiter fawned attendance. Rudi whispered to her: "For Christ's sake, don't get pissed and start singing!"

"I'm an independent woman — so I'll do what I bloody want," she responded angrily.

Rudi juggled her chair under her superb *derriere* and said, as he sat opposite her: "And don't become aggressive.". His generous but somehow surly mouth managed an icy smile. "After all, I staked you at the casino and you had only seventy-five Australian cents in your handbag when I picked you up in Piccadilly a month ago."

Rudi talked and gestured like an actor: he knew he was insufferably handsome and felt he should have been a movie star. "Rae," he continued, "you are a superb mistress, but you simply can't handle your booze . . . or your dope." He rubbed her cheek with the back of his fingers. "And lurking somewhere . . . somewhere behind what I must admit is one of the sexiest bodies I've collected, there's a little girl from the wrong side of the tracks who wants to thumb her nose at everything every now and again, or write graffiti on lavatory walls. Stick to me, darling Raelene — just until we grow tired of screwing each other to death — and I'll turn you into a lady."

The reference to her antecedents needled Raelene. "What if I don't want to be a bloody lady? What if I *do* like to write slogans on lavatory walls and sing when I feel happy?"

Rudi overruled her. "Darling," he said in a school masterly manner, "we are getting in the gossip columns for the wrong reasons: bad for my image, *ma cherie*. No songs tonight, by special request."

They ordered drinks — Rudi Dom Perignon, Raelene preferred Grand Marnier. She always sang on Grand Marnier and she was going to sing tonight whether Rudi liked it or not; she had decided before she won the thousand pounds at the club.

The little girl in her, the one-time Trotskyist who had sold the *Workers' News* at dawn to reluctant factory workers in Sydney, and the childhood dreamer of fame as a singer — all the Raelenes within her were in the mood to revolt.

As a teenager, Raelene had danced into the Kings Cross booze 'n' dope 'n' rock 'n' roll scene. She developed an expensive drug habit and had taken to turning an occasional trick to finance it. But she had abandoned that for a while in favor of revolution after she'd heard Joe Thomson echoing Leon Trotsky's flaming words from a soap-box in the Sydney Domain.

Joe had got her off drugs and soon she was hooked on the speed of revolt and the euphoria of the inevitability of radical change. The thought of life as a committed revolutionary had appealed to her; then Joe fouled it all up by falling in love with her. Things became too complicated and so she fled to do the sex and meditation tour of India.

Raelene ended up in London, broke. She had been prepared for anything, so becoming mistress to a high-class pimp like Rudi didn't worry her at all. But now, with Grand Marnier warming her guts and with money in her handbag, she felt like singing. The ambivalence she felt towards him was coming to the surface.

Rudi again suggested they should go to bed. He really was a randy bastard — although charming and terrifyingly sexual. But he didn't like music, and especially didn't like Raelene West singing sentimental ballads or revolutionary songs. He was actually embarrassed by it, the bastard. They got another drink. Raelene gulped hers down and giggled in a manner which only increased Rudi's desire.

Just then, the pianist began to play "Bridge Over Troubled Waters", one of Raelene's favorite numbers. She began to sing: *"When you're weary . . ."*

Rudi grabbed her arm. "I really don't mind your Nana Mouskouri-type ballads," he warned, "but for Christ's sake, if they give you any encouragement you won't be able to resist singing songs of revolution." He leaned across and kissed her, arrogantly. "You really must grow up. There hasn't been a revolution since Lenin was a lad."

Raelene remembered a newspaper headline she had read that morning about the revolution in Portugal. "There's a bloody revolution going on across the Channel right now — in Lisbon," she replied. "But you wouldn't know, you only read the social columns."

"And the stock exchange reports," he parried.

Raelene picked up the song again. She was really belting it out, and everyone in the plush supper rooms — the English gentry, the wealthy Australians and Americans, even the Arabs in their fine white robes and expensive suits — cocked their ears and smiled their approval at this lively girl singing with such feeling a song of love and friendship and sentimentality.

The pianist glanced at Raelene and smiled diffidently, not at all sure that he (and especially his employers) should approve of this slinky creature, with her split skirt and her breasts peeping promiscuously from a low-cut neckline. But, like the assembled pillars of the ruling class, he too was under the spell of her singing. He smiled and deferred to Raelene as if she were an opera star, following her instead of she him.

Quite carried away, Raelene stepped gaily to the piano, placing tingling fingers on the pianist's shoulder, and continued: *Sail on silver bird / Sail on by / Your time has come / To shine / All your dreams are on their way / See how they shine / Oh, if you need a friend / I'm sailing right behind / Like a bridge over troubled water . . .*

To a background of loud and spontaneous applause in which even Rudi joined, Raelene's fevered mind raced with thoughts. After some deliberation she asked the pianist: "Do you know 'Joe Hill'?" The pianist flinched, but managed to reply: "I haven't got the music . . ."

The well-heeled patrons were demanding an encore, and Raelene reacted against their condescending mood. "I'll give you a bloody encore all right," she thought. "Do you know 'Joe Hill'?" she demanded again.

The pianist, intimidated in a way that he couldn't explain, began hesitatingly to play the opening bars, and Raelene sang: *I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night / Alive as you and me / Said I, but Joe you're ten years dead, / They shot you Joe, said I / Takes more than guns to kill a man / Said Joe, I didn't die . . .*

The audience took no great offence at first — indeed they were charmed. Raelene was in great voice by now and her sensuous body literally trembled with emotion. Little did they realise that Raelene was stumbling on the words, trying to remember them. It had been a long time since she had thought about, let alone sung, "Joe Hill. " She stumbled but did not fall: *"From San Diego up the Main / In every mine and mill / Where working men defend their rights / It's there you'll find Joe Hill / I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night / Alive as you and me . . .*

By now, all present were transfixed. Who was Joe Hill that he could so impel this beautiful woman to sing so movingly of his fate? And what on earth could working men defending their rights have to do with anyone here?

But a common feeling was developing among Raelene's audience that the song was somehow sacrilegious — it was like "Eskimo Nell" being sung in a cathedral. Who ever heard or spoke of working men defending their rights in the Carlton-Savoy? And Rudi was not the last to sense the implied threat to all that he and his accomplices in wealth stood for.

A silence descended on the room.

Raelene asked the pianist: "Do you know 'The Internationale'?"

The pianist, nonplussed and on the brink of terror, replied: "Please, you must be joking! I can't play that . . ."

Rudi stood up and strode towards the piano.

Raelene said to the pianist: "Then let me bloody play it." She literally shouldered the

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"He doesn't know the meaning of the word 'fear.'
In fact, there are only about seven words that he does know the meaning of."

REVOLT

pianist out of his seat (a task made easier by his desire to flee) and she sat and struck up the first few bars and began to sing: *Arise you workers from your slumbers / Arise you prisoners of want . . .*

Rudi grabbed Raelene by the wrist forcefully. "Listen, bitch," he hissed. "For the last time, I'm taking you to bed."

"Piss off!" she yelled back, distraught.

The pianist retreated into the gloom beside the bar, where the barman was aimlessly scrubbing the counter with a cloth. The rich ones in the audience were rendered speechless and immobile; the head waiter joined Rudi in reprimanding Raelene.

Raelene pulled her wrist free from Rudi's grasp and thumped the piano keys.

The hotel manager rushed in to join Rudi and the head waiter in an attempt to suppress the performance. Raelene managed to continue; she wanted to get in just one more verse. Her voice was louder now, seeming to take on the power of a Wagnerian singer.

So comrades, come rally . . .

It seemed that neither the disdain and distaste of the patrons nor the efforts of the three determined men could break the spell.

Raelene herself felt sorely pressed until, in a foreign tongue that sounded like Spanish, a resonant voice joined hers. Raelene identified her duet partner as a waiter, sleek and black-haired, who had entered carrying a tray of exotic drinks and coffee pots.

The house detective had arrived with a police sergeant from the local station. They confronted the two culprits repeating the chorus yet again. Raelene's hair, saturated with sweat, had become bedraggled; the waiter had put down his tray and his right hand was raised and clenched in salute.

The lawmen hesitated as if deciding who was the greater threat to the order of the realm. By some quirk of male chauvinism they chose the waiter, though in fact he had joined this act of rebellion only at its end. First they gagged his mouth to stop the flow of unseemly words, then clamped his arms and put a stranglehold on his neck.

Raelene slumped over the piano, and Rudi — anxious to end the unbecoming business (what the hell would Father say if it got in the papers?) — took her firmly by the shoulders. Raelene allowed him to lead her away without even a backward glance towards the waiter, who was being hustled out.

Raelene and Rudi made their way to the lift. In the manner of people who can only relate to each other sexually, they were soon gripped by an orgiastic fever. In the lift they kissed with utmost abandon, grasping each other's genitals. Soon they were in bed, clothes ripped off, and into a drunken sexual encounter made more intense by the events in the supper room.

Later Raelene awoke, vaguely aware of a knocking on the door. She wondered what time it was, and what had happened. She remembered the uproar in the restaurant after she had sung "Joe Hill" and "The Internationale." And the poor bloody waiter — was he a Frenchman or a Spaniard? Had he been arrested?

What a bloody loser I am, she thought . . . whether as a whore or a revolutionary. I don't know when I'm well off with a good screw who's got plenty of money. So I have to go and spoil it all.

She arose and her bare feet carried her to the dressing table. She sat in front of the mirror and studied her face: the lines of corruption were already etched around her eyes and at the side of her mouth. Twenty-eight years old: it wouldn't be long before even the Rudis of this world saw beyond her tits and arse.

Again, she heard the knocking at the door. Suspecting the law, the house detective or at least the hotel manager, she decided to use the only weapon she had. She went to the door without putting on her robe. Any attempts she might have made to achieve respectability had fallen from her now: she would confront them, using her sexuality not as an invitation, but an act of defiance and rebuke.

She opened the door to see there a laden silver tray in the hands of the waiter who had sung with her. She stepped back.

"We didn't order anything," she managed to say.

"You didn't order — but I thought you might like some champagne, lobster, caviar and such nice things to celebrate," he replied with accented but precise English.

Events in the restaurant now came back to her more vividly, as did the image of this little man singing "The Internationale" in a strange tongue.

She smiled: "Pardon me . . . come in. I'm never one to refuse champagne and caviar."

He placed the tray on the table and, with a flourish, pressured the top off the champagne bottle and poured two glasses. He looked at the bed as if ready to pour another . . .

"Leave him out. He's dead to the world."

The waiter held up his glass and, as she followed suit, their glasses tapped.

The champagne felt sour and sharp in Raelene's stomach. "I thought you would have been sacked or put in jail," she said.

The waiter gulped his champagne down and poured another. "I have been sacked . . . and I thank you for it."

"Thank me? Shit! I've never done anything right in my life. I end up singing 'The Internationale' in the Carlton-Savoy Hotel and a working man loses his job!"

The waiter seemed utterly unaware of Raelene's nude body. "You have made me very happy," he explained. "In the morning I will get my pay and go to Heathrow and get a plane to Lisbon. There I'll join the revolution. How do you think I've felt these last few days, working here and serving the rich while the workers are fighting in the streets in my homeland?"

"Portugal! I read about it."

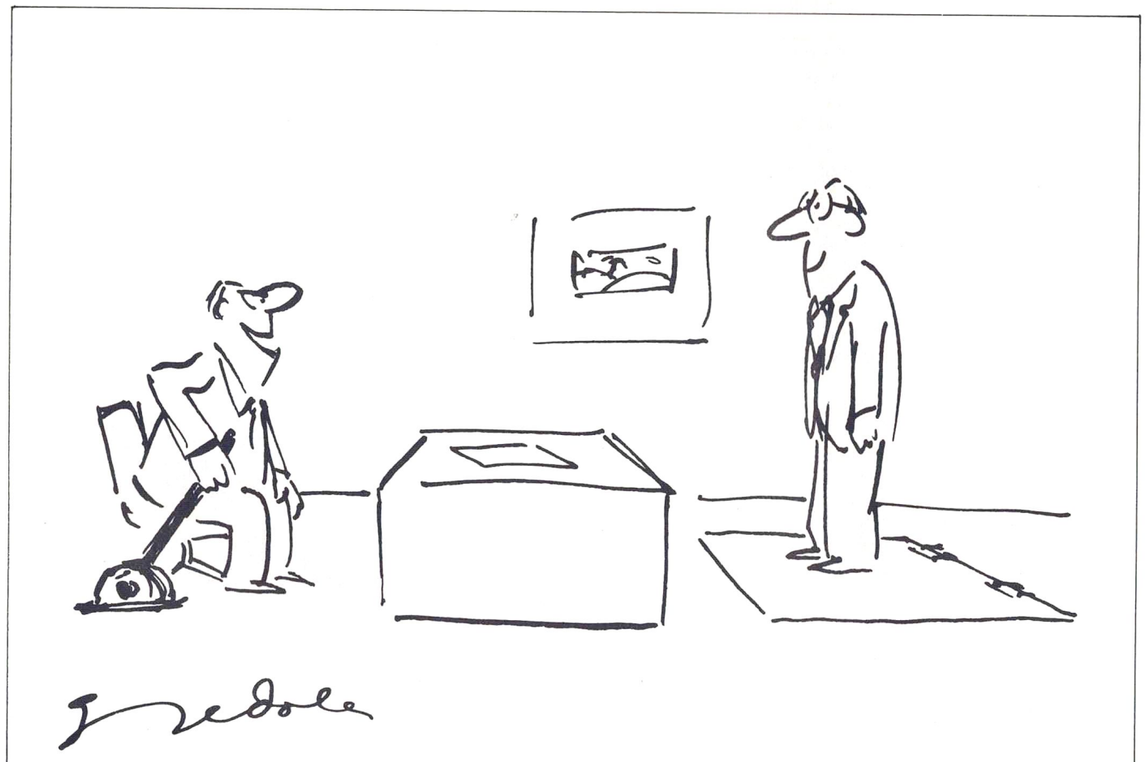
"You read about it . . . I must live it. Tomorrow I will have a gun in my hand."

Raelene suddenly felt a great compassion for the man. She went to him and held his small body in her arms. "All I can do for a man is to offer to fuck him," she whispered.

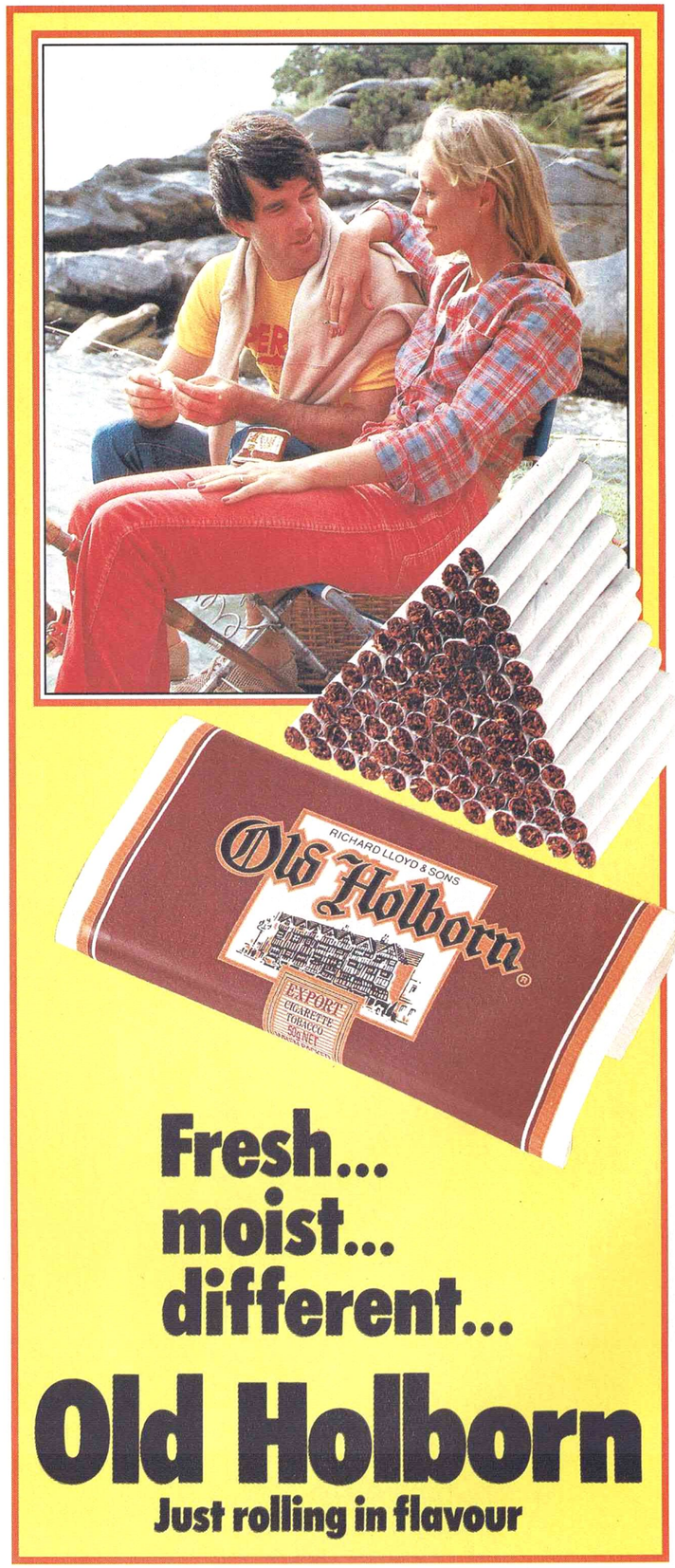
The waiter pulled away: "You are very beautiful, but I want to remember you only singing 'The Internationale.' Have some caviar and toast."

He went to the door. "I must leave you now. Tomorrow, I will be in the world of reason in revolt . . ." He made to close the door, then opened it again, and said, "Thank you, comrade." With that, he shut the door and left her utterly desolate.

Raelene looked at the prostrate body of Rudi and wondered what the hell would become of her. She resisted the impulse to grab some clothes and follow the waiter to the lift: she knew she didn't belong in the streets of Lisbon amongst the workers. But, surveying the luxurious room and the man with the Hawaiian surfer's body and the empty mind, she knew that she didn't belong here, either.



"Yes—as a matter of fact, we do have an opening for someone like you."



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"I do things on impulse, which is why I called my publishing company Impulsive Music. I don't really plan things out"

BILLY JOEL

BY DENNIS FREELAND

At a dinner party last year, Billy Joel and Paul McCartney met for the first time.

"I feel like a jerk saying this," Joel told his boyhood hero, "but I just want you to know that if you guys hadn't done what you did, I wouldn't be what I am today. In fact, the Beatles probably saved my life."

"That's all right," McCartney assured him. "I said the same thing to Phil Everly, and I felt like a jerk, too."

Like the Beatles, Joel's audiences cross over into all ages, races and classes. He seems to articulate and exalt the intense feelings and experiences that people have in common: joy, despair, guilt and love. According to *Billboard* magazine, Joel has become the "most consistent and prolific male album artist of the last decade."

Yes, it has been ten years since "Piano Man" brought him national attention, but to Joel rock stardom remains "an abstraction . . . a ball of gas."

He was born William Joseph Martin Joel, in Hicksville, New York, on May 9, 1949. His father, an engineer for General Electric, left home when Joel was seven. His mother, Rosalind, worked a number of low-paying office jobs to support Billy and his older sister. Somehow she managed to pay for her son's piano lessons. The classically trained pianist loved rock 'n' roll, though, and seeing the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show* was an epiphany. Here were four average-looking, working-class kids like himself, who were playing their own instruments and writing their

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL NATKIN

own music. If they could do it, so could he.

After he left high school, Joel continued playing in the bar bands he'd joined. With an established local "blue-eyed soul" group, The Hassles, he recorded two albums and learned to play Hammond organ before the group broke up in the late Sixties. He then formed a new group, Attila, with the Hassles' drummer, Jon Small. It was an experiment that didn't work. Over a year was spent writing and recording an album for Epic Records, but they disbanded after a handful of live dates.

It was in the early Seventies that Joel's dream of recording his own music came true. In 1972, *Cold Sprint Harbor* was released for Artie Ripp's Family Productions. It was a collection of touchingly naive, promisingly well-crafted songs. It was also horribly produced, and was the beginning of Joel's legal problems with Ripp and Family which continue to this day. Realising he was in an ironclad contract, Joel simply "disappeared", moving to Los Angeles with the woman who would later become his wife, Elizabeth, and her son Sean. Joel played piano in white-collar bars under the name Billy Martin. It took Columbia Records to bring him out of his self-imposed 18-month exile, and put him on the Top 40 with "Piano Man." It was his first hit, but it also pegged him as a balladeer, a label that would haunt him as his work took other tacks.

Two years later, *Streetlight Serenade* followed. After a turn at producing himself on *Turnstiles*, Joel joined forces with producer Phil Ramone. That happy combination resulted in *The Stranger* (1977), which moved Joel into coliseum-sized arenas and went on to sell six million copies. The equally successful *52nd Street* was next, a collection of jazz-influenced urban rock. *Glass Houses*, released in 1980, gave Joel his third platinum album and served to further confuse rock critics, who were having trouble pinning him down.

Critics be damned: the people seemed to love Joel. Yet as his star continued to rise, his personal life was falling apart. After a separation and several attempts at reconciliation, Joel and Elizabeth divorced. Ironically, that painful episode coincided with his most critical breakthrough, *The Nylon Curtain*. It was a powerful album, described by Joel as containing "four songs about, respectively, unemployment, guilt, pressure, and war — the four horsemen of the apocalyptic American landscape."

After his *Nylon Curtain* tour ended, Joel took a vacation in the Caribbean, where his life would soon turn another corner. One night while at the piano in the hotel, a beautiful woman sat down beside him. Her name was Christie Brinkley and their courtship inspired Joel's next big commercial and critical hit album, *An Innocent Man*.

Brinkley and Joel married last March and are awaiting the imminent arrival of their firstborn. At press time, they were still "playing the name game." What of reports that the name "Ray Charles" was first on the list? Says the expectant father: "I don't think she [Brinkley] is going to go for that."

Freelance journalist Dennis Freeland interviewed Joel at the Hit Factory Recording Studio in Manhattan, where he was putting the finishing touches on "You're Only Human." Freeland reports:

"I first interviewed Joel in 1975. Ten years later the only changes I could detect were that his hair was shorter, he was tanned, and he seemed a lot more relaxed, although he chain-smoked Marlboros throughout. It's well-known that Joel dislikes interviews, and he was wary and distracted at first. Then his guard dropped and he became quite open. He's self-effacing, wry, and very aware of the relationship between information and entertainment. He's hypercritical of people, including himself, but he's also very sensitive to criticism, especially that of a personal nature. So I wasn't surprised when his last words to me were: 'I just don't want a hatchet job on me this time.' "

Penthouse: Let's start with the question everyone wants an answer to. What made you fall in love with Christie Brinkley?

Joel: Not because she's the most beautiful woman in the world. If anything, I was trying not to fall in love at that point. We found each other without really meaning to. At the time, I was living in a penthouse at the St Moritz, dating models, really getting around. Women that I never dreamed would be interested in me were pursuing me. And there were a lot of revolving doors. But Christie and I started out as friends, and the romantic attraction grew out of that. It just happened.

Penthouse: Both of you tried really hard to keep the ceremony and reception as private as possible. What was your reaction to the press coverage of the wedding?

Joel: We stayed in the city that night and got up the next day to fly down to the Caribbean, so I missed most of it. I was a little peeved with the *New York Post*, because they sneaked in a photographer. Then *People* magazine started calling everyone we knew, trying to get an interview. Somebody from Christie's office called them and told them we weren't going to give them a story. And they said they'd run a cover story anyway. So we decided we might as well have input into it. It was sort of like blackmail.

Penthouse: Now that your personal life is on an even keel and you're waiting for your baby to be born, do you have a sense that your music will change? Perhaps because you aren't suffering as much?

Joel: No, because there are still things in my work that aren't always going to be goodness and charm. Life is always going to throw enough rocks your way. Just because I'm happy now doesn't mean I'm going to write about baking bread. But I do think it would be a good thing to have a certain number of songs reflect family situations. I don't think it's unhip, and a lot of people who grew up on rock 'n' roll have families now. But it would definitely have to mean something; I wouldn't put out a song that was just an empty exercise. Having a family will bring out new feelings, but I don't know what they'll be until I start to have them. That's the story of my life. I do things on impulse, which is why I called my publishing company Impulsive Music. I'm not Machiavellian; I don't really plan things out.

Penthouse: You are a musician who has taken a lot of criticism from the press, and from music critics in particular. You've been called "facile" and "a panderer to public trends." Any comments?

Joel: I thought out the "facile" comment once. What was wrong with *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens? It's a great lasting work. It may not be as "heavy" as *A Tale Of Two Cities*, but I would rather be remembered for *A Christmas Carol*. It reads like a charm.

Once you're "big", you're considered establishment. Everything you do after that is suspect: "He's had a taste of money, now the only thing that matters to him is making big bucks." I keep reading that I'm this "Tin Pan Alley tunesmith who grinds out mindless pap." That's funny — because that is the antithesis of what I do. I do it because I like it.

Penthouse: Do you think that the impressions you did on stage contributed to the critics' refusal to take you seriously?

Joel: In the early days it was a necessity. I was opening for these rock bands, and when you've got 20,000 people yelling "Boogieee!" and you're out there doing "Piano Man", you better shift gears pretty quick. It was a shtick, no way around that. So there was a point where my substance was in question. I got pigeon-holed right away, and that first impression lasts a long time. For example, a lot of critics didn't like *Glass Houses*, and they said, "He can't do a rock album — he's a balladeer!" I don't have any preconceptions about myself. Each time I go in to record, I'm a brand-new kid again. I'm surprised when I get bad reviews — I put an album out because I think it's good. I wouldn't do it if I didn't believe in its quality.

Penthouse: You've given up ripping up reviews on stage?

Joel: Yeah, that was not a wise move. You can't criticise the press. You know, I have no problem with somebody not liking my music, but I do have problems with lies being told, and I have problems with insults, and I have problems with people questioning my motives and my integrity. I'll always be pissed off about that.

Penthouse: Are there certain rock writers that you always try to listen to?

Joel: There are. To be honest, I usually agree with most of them, when they are writing about other artists. I pick up a *New York Times* and I read Robert Palmer, who I know hates my guts, and I happen to agree with a lot of his opinions about others. Tim White has always been fair. I don't even have anything personal against Dave Marsh, who has been one of my biggest detractors. I just think in my case he's wrong. But he troubles me, because you start to wonder, are they right about me, if I agree with them on other reviews? So these things haunt me.

Penthouse: In an interview, Paul Simon said he loved your music but wished it was more oblique.

Joel: I can't be what other people wish me to be. Sure, I'll take their criticism seriously. Paul is brilliant. He has a great command of the language. As a wedding present he gave me the entire *Oxford English Dictionary*, which would take up this whole room. I said, "Are you trying to tell me something?" He said, "Yes."

> Life is always going to throw enough rocks your way. Just because I'm happy now doesn't mean I'm going to write about baking bread

Hall and Oates take a lot of critical flak, but Daryl Hall made an excellent point when he said, "We're in popular music. If you're not popular, you're irrelevant."

Penthouse: How did the Billy Joel look come about?

Joel: I was searching for something distinctive to wear onstage. It was the time of sequins and glitter rock, and then there was the other side, the Grateful Dead T-shirt-you-haven't-washed-in-five-weeks-with-"Right-On"-painted-on-it school of dress.

I wanted to make a statement. I was trying to say that I respect the audience. I thought maybe I'll wear a suit, but I looked like a businessman. So I put on jeans and sneakers — I love sneakers — but kept the tie. I never meant to get locked into it. The band made fun of me a lot. "What're you wearin' a tie for? You're in this business so you don't have to wear a tie."

Penthouse: Your latest hit single, "You're Only Human", was written especially for the *Greatest Hits* album. Can you talk about why this particular song seems to mean so much to you?

Joel: I wanted to write a song that said, "It's okay to make mistakes, it's okay to be human. You learn from your mistakes — they're the only thing you can really call your own." And I wouldn't be saying this in the song if I hadn't had a suicidal experience.

Penthouse: This was the time you swallowed Lemon Pledge . . .

Joel: No, that was the second time. The first time, I took a whole bunch of pills. I was around 21, I'd broken up with a woman, nothing was happening for me as a musician, all my friends were at school or over in Vietnam getting killed. I just thought, who needs another failed musician? I know how it feels to be so low that you don't think you can come out the other side, and I wanted to use that feeling to help others.

Penthouse: Were you hospitalised?

Joel: I woke up in the hospital and had my stomach pumped. They released me because they thought I was just another kid trying to get high. But that wasn't it at all — I've never been a pill person.

There's been a lot of publicity about kids offing themselves at a horrifying rate. Everyone gets a second wind around 25 or 26, when you realise that everyone fucks up. The song doesn't dwell on suicide. It sort of implies that this guy has a problem, he's down on himself. And I wanted to say it's okay to make mistakes.

Penthouse: Are you able to work on assignment, like offers to do movie soundtracks?

Joel: Well, it has to be my deadline, my idea. I get screenplays all the time, good ones, but they are outlines: "This is where Mary walks home at night; this is where 'Mary's Song' will go." I can't write like that. I could see a scenario written around my music — that could happen.

Penthouse: Yet you did write "Easy Money" for the movie.

Joel: I did that more from Rodney Dangerfield's persona than from the specific screenplay. When I think of Rodney, I think of rhythm and blues. He asked me personally if I'd do it and it seemed like a fun thing to do. Actually, the song did kick off what the style of the album would be, though I didn't realise it at the time.

Penthouse: There were published reports that you were signed to a movie deal that involved acting.

Joel: I saw that, too — a buncha baloney! We got offers from movie companies for me to do soundtracks. But I'm not an actor. I have to do work in videos and I hate it.

Penthouse: You hate making videos?

Joel: I just don't enjoy the process at all, even though I know videos are becoming so important. As a new artist, you can't break through without them. But I think it's going to drive out a lot of established artists. What's also a shame about it is that kids are not going to be able to hear music without having a visual image attached to it.

When I write a song, I feel I've created

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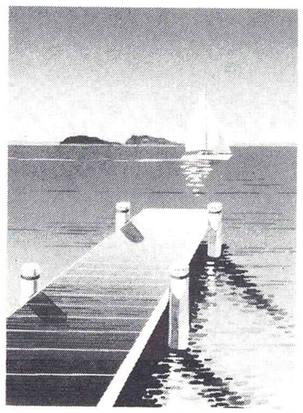

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an atmosphere, painted a picture. When I get down to that final mix, and the record is mastered, it's complete. I feel I'm defacing my own art to have to do a video on top of that. I strongly resent that.

As a matter of fact, I happen to think that television might end up killing rock 'n' roll. Every channel has a video show and they're all infatuated with rock, as if they just discovered it. Television is going to end up sanitising rock 'n' roll, making it like *Hollywood Squares*. I don't trust television getting involved with rock — I never have and never will. To me, rock 'n' roll is something that your mum yells at you to turn down.

Penthouse: Do you have problems with fans who like you *too* much and may even want to physically harm you?

Joel: There's a type of person whose life has a void that only a hero can fill for them. I can relate to it. I'm not paranoid, I'm just careful. I'm more concerned for Christie than I am for myself. Our relationship has made me more cautious. For the most part, though, fans are harmless. They usually just want to have a piece of your time. I relate it to these professional autograph people, who just stand outside studios where they're filming a soap opera. And they stand there all the time. They get an autograph from anyone they think may be famous. There's a zombie-like quality about them that I can't relate to. It's not pleasant. It's not scary really, either. There are a lot of aspects to celebrity status that I don't really enjoy.

Penthouse: For example?

Joel: I'm a private person and I've experienced a loss of privacy. It's not that I dislike people, but I want my own time. Say you're in a restaurant and you don't want to be interrupted. You can't handle the situation like a normal person who's been interrupted while eating. Because if you don't handle the situation judiciously and you lose your cool, then you're thought of as a snob.

And the other thing is that anything you do gets photographed and you're considered part of this glamorous jet-set. I saw pictures of Christie and me in the papers all the time, and even if we were only going to the movies it looked as though we were posing for these society columns. I'm not a jet-set person. I'm very sedate, with a big provincial streak.

Penthouse: Your songs obviously are very personal and have great meaning to you. Let's throw out titles of some quintessential Joel songs and see how they evolved?

Joel: Great. Shoot.

Penthouse: "Goodnight Saigon."

Joel: I wrote part of that around the same time as "Cold Spring Harbor." I'd wanted to write a song about soldiers. I was urged by a lot of my friends who'd been to Vietnam to write a song about it. I said, "Hey, I'm gonna get killed by the critics. I wasn't there. Who the hell am I to write this song?" Pretty much all the images that are in there are from my friends. The impetus to write the song started when I read the book *A Rumor Of War* by Philip Caputo. The guy in the story went in to fight all gung ho and became very disillusioned. And that's what I wanted to write — about the soldier's experiences, and hopefully, cumulatively, it would be an indictment of war in general. Dave Marsh said it "bordered on obscenity" because it "didn't take a stand", and he called it "a wrong-headed song." I don't feel I have to apologise for that song.

Penthouse: Then how do you feel about the Stallone movie *Rambo* and the Rambomania that's followed its success?

Joel: What Dave Marsh said about "Goodnight Saigon" is what I felt about Rambo. I thought it was the worst piece of garbage I'd ever seen. The action scenes are very entertaining, but something scary happens to the audience. While Christie and I were sitting there, these guys sitting around us were yelling "Kill, Rambo, kill," every time he'd blow some people away. The reactions of the audience really disturbed me. And I think a lot of the feelings had to do with the timing, because we saw it just after the hostage crisis.

> I'm surprised when I get bad reviews — I put an album out because I think it's good. I wouldn't do it if I didn't believe in its quality

Penthouse: How did your Vietnam vet friends feel about it?

Joel: They didn't like it. They don't like Stallone passing himself off as a representative of the Vietnam vet, especially since he was home making porn movies at the time. Now I don't have anything against Stallone, personally, but I found the movie very objectionable. That's what upset me about the review of *Greatest Hits* in *Rolling Stone* — when they compared "Goodnight Saigon" to *Rambo*. Because that movie is against everything that I stand for.

Penthouse: "Christie Lee" is about your wife?

Joel: "Lee" is Christie's middle name, but it's not about her. I like the sound of the name — it's a great rock 'n' roll name. Like "Stagger Lee." I didn't intend to use it on the album. It was just an exercise — fun to play. The band liked it, so we put it on the record.

Penthouse: "Everybody Has A Dream."

Joel: That predates "Cold Spring Harbor." I conceived it as a James Taylor type song. It sounded sort of flat when I tried it out in the studio, so I decided not to use it. Then when we were doing the *Stranger* album, I wanted something with a Gospel feel, so I picked it up again. I always believed in that song.

Penthouse: "Room Of Our Own."

Joel: It was time for a banger. We wanted something with light sarcasm, but with dark references in it. It's not specifically about me. It could partially be about my first marriage. I was saying, "It's okay to have a room of your own — to be apart, to be separate." It's critical of the other person in the relationship, but the guy is also poking fun at himself, too.

Penthouse: With "Big Shot", a lot of people thought you were being preachy.

Joel: People don't realise that I don't really take myself that seriously. My music, yes; myself, no. It's a hangover song. I remember looking at myself in the mirror one morning, hung over, and saying to myself: "You had to be a big shot."

The verse about the Halston dress was perceived as yet another put-down to women. Actually, "Halston dress" just sounds great. That's why I used it.

Penthouse: "Stiletto."

Joel: That was a song about a bitch. It was called a misogynist song, but I actually knew a woman like that. I don't care if it's popular or not. The image of a woman wielding a knife just seemed more malevolent than a man. I know the knife has been perceived as castrating. Some people must've missed the point of that song. It's not the woman who's weird, it's the guy in the song. He was a masochist.

Penthouse: "Rosalinda's Eyes."

Joel: That was a love letter that I think my father should've written to my mother. When I sang it, the title just had a nice feel to it. My mother's name is Rosalind. From what I gather, my father wasn't particularly romantic to my mother, so I made up a whole scenario.

Penthouse: Your mother must have been very moved.

Joel: No, I don't think she got it. She said, "That's a nice song."

Penthouse: "She's Right On Time."

Joel: I think it's a really good song. The video ruined it. But the song — good chord constructions, good vocal, good harmonies.

Penthouse: "Weekend Song."

Joel: To this day I remember what it was like to work nine-to-five in a factory. It makes me thankful, no matter how much I bitch about the music business, that I'm not doing that. I have tremendous empathy for people who look forward to Friday night. I still get a little crazy on Friday night. I don't think the song was that good. I tried.

Penthouse: "Until The Night."

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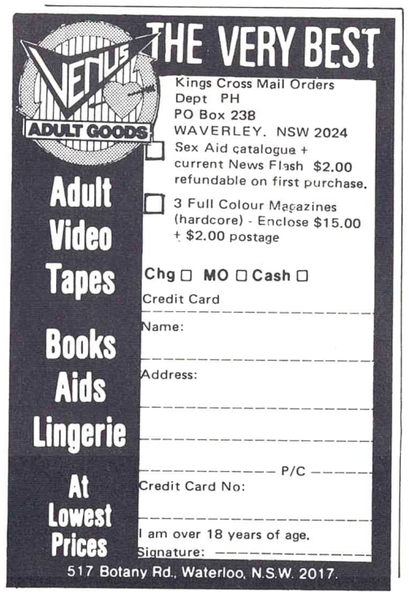
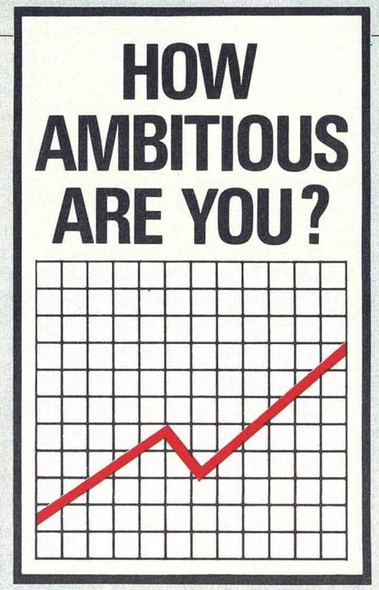
INTERVIEW

Joel: I was trying to do a song that would recreate the same feeling I had the first time I heard "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin." I even sang a duet with myself at the end — with the high and low voices. A production num-bah. Textural song.
Penthouse: "My Life."
Joel: I don't think it's a very good song; it hasn't held up. It sounds a little wimpy to me now. We do it stronger in concert.
Penthouse: "Mexican Connection."
Joel: We still play the tape before live shows. It became a signature thing, and it creates an atmosphere.It's pleasant too.
Penthouse: "C'etait Toi.".
Joel: Argh. Big mistake. I never should've let that go. I like the chord structure. The lyric is the biggest hunk of shit I ever wrote. [Speaking in sticky-sweet tones] "Here I am, in this smokey place, with my brandy eyes." I want to puke when I hear that. I had a guy from the Alliance Francais teach me the lyrics in French. I sang it in France and I'll never forget the audience going, "What zee hell is he talking about?"
Penthouse: "All For Leyna."
Joel: I wanted to relive the angst of being 15 or 16 when you go through all kinds of hell because of breaking up with a girl. I used Germanic, Wagnerian chords — straight eights — this frantic minor key of the anguished teenaged love.
Penthouse: "You're My Home."
Joel: Oh, yes — from my Gordon Lightfoot period. I was trying to play the banjo with my piano. "Summer, Highland Falls" and "Travellin' Prayer" are both like that. An attempt to write a folk song on a piano — which is very difficult. I wanted to write a wine-and-roses song. It was Valentine's Day and I wanted to write [laughs] a Hallmark card! That's how it strikes me now. I get critical of the earlier, cornier stuff. At the time, I meant it.
Penthouse: Is "Vienna" about your father?
Joel: Yeah, I went to visit my father there and saw a lot of elderly people working. They weren't put out on a porch to rock their old age away. What Vienna meant to me was a productive old age. There's a reason to be old. You don't have to do everything while you're young. Having a goal is fine, as long as you know that personal happiness is something you have to pursue your whole life.
Penthouse: Do you write many songs on guitar?
Joel: No, although some songs on *Glass Houses* were written on electric guitar. The words to songs on *Nylon Curtain* were written on guitar. But I haven't done that with any of my recent work.
Penthouse: You're self-taught?
Joel: Yes. I'm self-inflicted on guitar. I'm not very good. I can pound out a rhythm a little bit. Actually, now I'm using different keyboards.
Penthouse: You caught a lot of flak for "It's Still Rock And Roll To Me."
Joel: Musically and lyrically I think it's a really good song. There was a lot of controversy about it. Critics said I was poking fun at New Wave — I love New Wave. I thought it gave the whole music business an enema, which it needed at that point. What the song was saying was, "Wait a minute, this is not necessarily that new." It reminded me of early Sixties music: the simple chord patterns, the pounding beat, the sparse arrangements. It was just saying, "Don't be bamboozled by the critics telling you that this is all new." New wave is just kids taking music back into their own hands again. "Next phase, New Wave, anyway, it's still rock 'n' roll to me."
Penthouse: "Tell Her About It."
Joel: Remember those girl groups? They would always sing [singing]: "Listen, girl . . ." Diana Ross did it, Martha and the Vandellas, the Dixie Cups, they all had songs with the older girl giving the younger sister advice. I wanted to turn it around and do a "Listen, boy" song. It is a lesson I learned. If you want to keep a relationship, you've got to communicate. I didn't want to get preachy, I wanted the song to be fun. So I set it in a Motown motif. Hmm, that's a good name for a group. I didn't think it was going to be a single. I said, "Taken out of context of the album, that song could sound like Tony Orlando and Dawn." That's why I'm always afraid when they put out a single.
Penthouse: Do you have legal control over your songs?
Joel: People get a piece. To this day, my old manager Artie Ripp gets 25 cents an album, and part of that is for publishing. I have to pay people to retain control of my songs. I'm still in the process of buying back every song I wrote from my ex-wife. She gets 50 percent of the ownership, 50 percent of the publishing, 50 percent of the royalties. I don't want anyone else to have those songs except me and my children.
Penthouse: Who do you think is "the Billy Joel fan?"
Joel: They're all individual thinkers. I've never really tried to analyse it. I don't perceive people who listen to my music as one big mass. To me, they are all individuals. That's why I was against this news-letter, *The Root Beer Rag*, at first. I don't like the word "fan", I think it dehumanises people. So I said, "Instead of making a fan magazine, why don't we just put out an information sheet, without any of this 'Hey, did you get the new Billy Joel doll?' "
Penthouse: Wasn't there some merchandising in there for a while?
Joel: There is merchandising stuff in there, that's true. I fought it for a while but I figured that a lot of people are selling Billy Joel T-shirts made out of garbage materials, and they're charging a lot of money. People assume that I'm getting the money anyway, even though I have nothing to do with it. So I'd rather that they buy a good T-shirt. Frankly, I don't press it. Merchandising is a whole new part of the business that I don't understand.
Penthouse: If it's any consolation, you are the artist that bootleggers are afraid of. Have you managed to stop any of these people?
Joel: I don't know. You can put out one fire and another fire starts up somewhere else. Look what they're doing with the USA For Africa merchandise. They're bootlegging that stuff. That's obscene. They'll rip anybody off. Then they cry how they're getting hurt by the big guy. Give me a break! They're ripping people off. They're just thieves.
Penthouse: There are three unauthorised Billy Joel biographies.
Joel: There's three? I only know about two of them.
Penthouse: Have you considered authorising the real Billy Joel story?
Joel: No. I don't want the world to know all about my personal life. I mean to really do a book right, you have to dig up all kinds of things. Basically, I don't feel I've lived long enough to have a book written about me. If you're going to write a book about somebody, shouldn't they have lived an entire life first? So that there's a beginning and an end? This is a phase of life I'm in; it's not a complete life. I have no intention of dying, although I'm sure some people think it would be a good career move.
Penthouse: Do you still consider *Nylon Curtain* your best work, or your favorite work?
Joel: I'm particularly proud of that album, but it may not be my best work. I think *An Innocent Man* was really good, but it came about so easily. I really didn't sweat over it, the way I did with *Nylon Curtain*. Even though it was the most critically acclaimed work I've done, I think *Glass Houses* was just as good. I change my mind from week to week. You know, I still think my best work is yet to come. OH



PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

HOW AMBITIOUS ARE YOU?



Some guys hate the rat race; others love it. Some think that striving for position, power and recognition is indeed a pursuit best left to rats. Others revel in their ambition and get nervous only when they feel that the other rodents in the race are gaining on them.

Obviously, these are two different ways of looking at life and work. Most men fall into ambition; others get their psychic rocks off in less competitive ways. While one guy is dreaming of conference calls and corporate coups, the other is dreaming of going sailing.

The following quiz aims at giving you an idea of where you rank on the ambition spectrum. The questions are primarily designed to measure the need for achievement, the drive to be on top of the pack.

This need for achievement correlates highly with success in certain career fields. Men with large amounts of achievement motivation tend to need a continual sense of accomplishment and recognition. They usually make the best corporate executives, tycoons, and entrepreneurs. They see their careers as a continuing series of goals leading to a single pinnacle: the chairmanship of the board, the largest share of the market, and so on.

Men at the other end of the achievement spectrum are inclined to gain more satisfaction from accomplishment of the task immediately at hand. Indeed, they are the engineers, technicians, craftsmen, and professional men. (At first glance, a brain surgeon and a plumber may not appear to have much in common, but they do. Unlike the corporate executive or the entrepreneur, the brain surgeon and the plumber are less likely to see their careers as ever-ascending flights of steps. They want to solve today's problem. One wants to fix your leaky pipe; the other wants to fix your leaky cranium. Tomorrow both will start the process all over again with a different patient or a different set of pipes. The hard-driving executive type, if faced with similar repetition in his job, would feel as if he were never getting anywhere.)

There are no correct or incorrect answers. There's nothing wrong with being driven by ambition. On the other hand, there's nothing wrong with not making ambition the focus of your life. So be honest. Answer the questions quickly.

1. Would you prefer a job that
   (a) required you to travel and move often during your career?
   (b) allowed you to live and work in one place throughout your career?

2. Do you feel anxious when you are not sure what time it is? Do you get annoyed when your watch stops?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. Look back on your upbringing. Was your father rigid and authoritarian?
   (a) no
   (b) yes

4. Do you feel in control of your life? Do you feel that your decisions play a significant role in determining your future?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. If you are choosing a partner to work with, would you be more likely to select
   (a) an expert whom you didn't know?
   (b) a friend, even if you knew that he wasn't very well versed in the work you were undertaking?

6. Which of the following statements best reflects your attitude?
   (a) I prefer to delegate responsibility, because doing so leaves me free to concentrate on broader, more important problems.
   (b) If there's a job to be done, I'd like to handle as much of it as possible myself.

7. If you are in a leadership position, people are constantly sniping at you. Would that bother you?
   (a) no
   (b) yes

8. Are you a chronic goal-setter? Do you regularly evaluate and revise your long range objectives?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Take an honest look at your body. Is your physique
   (a) relatively well developed for your size?
   (b) thin and fragile?

10. Do you enjoy — or at least tolerate — office politics?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. Think of the books, magazines, and newspapers that you read in any given month. Do they
    (a) reflect a broad range of interests and concerns?
    (b) focus almost exclusively on the single area in which you have most expertise?

12. Let's say that you're going out to the racetrack to bet on a little horseflesh. Are you more likely to put money on
    (a) a horse with short odds and a low payoff?
    (b) a long shot with a big payoff?

13. Do you buy lottery, pools, or lotto tickets regularly?
    (a) no
    (b) yes

14. Do you absolutely refuse to make any decision until all the facts are in?
    (a) no
    (b) yes

15. Would you work harder at
    (a) a novel problem never encountered before by you and requiring you to find a new angle?
    (b) a routine, highly complex task involving procedures with which you're completely familiar?

16. Do you enjoy making decisions?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

> While one guy is dreaming of corporate coups, the other is dreaming of going sailing.

17. When you doodle, do your lines tend to be primarily
(a) diagonal?
(b) horizontal and vertical?

18. Imagine that you're in a car showroom. You've decided on the model, the engine size, and the options you want. Now you have to choose the color. Would you be more likely to select
(a) a dark color, such as blue or green?
(b) a bright color, such as red, yellow or orange?

19. Do you usually dress in clothes that are just a little better and more expensive than you can afford?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Do you feel that a man's earnings and chances for promotion should be governed primarily by
(a) past performance, a proven ability to get results?
(b) seniority, level of education, "credentials" (ie union membership, and so on)?

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

This quiz has been arranged so that the (a) answer to each question correlates most closely with high ambition and the need for achievement. If you chose predominantly (a) answers, that indicates you probably have a hefty need for recognition and accomplishment. This is particularly true if you chose the (a) answers to 15 or more of the 20 questions. In that case, there is a good chance that you are indeed driven by ambition and that you should look for outlets that will satisfy this need. You should strongly consider corporate management, for instance. Or perhaps — since there's a good chance of your having an entrepreneurial bent — you might think about going into business for yourself.

If you chose predominantly (b) answers, you probably take a less freewheeling view of the business world. You may have a stronger need for security than do men who chose the (a) answers. Accomplishing the tasks at hand is likely to be more important to you than striving constantly for bigger and better things. You probably enjoy developing expertise in a particular area that interests you. In our society men like you tend to become the specialists, the technicians, the artists, the musicians, and the professionals — the "experts."

If your answers were split fairly evenly between the (a) and (b) choices, you may have a problem. Do you feel as if you're being pulled in two directions at once? Do you burn with ambition one day and then the next day decide that you want to chuck everything and move to the beach? This sort of indecision may be hindering your career progress. On the other hand, this personality pattern has its positive points. You obviously have ambition, but you're not letting it dominate your life. You probably take a sane, balanced view of things. However, the next time your ambition is stirred up by something, follow it through. You've got the stamina to achieve something in that area and you'll probably enjoy the ride.

WHY THESE QUESTIONS?

The questions in this quiz derive from the large body of research that's been conducted about the nature of ambition and the need for achievement. We thought you might enjoy knowing why each question relates to high and low ambition levels.

WHAT THE QUESTIONS INDICATE

1. People with high achievement drive are more willing to move about physically in space. Men less driven by ambition tend to place stronger emphasis on such concepts as roots, stability, continuity, and family ties.
2. Since the late Fifties a long line of experiments has shown that highly ambitious men are extraordinarily concerned about time. They tend to view time as a commodity constantly slipping away from them.
3. Studies have shown consistently that rigid, authoritarian behavior by fathers tends to lower the drive to succeed in their sons.
4. Men with high drive invariably feel that they play the major part in controlling the future. If you're driven by ambition, you have to feel that you control your destiny.
5. Men with less need for achievement are often more interested in making life "comfortable" for themselves, so they'll choose a friend to work with, if possible.
6. Highly ambitious men love to delegate responsibility. Men with lower drive revel in details. That's why they make good specialists.
7. The man driven by ambition is less likely to take criticism personally. He sees hostility as just one more obstacle that his ambitious drive must overcome.
8. Men with lower achievement needs tend to be more interested in the job at hand. Thus their goal is usually immediate: "Let's get this crap done." The goals of the ambitious man are long-range.
9. Mesomorphs — men with strong, muscular bodies — tend to have a stronger need for achievement than do endomorphs (thin, frail types). No-one's quite sure why this relationship exists. Many psychologists think that the reason is that strong boys usually end up as leaders when they are children.
10. Office politics — like criticism — is something that the highly ambitious man puts up with. Often it's a challenge he downright enjoys. To reach his long-range goals, he knows he must manipulate people. He can't get there alone.
11. Men driven by ambition are generalists with broad (but not always deep) interests. They need as much information as possible in as many fields as possible.
12. Highly ambitious men like the shortest odds they can get. Men on the make can't afford to fail often, so they shy away from long shots.
13. Lotteries by definition are long shots. You wager a little in the hope of making a big score (see question 12).
14. Since extremely ambitious people must constantly feel that they are moving ahead, they will risk making decisions without full information.
15. People with high achievement drive work harder at tasks that require some degree of mental manipulation, originality, or a new angle of approach for a successful solution.
16. The highly ambitious man thinks of himself primarily as a "decision maker." That's his particular skill.
17. Studies show significant differences in the way doodles of high achievers compare with those of less ambitious men. The "highs", according to one study, drew more S-shaped lines, fewer multiple waves, and more diagonal lines than vertical or horizontal lines.
18. Compulsive achievers tend to choose the darker, "softer" blues and greens. Men less driven by ambition prefer the brighter colors.
19. Because the ambitious man is so eager to move up, he is likely to imitate the idiosyncrasies of those above him in the success pyramid.
20. The highly ambitious man needs outside confirmation of his achievement. The measure of success in our society is money. Production equals reward

Wynn's Revive!

Wynn's have been a leader in car care products for more than twenty five years.

During that time, Wynn's have followed one over-riding policy – to develop and offer only products of the highest quality.

The latest addition to the Wynn's range is WYNN'S REVIVE, a lightly scented spray-on treatment.

WYNN'S REVIVE renews and protects all vinyl, rubber and leather surfaces against cracking, dulling, hardening and fading, caused by aging and weathering.

WYNN'S REVIVE:

- RENEWS: Helps bring back original beauty, sheen and condition.
- PROTECTS: Silicone barrier retards weathering and aging of treated surfaces.
- RESISTS WASHOUT: Exclusive formula resists attack by water and detergent.

Obvious automotive uses for WYNN'S REVIVE include: the dashboard, vinyl surfaces on doors and accessories, tyres, rubber bumpers and mud flaps.

However, WYNN'S REVIVE is much more versatile. It has many uses within the home – vinyl kitchen furniture, vinyl and leather luggage, children's school cases, are just some of the items that can be given a new lease of life with regular use of WYNN'S REVIVE!

WYNN'S REVIVE is easy to apply. Just spray on clean dry surface, spread evenly with a cloth or sponge. Let penetrate, then buff dried surface with a clean soft cloth.

Over 1,000,000 sample sachets of WYNN'S REVIVE have already been distributed to Australia's public.

Now Wynn's would like you to try WYNN'S REVIVE in your home.

For a free sample sachet of WYNN'S REVIVE, just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to:
WYNN'S AUSTRALIA PTY.
LIMITED,
P.O. Box 672,
CHATSWOOD, N.S.W. 2067

MOTORING

BACK TO THE FUTURE

The sceptics can sneer at Ross Marshall's reborn roadster . . . its creator doesn't give a damn

BY PETER McKAY

Being called a crazy dreamer is hardly an encouraging start for anyone plunging headlong into a new business venture, particularly one involving an investment carrying about as many noughts as Woolloomooloo. But Ross Marshall denies he's a dream merchant; he says he's a pragmatist. And he says he's gonna show 'em.

I guess that's what comes from announcing you're launching a new rag-top two-seater sports car that'll sell not 50, not 500, but 12,000 a year. Moreover, this car — called the TD Sports 2000 — is the spitting image of a British roadster that went out of existence three decades ago.

Yes, the scepticism is understandable. While Marshall is a car perv and a bloke who once bossed the biggest Benz dealership in Australia, let's face it, he is not exactly an old hand in the business of manufacturing motor cars. Still, he has a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN HAMILTON

proven record at something perhaps even more relevant: he has an unquestioned ability to make money. His track record in business is impressive, and his commitment is hard to fault. After all, it's his money in this venture.

Delve deeper into the Marshall plan and talk to the man and slowly, it all begins to look like it might somehow work. The TD Sports 2000 is a 1953 MG TD lookalike. On the surface anyhow. But dressed up in Fifties clobber is Eighties technology; lurking under that classic styling is a veritable smorgasbord from the Nissan Motor Company's spare parts bin.

The $20,000 reborn roadster is being created simultaneously in two very different parts of the world: Geelong in Victoria, and Taiwan. And Ross Marshall can never be accused of thinking small — he is in the process of setting up sales and distribution outlets in 46 countries. There's all the logical places — the USA, New Zealand, the UK, Italy and West Germany. And a few oddball markets — Honduras, the Dominican Republic and Tahiti. And of course Japan, home of Nissan.

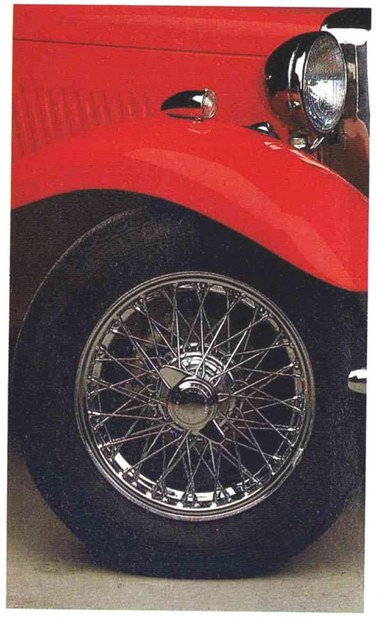
Ross Marshall's MG TD Australia is now the sixth Australian-based car maker (the seventh if you support the claims of Peter Brock) in a country that struggles to support the existing five. Still, the local industry is hardly shaking in its corporate boots. The giants, Nissan apart, remain unconvinced that Marshall can make it happen, let alone make it work. One luxury car importer laughed in Marshall's face and told him he'll be lucky to sell 30 a year.

Sales levels of past Australian specials — kit cars — have never been exceptional. A handful a year is the norm. Marshall gets almost apoplectic at any suggestion that his machine is a kit car. "Our customers buy a complete motor car, a sophisticated performance sports car built from components carefully selected by the craftsmen of the world."

Marshall also sounded out several motoring journalists. "One tried to talk me out of it and said I'd be lucky to sell 1200 cars, let alone 12,000." Even after the first cars began rolling off the line, one senior Sydney industry analyst commented: "I hope I'm wrong but I believe he'll do his arse." These days Marshall tends to be cautious around the motoring press.

Negativeness stuns Marshall, for he has always had total belief in the project. "Like anything new or innovative, you've got to get it into perspective yourself before anyone else can understand it. I had the concept fully explored and orderly arranged in my own mind before I floated the idea to others. I couldn't comprehend that anyone could not be knocked out by what we were going to do."

But some played very hard to get. Local manufacturers smartly and firmly gave him route instructions to the front door when he came canvassing for a car maker willing to enter a co-operative agreement to supply him with the projected 12,000 engines, gearboxes, diffs and so on the project would gobble up each year. Nissan execs, currently the motoring wooden spooners in Oz but anxious to climb off the bottom, listened and liked what they heard on two fronts . . . sales and export credits.



Ross Marshall's TD Sports 2000 retains the elegance of the original, but in every other way is a sports car of the Eighties.

Marshall's current status as an embryonic car maker had its roots in his hobby. A quarter of a century ago he embraced restoring old motor cars. The second vehicle he purchased for restoration was an MG TD. "But I quickly realised that while they look fantastic, they drive like old cars.

"The TD Sports 2000 combines the beauty of the timeless shape of the old MG with the technology of tomorrow," says Marshall with the poetic licence of a man committed to his work.

He insists the new car fills a huge void in world markets: "There's nothing in the soft-top sports car field under a Porsche Carrera or Mercedes 380SI. Those marvellous cars of the Forties, Fifties and Sixties are gone . . . the Healeys, MGs, Triumphs and Jaguars. Oh, there's still the Morgan but it feels as old as it looks and it isn't produced in any volume anyway. And someone is chopping the top off the Celica, a car that can never be called sporting in character."

With one or two exceptions, Marshall doesn't have a high opinion of the car companies of the world. "For some unknown reason they've just totally overlooked this section of the market. We've researched thoroughly and people are crying out for an affordable roadster that performs, has style and provides driver satisfaction."

Marshall's car has had a particularly short gestation by accepted industry standards. It was nothing more than an idea mid-'84. To suss out potential he initiated a mock-up car which he displayed at the Sydney Motor Show.

That exhibit convinced Marshall he was backing the right horse. And at this stage even he had no idea what type of engine his car would ultimately have. At the end of the eight-day expo, Ross the Boss had the names of 300 potential buyers in his briefcase. The prospects had indicated they'd be hot to trot provided his roadster was priced at around 20 grand and was powered by a 1.5 to 2.0-litre engine. No worries.

Getting into the cot with Nissan was the next breakthrough, for Nissan was prepared to handle the car's research and development. Product guru and former race team boss Howard Marsden headed the team during the frantic six-month program which saw a total engineering redevelopment of the American mechanicals using Nissan production components.

The engine is the same used in the Bluebird, a 2.0-litre overhead cam four cylinder. Come April the engine — currently carby fed — will be fuel-injected. At present Marshall's machine is offered only in manual gearbox form. However, an auto goes into the catalogue later this year. And then a turbo, which is an indicator too that Nissan is slicing deeper into turbocharged territory.

By today's standards, the '53 TD is no street sizzler. Old British sports cars — and the original blunderbuss TD is a prime example — are wonderful pieces of automotive sculpture. They are for looking at, not sitting in and driving. To do so is to almost certainly risk the love affair, if not life and limb. The TD rattles, wobbles and whines, and that old MG donk is no Rambo. Significantly, the TD Sports 2000 boasts twice the power-to-weight ratio of the original MG TD. Weighing around 850 kilos, the newcomer has useful straightline performance but perhaps even better, there's a comforting predictability about its steering (rack and pinion) and braking (four-wheel discs). It is a safe motor car whereas the TD takes its occupants and other road users to the brink. Old sports car stalwarts defend anachronisms like the TD, saying they have great character. This is the rearguard action of the lunatic . . .

Unlike the original, which tottered around on cross-ply tyres all of ten centimetres wide, the new-generation nostalgia wagons run 14-centimetre wheels — either centre lock wire spokies or Nissan's own TRX mags, color-coded to match the body paint (complete with TD logo).

The MG TD and the Sports 2000 are the same, but different, everywhere you look. Quartz halogens take the role of the old indifferent nightfighters of the TD. And there are fog lamps as well. The removable windscreen is laminated. Wipers have an intermittent mode just like all cars of today. Comfort shouldn't be a dirty word in sports car talk; the check list includes three-speed fan heater and demister, AM-FM stereo sound system with power antenna, cutpile carpets, leather recliner buckets, full-weather hood and side curtains.

Ironically, Victorian glass-fibre specialist Bolwell has the job of producing the bodywork for the Australian assembly. The irony is that Campbell Bolwell is the man behind the Bolwell Nagari and Ikara, two clever Australian open sports cars that flowered and then wilted on the vine. They were successes artistically but not economically. Marshall had no qualms about using Bolwell: he isn't superstitious, and anyway, Bolwell continues to craft quality work. Visually the Sports 2000 is almost authentic MG TD — maybe an aficionado would notice the copy car is 3.5 cm wider overall and 6 cm broader in the track. The wider track helps the car's cornering stability.

Not all of the monthly production run of nearly 250 units at the old International Harvester plant — now the Geelong Agricultural and Engineering Company — are intended for the domestic market. Several hundred annually will go to the Kiwis and to South East Asia. Ensuring the cars meet differing emission and safety regulations in many countries has been a headache. Says Marshall: "We've settled on the Californian standards as a basis — they are about the toughest in the world — and we're making slight adjustments to suit the needs of the various markets."

Sourcing of components is a Marshall juggle. A Taiwanese motor corporation assembles the export-market TD Sports 2000 using Taiwanese-made chassis, upholstery, jewellery, bumpers and panels, as well as a powertrain from Nissan Australia.

In turn, Taiwan ships all the heavy pressed metal sections to Geelong, while Germany supplies instrumentation and the US the wire wheels. One supply or transport hiccup and Marshall is in the *merde*.

There were some teething hassles. Start of production at Geelong was delayed several times when suppliers failed to deliver on time. Marshall quickly learned the aggravating facts of life as a car maker.

Marshall showed no signs of apprehension as the day of his brainchild's launch drew closer. In fact he was ebullient as ever, remarking: "I believe we'll have the entire production for 1986 sold within a couple of months. They'll go off their heads about it."

It's too early to gauge public response but certainly dealer reaction has been warming. And Marshall managed a coup of sorts by signing Budget Rentacar . . . as a new car dealer. As well as using TD Sports 2000 as rental vehicles, Bob Ansett's 260 outlets across Australia will become new car sales points for Marshall's product. The Budget outlets will supplement the selected Nissan dealerships through which the repro TD will be sold.

Marshall has also elected to follow another motoring new boy, Paul Halstead, into North Sydney's ad agency land. Halstead's boutique-style Toy Shop is off and running and now Marshall has moved in just a block away. It's Marshall's retail pivot for the TD Sports 2000. And, like Halstead, Marshall plans to get into the accessory field: "With open-top cars, items such as jackets and caps are obligatory."

Marshall's master plan calls for the boutique concept to be repeated in several key centres around the globe — the French Riviera, Beverly Hills, Hawaii, London, Miami-Fort Lauderdale, and Tokyo.

In time, Marshall says, the TD Sports 2000 will become every bit the collectible the original '53 MG TD is today. And ultimately other models will emerge to complement it.

After two weeks on the Camel Trophy the drivers will need more than just a wash.

The Camel Trophy is a furious, off-road hell drive held annually in remote and exotic parts of the world.

And this year, for the first time in the trophy's eight-year history, the event is being staged in Australia.

In March, fourteen teams from fourteen countries will embark on an adventure that will take them nearly three thousand kilometres across the roof of Australia.

Another first this year, is that an Australian team will compete.

The Aussies will have one advantage only.

And that is knowing how rugged Northern Queensland and the Northern Territory can be in the wet season.

But then, the Camel Trophy isn't a race.

Rather, it's a challenge – a test of skill, scored not on time, but on a point system that rewards the team that displays the greatest ingenuity in overcoming extreme and dangerous natural obstacles.

So much so that it is recognized internationally as a major off-road event. The spirit of the Camel Trophy is one of camaraderie, not competition.

For the participants, winning isn't the thing. It's tasting adventure.

And surviving.

CAMEL TROPHY

Australia 1986

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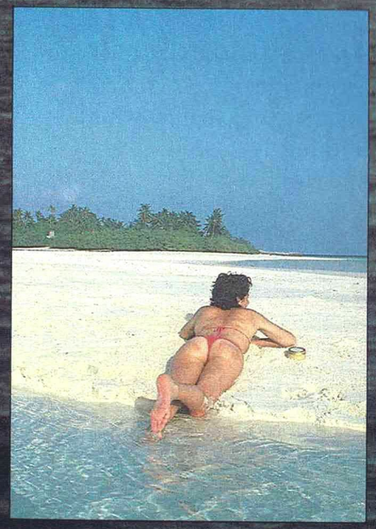
WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!



WIN A TRIP TO PARADISE!

Paradise! There's no other word that comes closer to describing the Maldives. The remote group of tropical islands must be the perfect holiday resort to get away from it all. The islands' deserted beaches embracing white sand and clear turquoise water invite any number of daytime activities, including swimming, sailboarding, snorkelling, scuba diving, deep sea fishing and just lazing around. During the evening the balmy tropical air encourages romantic walks along the water's edge, or you can meet that special person at a disco under the stars.

And you can be there. *Australian Penthouse* and Penthouse Tours are offering as this month's competition prize a fabulous one-week holiday package for two to the Maldives. Included in the prize, which is valued at more than $3000, are return airfares from any of the mainland state capitals in Australia, transfers to and from Hulule International Airport to your island resort, accommodation for seven nights, and breakfast, lunch and dinner each day.

All you have to do to win this great prize is turn the page, answer the three questions on the coupon and post it off to *Australian Penthouse*. Be quick about it though, because entries close on February 21.

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!

WIN A TRIP FOR TWO TO PARADISE

The Maldives is an archipelago of some 2000 islands and lies in the middle of the Indian Ocean, southwest of Sri Lanka. The archipelago is spread over more than 90,000 square kilometres, yet the land area of all the islands is a mere 300 square kilometres. Fewer than 300 of the islands are inhabited and the total population is less than 150,000.

Few people know of the islands, even though the Republic of the Maldives is an independent country. Because they've remained so unknown the stunning pristine beauty of the islands has been preserved in its complete grandeur, untouched by the tourist hordes who have overrun and despoiled most of the more well known international playgrounds. But now the 2000 islands of the Maldives are waiting to be discovered.

The islands are grouped into twenty atolls, the southernmost two being abreast of the equator. The equatorial heat and humidity are relieved in the Maldives, however, by gentle, caressing sea breezes. The seas are seldom other than calm.

Our contest winners will be flow to the Maldives' Hulule International Airport (its runway is composed of two coral reefs) via Singapore. They will be whisked from the airport to their resort by water taxi. The taxis are almost always accompanied by dozens of flying fish — leaping out of the water for distances of up to 100 metres — and are sometimes also escorted by schools of playful dolphins.

The contest winners have the choice of spending their week at one of three resorts — Bathala, Maayafushi and Furana. Each of the resorts is a self-contained world, dedicated to those who adore sun, sand and sea.

Not one building in any of the resorts is more than two storeys high and all are shaded by palm trees. Our contest winners will be able to step straight from their bedroom on to the soft white sand, and just a few steps beyond is the clearest, most aquamarine water imaginable. Some laid-back visitors to the Maldives get no further than that, but for the athletically inclined there is scuba diving, sailboarding, waterskiing, tennis, exploring deserted islands and fishing.

The Maldives offers opportunities for some of the best diving in the world. Offshore from each of the islands is a coral wonderland, an underwater Garden of Eden full of unbelievably beautiful fish, delicate lace coral and giant clams and turtles. And while the diving at all three resorts is superb, diving at Bathala, located on the outer reef in Ari Atoll is exceptional, equal to the very best on earth.

There exists a subtly different emphasis from one resort to another. Bathala is for those who take their diving seriously, while Maayafushi, with its disco and cocktail bar, is more for those who like to party all night long. Furana captures the relaxed feeling of the Maldives; it caters for both those who want to unwind and those who want to stay busy.

One thing not to be missed at all three resorts is the food: the ocean surrounding the islands abound in fish and it is therefore the staple food of all Maldivians. Our contest winners can expect to be treated to some gourmet seafood banquets prepared by their resort's expert chefs. In addition, Furana boasts the only genuine Chinese restaurant in the Maldives!

Make the Maldives a week that you'll never forget. It's very easy: simply fill in the accompanying coupon and send it to *Penthouse*. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win this exciting holiday. Alternatively, contact Penthouse Tours on (02) 231 1455.

Clip and send coupon to *Penthouse* Maldives Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the above copy. Only one entry per person is allowed.

1. How many people live in the Maldives?

_____

2. At which Maldives' resort does the diving rate with the best in the world?

_____

3. Where is the only genuine Chinese restaurant in the Maldives located?

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

NSW Permit No. TC85/2700 Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and employees of Penthouse Tours and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday, February 21, 1986. The prize must be taken before the end of August, 1986. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends Section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The competition is brought to you by Penthouse Tours and *Australian Penthouse*.

PART·NINE

FETISHISM

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

This month our topic is fetishism . . . the preoccupation with inanimate objects, materials or body parts as the focus of sexual arousal and satisfaction.
Fetishism is a widespread practice and a fascinating aspect of sexuality in our society. Whether you have a personal interest in sexually arousing objects or not, it is likely that at some stage you will encounter someone who has. In this instalment we will examine some of the origins of fetishism in psychological terms, and examine some of the consequences to the individual and sexual relationships.

Dr. Carl

INTRODUCTION

Most of us will admit that at some time in our sexual experience we have found certain clothing and body parts visually stimulating. Males especially can be aroused by such things as lace underwear, suspender belts worn with high-heeled shoes, flimsy blouses, tight skirts with slits, cleavages, and posteriors which show beneath high-cut shorts.

Some women may be aroused by an open shirt which reveals a hairy chest, a male wearing very tight jeans, or trim masculine bottoms. The inclusion of tactile experiences (such as touching your partner with fur or feeling their body through silk) and new props in the lovemaking routine, or dressing-up for the occasion, can also add variety and heighten sexual arousal.

In general, these activities and props simply add to the sexual experience. Arousal and sexual satisfaction need not depend on these objects being an intrinsic part of every sexual encounter.

WHAT IS A FETISHIST?

For the fetishist, a particular inanimate object, material or body part provides the sexual arousal and remains the focus of attention during sexual experiences; in itself it becomes the sexual goal. Once a fetish for a favorite object has been developed, either its physical presence or the associated fantasies about it are an essential element of physical arousal and sexual satisfaction.

Although the fetishist's sexual pleasure is greatest when the experience involves the fetish object, they are not necessarily prevented from enjoying more traditional means of intercourse. Those that do have a partner may find that they become less dependent on fetishist activities in their lovemaking. Most fetishists have a secret, though sometimes open, desire to find a partner who will take part in their fetish arousal pattern, and they may imagine someone entering into their fantasy by agreeing to wear a particular kind of clothing, for example.

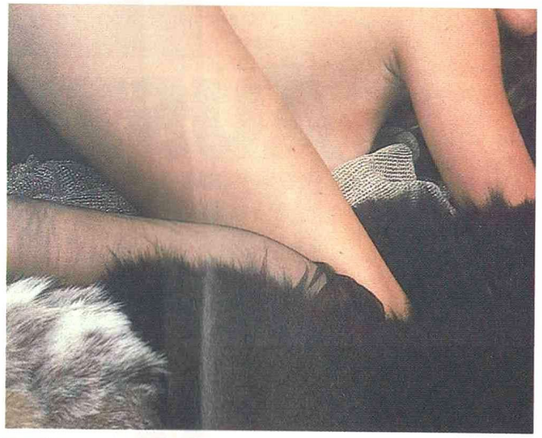
Of course there are varying degrees of fetishist behavior. For some, thinking about a fetish object may simply provide greater fulfilment in an otherwise normal relationship. For others there may be such an absolute preoccupation involved with the fetish object that it provides total sexual satisfaction and pleasure, rendering the inclusion of a partner in sexual experiences unnecessary and even distracting. The more compulsive the fetish behavior, the less likely a partner will be involved — not only because the fetishist may be established in his fetish "routine" or perhaps embarrassed about it, but also because a partner very quickly realises that she is not the sexual goal and is very much in a secondary role.

FETISHIST AROUSAL

Almost any item with which the person may have come into contact in their early sexual experiences may become a focus for sexual arousal in later life. By far the most common fetishes seem to involve articles of clothing, especially those made of see-through and soft materials: lace, leather, rubber and even plastic.

Sexy underwear seems to be very much a favorite with fetishists, and their activities may involve photographing and collecting it (even to the point of stealing underwear from clotheslines), adorning themselves or their partner with various items, and smelling or stroking themselves with it. Uniforms and footwear of various styles are also popular.

A fabric fetishist, for example, will be aroused by the look and feel of a particular fetish material — silk, plastic, velvet, nylon and leather are common. As a pleasurable and arousing experience, he will cover as much of his body as possible with his favorite fabric. Dressed or covered in this way, the fetishist may feel that he looks effeminate or ridiculous and is therefore often careful about revealing this behavior to a partner. These sexually arousing experiences are usually accompanied by masturbation, and the pleasure of orgasm tends to reinforce the fetish behavior.



Some fetishists may be preoccupied with body products (such as urine, sweat or blood) or with a particular body part rather than an object. Buttocks, hair, feet or breasts, for instance, may all provide a focus for the fetishist's arousal and attention, and he will prefer to fondle, rub himself and climax on these areas than to be involved with the more conventional targets for sexual pleasure. A foot fetishist, for example, may collect photographs of feet, and find greater enjoyment in being touched by feet and climaxing on them than in the actual act of intercourse.

Almost any inanimate object can also form the focus for fetishist behavior, including such diverse items as hair brushes, child restraints, earrings, key holes and flowers.

FETISH DEVELOPMENT

Many studies have been conducted from both the clinical and psychological viewpoint and the consensus of opinion is that fetishism is a learned response. At some stage in his development the individual learns to associate feelings of arousal with an inanimate object or "non-sexual" body part.

The way in which this process occurs probably fits best into the model of what is known as "classical conditioning." In this type of learning, a stimulus which causes a definite response is closely preceded by a stimulus which would not usually create a reaction. If these stimuli are paired in this sequence on a number of occasions, the individual will learn to associate the two and eventually will respond in the same way to either.

Pavlov demonstrated this principle in his studies with dogs, ringing a bell just before they saw their food. They had been conditioned to respond to a previously unarousing stimulous.

Similarly, a young child may become aware of a particular object or body part at about the same time as he is feeling aroused. If arousal under these circumstances occurs a number of times, the mere sight, touch or smell of that object may become closely associated with those feelings of arousal. It is also possible because arousal is anticipated; it may occur and the response is reinforced.

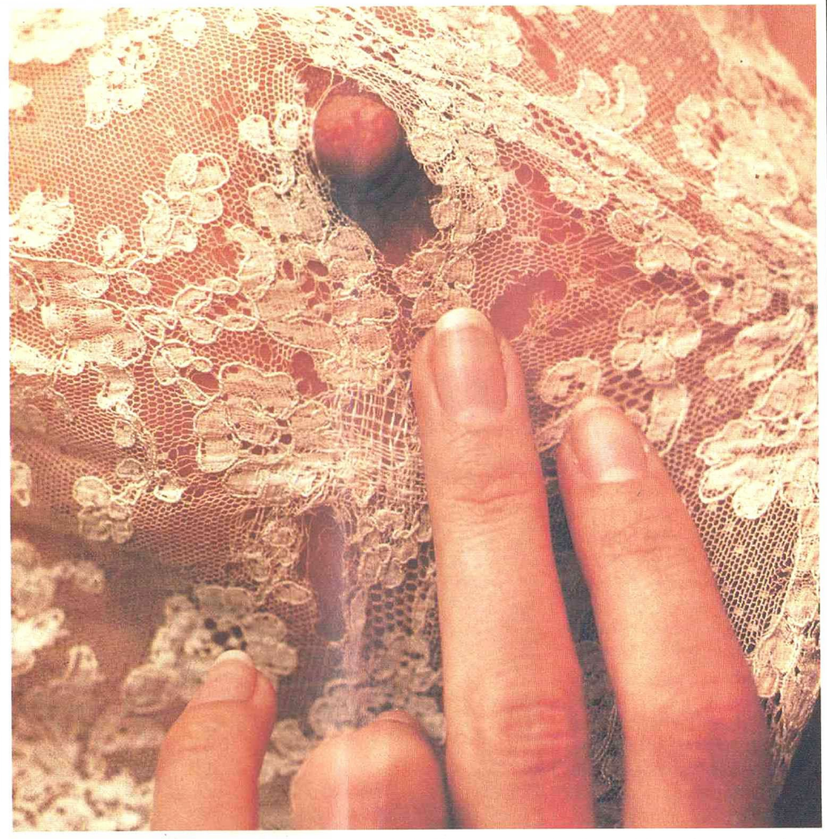
WHY ARE MOST FETISHISTS MALE?

There seem to be a number of factors which influence the development of fetishes in males far more than in females. The first has a lot to do with the physical pattern of arousal in males: because of blood flow patterns in the pelvis and penis in particular, males are more quickly and more easily aroused. Perception studies have also shown that males are more sensitive to visual cues.

The feelings of penile enlargement that males experience in response to visual stimulus give a direct and almost instantaneous indication that arousal has occurred. Women on the other hand respond more slowly to stimuli and their reaction is more diffuse. They tend to associate the total situation with their arousal, and this is possibly why the mood of lovemaking is often more important to women than to males.

The learning process regarding sexual arousal for the female becomes even more complex when we consider the influence of hormones on her responsiveness. Her reaction to the particular stimuli may alter according to the hormonal levels at that time, and a response behavior pattern would not necessarily be reinforced. Possible associations between arousal and a fetish object may therefore be dismissed.

Another reason why fetish behavior may be strengthened in males is that studies indicate that, in general, young boys masturbate more than young girls. Because of this behavior, fantasies about objects are more likely to be reinforced by the pleasure of orgasm.



The most common fetishes revolve around clothing — fur, plastic and lace, for example.

WHY DOES FETISH BEHAVIOR CONTINUE?

Like any learning process, sexual responses are shaped and altered by trial and error. If the young male does not receive enough positive feedback regarding his social, physical and sexual adequacy when he begins to interact with others, he may regress to the use of the fetish object for feelings of sexual arousal, because this behavior involves less anxiety and therefore greater pleasure. In other words, it is more satisfying and comfortable for him to rely on a proven behavior pattern than to run the risk of embarrassment and failure in a new sexual situation.

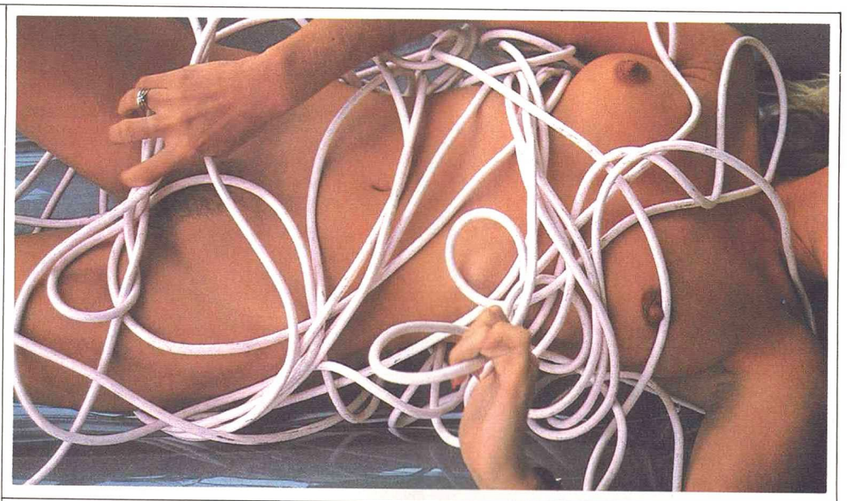
There is some evidence to suggest that parents may even unwittingly set up a psychological situation whereby such conditioned behavior is reinforced. A mother might regularly use a certain perfume talcum powder after the child's bath. The relaxed, warm feelings after the bath, and the added sensation of the mother gently rubbing the talc over the child's body, may lead to his arousal. The child may then learn to associate the sight or smell of that powder with those sensations of warmth and arousal, and a behavior pattern may be es-

tablished. Should masturbation occur at this time, the pleasure of this experience will reinforce the connection between the powder and arousal even further.

Rachman and Hodgson were, in a 1976 laboratory experiment, able to create a fetish for boots in men who had no previous interest in boots. Using the principles of classical conditioning the men were shown pictures of boots, with each one being followed by a sexually arousing picture of a nude woman. After a series of these photographs, the men internalised the connection between the boot and nude photographs, and were able to be aroused by just being shown a photograph of a boot.

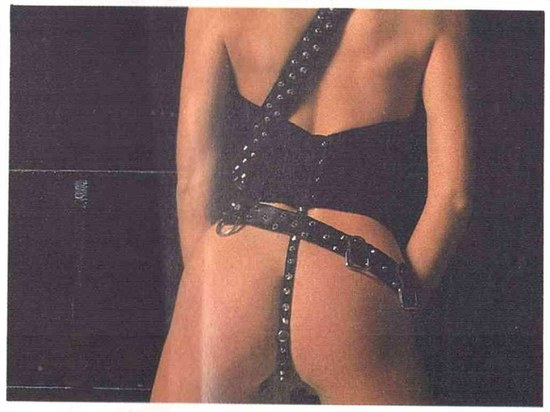
Since we are all subject to conditioning of this type as children, there would be a strong case for us all to develop a fetish of some kind. Exactly how the factors of personality, experience and upbringing influence fetishism can only be surmised, but research indicates that a restrictive upbringing, feelings of physical or social inadequacy, and experiences of guilt or anxiety regarding sexuality could each lead to a fetish dependency. A young male child who is prevented from exploring his natural curiosity with respect to nakedness, for example, may learn to feel guilty about his sexual fantasies about the female body, and he may even be told that certain areas are "dirty" and that touching, viewing, discussing and thinking about them is forbidden. In contrast, the object with which he associated arousal in his early experience (eg, the talcum powder) does not have the connotation of being a sex object and is not forbidden. By focusing on that object, he achieves pleasure and arousal, with less anxiety involved than would occur with more "conventional" sexual experiences.

Once fetish behavior has been established, it is often difficult for the devotee to find a partner who will readily understand this sexual preoccupation with an object. This is particularly the case if attempts to indulge in more traditional lovemaking practices have been unsatisfactory.



The fetishist who does manage to form a relationship may not feel that he can trust his partner enough to discuss the subject. Providing the partner is understanding, however, the fetishist should experience a certain amount of relief at being able to confess his innermost thoughts and at not having to lead a secret second life. If the partner allows him to sometimes practise his fetish during lovemaking, the pleasure gained from the "normal" sexual experiences with his partner may reinforce his enjoyment of more conventional sexual behavior and the fetish object may become less important to his arousal.

On the other hand, if the fetish compulsion is intense the fetishist may believe that the object is essential to his arousal, especially if he is tired or fatigued, and that without its stimulation he may be impotent. In this instance, the dependence on the fetish object may actually be reinforced by the positive experience of including it in the lovemaking routine.



Bondage and discipline form the basis of many fetishes.

DO WOMEN UNDERSTAND FETISH BEHAVIOR?

Whilst it is true that many women are becoming more knowledgeable about sexuality in general, fetishism is still largely misunderstood. This is because fetishism is often beyond the scope of many women's sexual experience, and because they discover a partner's obsession with an object or part of the body may be hurtful — the woman may then feel that her partner is less interested in her than in his favorite object, and her ego and self-esteem may be threatened. Doubts may be raised in her mind as to her own ability to stimulate her partner, and feelings of anger towards him may occur. She may even stop herself from having any sexual interaction with him. This is unfortunate because the fetish may only be a part of the overall male response and the fetishist probably really has a genuine love and respect for his female partner.

Fetishism is obviously a subject which requires sensitivity and understanding by both partners. Professional counselling may be required to help put the behavior into perspective.

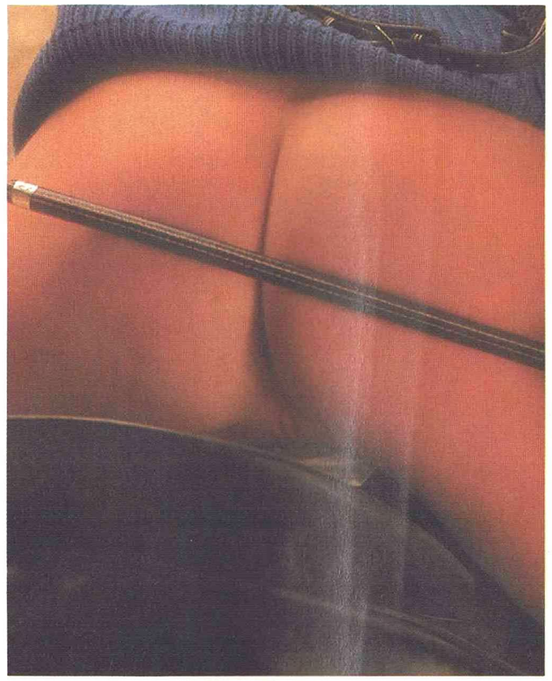
PROBLEMS ASSOCIATED WITH FETISHISM

Fetishism is widespread in our society. It has been estimated that up to 20 percent of the male population exhibit definite symptoms of fetishism, while many more males admit that they occasionally enjoy some form of fetishism as part of their sexual enjoyment.

Depending upon the degree of fixation on the fetish object, and the response of the partner to this behavior, there are likely to be a number of consequences of fetishist activity:

- The fetish behavior may provide variety within a relationship and thereby prevent sexual boredom.
- Where the fetishism is quite stereotyped and rigid there may be considerable deterioration of the relationship — sexually and in general.
- If the fetishism is not an essential part of sexual behavior, or is well tolerated by the partner, there may be only a marginal effect upon the relationship.
- At times fetishism is associated with a personality disturbance and this may prevent the fetishist from forming any stable relationship.

PART·NINE
FETISHISM



CASE STUDIES OF FETISHISM

A consideration of some typical case histories may provide some valuable insights into fetishism and its associated problems.

Case 1: As an example of fetishism assisting a relationship, let us consider Ian (a 28-year-old computer operator) and his girlfriend Susan (a 26-year-old secretary). With this young couple the fetish behavior is *shared* and enjoyed by both partners and serves to increase their state of sexual arousal.

Sue: "Ian is the first man I've known who really appreciates my love of underwear, but it was not until Ian and I started talking that I realised that he *really* loved underwear itself. I used to feel a little self-conscious when buying my underwear (even from a woman salesperson), but now I honestly look forward to having Ian shop with me, to choose an item which appeals to us both.

"We both take a keen interest in the quality of the fabric, the color and the design. Sometimes Ian will bring home a mail-order catalogue and we have great fun selecting something sexy or just 'different.' At other times he just hands me a little package as a surprise . . . it's always beautifully wrapped with a romantic note attached.

"I love wearing the underwear for him, and as I try on a new present or dress for a special evening out, I must admit that I become sexually aroused. Sometimes I try to be outrageous and wear really daring underwear under more conservative clothes.

"It was really exciting for me a few weeks ago, when we were invited to a wedding. Ian had given me a lovely present of see-through, black lace underwear — bra, panties and matching suspender belt. I decided to wear them under my flowing, nylon dress. I was looking forward to undressing for Ian later that night and he confessed that the thought of me wearing such sexy clothes underneath was quite exciting for him.

"I guess I'll admit that I'm a bit of a show-off. But Ian is so encouraging to my love of beautiful underwear that it's quite easy to model them for him. I know that he takes a real interest in what I wear, which is more than I can say for some of my past boyfriends. I also enjoy the way that I can turn him on so easily. All I have to do is allow him to see part of my underwear, or describe what I'm wearing . . . and let his imagination do the rest. At the same time it makes me feel sexy and feminine. When I undress for him, his interest makes me feel special, and when we make love I'm usually so responsive that it's wonderful!"

Obviously, in this case both Ian and Sue have a sensitive and caring relationship, but equally as important, Ian's love of underwear is *shared* by his girlfriend. Sue does not interpret his interest in underwear as unusual or obsessive. It bodes well for this couple, but unfortunately for others fetish behavior can be very disruptive.

In some instances a fetishist may be involved in a relationship for some years before his partner becomes aware of his sexual preferences. Often his preferences may have been discovered accidentally; perhaps he is found enjoying some peculiar sexual activity involving fetishism (for example rubber), or in a state of desperation he may confess.

The reaction of the partner is critical. If the partner gains the impression that the fetish is obsessive or bizarre, and that it is the *object* of the fetish behavior which is important rather than the relationship, then the couple may be in for some "heavy going." Take, for example, the case of a couple married for four years before the wife discovered her husband's love of leather.

Case 2: Jenny (aged 32) was reasonably satisfied with her sexual relationship with her husband Robert. One evening, however, when Jenny returned unexpectedly early from her night class, she walked into the bedroom to find Robert dressed in leather underwear and masturbating! She was upset and dismayed by her husband's behavior. It was the first time that she had ever seen him masturbating — and certainly the first time she had seen him wearing leather underwear.

For some time Jenny was shocked and confused. She soon discovered that her husband had regularly practised his sexual fantasy involving leather. His frequent suggestions of the past that she wear leather coats and boots took on a new meaning.

When she tried to discuss the matter with him, she was even less assured. Robert admitted that he had fantasised about leather for many years and derived great pleasure from touching, smelling and looking at leather objects. Even his childhood fantasies

had included arousal from leather articles.

Prior to all this Jenny had absolutely no idea of the importance of leather to Robert. As he tried to reassure her that his interest was harmless, she was concerned when she realised that her husband had an expectation that she be included in his fantasies about leather. He implied that their sexual relationship had not been totally satisfying for him, and that he hoped the inclusion of leather in their lovemaking would greatly improve things.

Jenny had no experience with fetishists; she had a somewhat conservative approach to sex which involved a concept of personal involvement, warmth and some degree of "romance." There was no place in her way of thinking for an obsession with an article of clothing, either leather or anything else. The whole idea certainly did not excite her and, in fact, her first reaction was one of revulsion. She was hurt to learn that Robert could find a leather object more arousing than her.

Jenny felt that she was faced with a choice: she had to either incorporate leather into her foreplay with Robert, or face the prospect that sexuality would not be exciting for her husband without it. She also wondered whether this obsession with leather was merely a symptom of further problems. She became quite angry that Robert expected her to change her sexual behavior "just to suit him." It was easy to gain the impression that Jenny had lost a certain amount of respect for her husband, and, for this reason, it was a critical time for the relationship.

Finally the tension became so intense that Jenny and Robert were referred for counselling by a psychologist. It soon became obvious that Robert was content with his fetishist behavior and was determined to continue this practice. Although at first Jenny did try to see her husband's point of view and attempted to satisfy his needs, she no longer felt comfortable with Robert sexually. Soon, other problems in the relationship developed — arguments became more frequent and the relationship gradually foundered.

Photographers often play on images of power and pain to appeal to popular fetishes.

It would be unfair to blame the breakdown of this couple's relationship entirely on Robert's fetish, but there can be no doubt that it produced a great deal of tension and probably contributed to their eventual separation.

The case of Jenny and Robert demonstrates the potentially destructive nature of fetishism to many relationships. Fortunately, though, many couples are able to cope with a fetish as part of their sexual interaction. The essential feature of coping appears to be that the fetish is not totally obsessive, and that the passive partner is able to gain some enjoyment from the arousal displayed by the fetishist. In addition, some degree of give and take is important: in return for a tolerant and understanding attitude towards his fetish, the devotee will often be especially attentive and appreciative of his partner. He will sometimes go to great lengths to show his partner that she is just as important to him as his fetish.

Case 3: Tim (aged 23) and Cheryl (aged 21) had been engaged for about 12 months and Tim's fetish was not an article of clothing, but hair. Cheryl was a rather tall girl with long blonde hair and perhaps this is what had attracted Tim to her in the first place. Certainly she was glad of the fact that Tim never seemed to mind when she took a long time fixing her hair before they went out, and pleased that he always commented on how lovely it looked. On many occasions he would offer to brush it for her, which he seemed to enjoy doing for hours at a time.

It was not until some time had passed that Cheryl began to realise that Tim often became sexually aroused as he stroked and touched her hair. At first she took his interest as a compliment, but gradually it became apparent that he was a little fixated. Cheryl also began to notice Tim becoming preoccupied with other women's hair, and eventually she confronted him about his behavior. She was not particularly upset by his responses but was intrigued to understand what lay behind them.

Tim explained about a girl-next-door who used to sit in the backyard on Sunday mornings, drying and brushing her hair. From his bedroom he was able to watch this process, which often lasted up to an hour. She was a very attractive girl and always smiled at him whenever she saw him. He was about 14 at the time and he used to fantasise about brushing her hair whilst she sat naked in a chair. In his fantasy they went up to her bedroom, where they made passionate love.

For years Tim had kept his fantasy a secret, but he was glad that he no longer felt guilty about having to hide his fetish. Cheryl was prepared to be sympathetic and tried to understand this behavior as part of Tim's total personality, and, although at first she found the obsession a little unusual, with a few adjustments she learned to readily accept this aspect of their lovemaking. Because it aroused Tim so much, there was a certain amount of enjoyment in the fetish arousal pattern for her too, and she really didn't mind her hair becoming the focus of attention. Often she would stroke his body with her long hair, and would even allow him to climax in this way.

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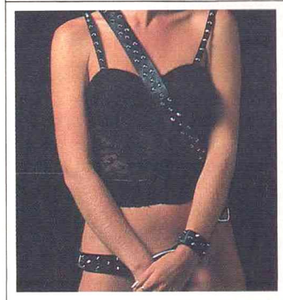
FETISHISM



WHEN HELP IS NEEDED

Tragically, there are some fetishists who are so locked into their fetish that they are quite unable to form a stable relationship. This may be by choice, either because the fetishist has resigned himself to the fetish and feels totally fulfilled by this way of life, or because his fetish routine is so stereotyped that to try to include a partner would destroy the arousal potential and its purpose.

There are those, however, who would dearly love to enjoy the companionship of a partner, but who shy away from relationships because of the chance that they would not respond in a normal lovemaking situation, and because they are too embarrassed to discuss their tendencies. Even platonic relationships may be avoided in fear of the "unacceptable" behavior being found out. Sadly these fetishists find themselves in a lifestyle which they do not want, but one which is constantly being reinforced by the fact that in desperation they turn to their fetish object for some form of comfort and pleasure.

These types of people often describe themselves as being "different." Their self-recrimination may lead to a low self-esteem and either a lack of drive for achievement, or setting of unrealistic goals for themselves in an effort to gain approval and respect. Compulsively they may spend a great deal of money in collecting their fetish objects, or in paying specialised prostitutes who will cater for their needs.

Another type of fetishist is the one who is so obsessed with finding the "perfect" partner — who will provide as much stimulation and satisfaction as his favorite fetish object — that he loses sight of the importance of the human aspect of a relationship. He must remember that it has probably taken many years for him to develop his fetish arousal pattern to its present stage and that it will take time for him to learn to respond to different stimuli and routines.

Apart from his sexual preferences, the fetishist may be in all other respects a functioning and quite "normal" human being. Some partners who are initially attracted may recoil when the fetishist gives an indication of the other side of his lifestyle. Those who are interested in the fetishist as a person will be more likely to put this one aspect into perspective and attempt to work things out. If they really care, hopefully they will at least try to understand, even if their sexual make-up might make it difficult for them to share in this type of sexual relationship. It may be worthwhile to remember that in interactions there are always those people with whom we are not compatible.

HOW TO COPE

Perhaps the key words here are: *motivation, compromise* and *understanding*. If a relationship is desired, the fetishist must be motivated enough to be prepared to learn perseverance and new arousal and response techniques.

The partner's reaction to the fetish situation is crucial, and this is where some form of compromise must be discussed and established. It is very common to hear either of the partners exclaim: "Why does it have to be *me* that has to change? Why can't *he* (or she) adopt *my* methods of lovemaking?" Both must realise that if the relationship is to work, neither partner can be expected to suddenly give up the sexual experiences which have been established over some time, and have given them pleasure. Each has a responsibility to the other's feelings and their needs must be considered.

Understanding is an obvious necessity of a fetish relationship. Name-calling and refusing to discuss the situation will serve no purpose, nor will ignoring it. Both partners should try to understand the reasons for reactions and approach their differences with tenderness.

Counselling can be most beneficial for the fetishist, as it provides an objective but non-judgmental ear on which to release pent-up emotions, and may also assist in helping the patient look at his problems and his concepts of them from a different perspective.

Methods of treatment are notoriously difficult, and are based on psychological deconditioning, in which the learned responses to the fetish objects are connected with unpleasant thoughts and sensations, whereas desired responses to more conventional sexual arousal are rewarded.

In conclusion, fetishism is a widespread and fascinating aspect of sexuality in our society. There can be no doubt that it enhances sexual awareness and enjoyment for many people, but, as we have seen, when there is a fixation on one aspect of arousal, problems can arise.

PART·NINE

FETISHISM

Drooping penis

I am writing to you out of desperation, and your answer could help save a marriage. I am a 23-year-old female who loves her husband of three years. I am proud of having sexual relations with no other man except him, and he is the only man I have ever seen nude with an erection.

My husband enjoys lying on his back while I masturbate or fellate him to orgasm. He likes me to hold his hard penis straight up, that is, perpendicular to his abdomen. But unless I hold his penis up it lies flat on his stomach when it's hard with the head of the penis pressing firmly against his navel. When he is standing up his penis points up towards the ceiling, yet when he lies on his back it clings to his abdomen.

One day I asked my husband why his penis always flat against his stomach instead of sticking up in the air. I was just curious. He replied that he honestly did not know, but that he thought maybe it should stick up instead of lying flat. Since this innocent question of mine, my husband has become very depressed; he is now worried that his erection is not normal.

My husband satisfies me completely when we make love, but now he is not interested in having sex with me. He has even hinted at suicide; he feels that I consider him abnormal. This is why we have turned to you for help.

Can you tell us if a man's penis is supposed to be elevated from his abdomen when he lies on his back? If my husband's erection is not normal, can it be corrected? Please help. — *Ms W.K., address withheld*

The truth is that you and your husband can relax; he sounds perfectly normal to me.

The penis has two cylinder-like tubes called the corpora cavernosum. *These tubes look like a honeycomb-type of candy bar and are capable of holding vast amounts of blood which makes the penis harden. These spongy tubes have two tails called the crura. The crura attach the penis to the pubic bones at the front of the pelvis. These crura flare out to the side in a butterfly-like manner and the weight of the penis causes it to hang down when flaccid.*

When the penis gets hard it fills with blood and this causes a pulling on the crura. The penis pulls upward so that when a man is standing the penis rises to a horizontal state or higher. There are only two ligaments (the connecting wires of the body), and these ligaments are derived from the supporting elements of the abdominal wall. Thus a ligament tends to pull or maintain a structure in alignment to its basic muscle. These ligaments, coming from the abdomen, pull the penis toward the abdomen.

When a man lies down gravity again sets in. If the penis is soft it will fall wherever gravity directs it. But when the penis is hard and thus heavier, the ligaments will pull it up toward the abdominal wall and gravity pulls it the rest of the way. So your husband is experiencing the same physical reaction all men have when they lie on their backs with their penis in an erect state.

Prostitutes laughed

I have been curious about oversized penises for a long time. The average penis is about six inches long, but nearly every letter I read in sex magazines claims ten or 11 inches. I've asked several prostitutes about this and they all laughed. They said six or seven inches was the norm.

I also checked this question out with one call girl who has been in the business for 21 years. She said she's never seen a nine-inch penis, and only a few around eight inches.

Now everyone can't be lying, so suppose an 11-incher exists. I would like to know where it goes.

I don't mean to be critical or cynical, but if women do take these big penises a lot of adjustments must take place inside. Please enlighten me on this subject. — *H.A., Armidale, NSW*

I, too, have spoken to prostitutes and they have also laughed when asked how many ten-inch penises they have seen. They said they had never seen such massive organs either. If we go to sex research we find a repetition of the same essential statement: all penises are about equal when erect.

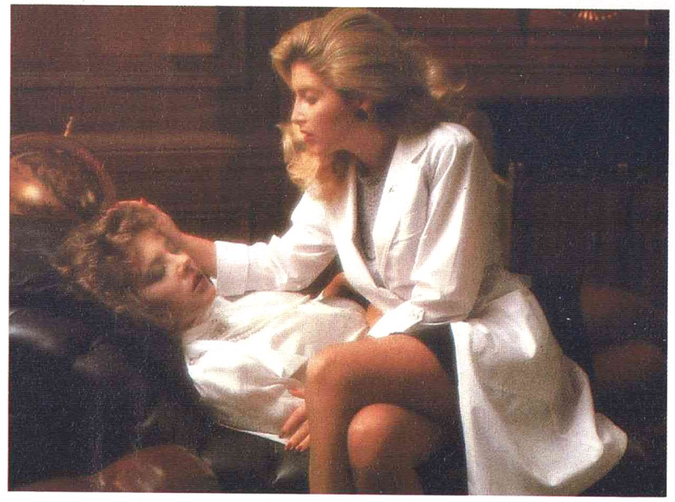
There is much variation in size when the penis is soft, and factors such as temperature, stress and mood all affect size. But the smaller sizes expand more when becoming erect; the big ones don't get much bigger, they just get harder. In the end (no pun intended) they are all just about the same. Of course, we are talking in generalities; there are always exceptions to the rule on either end of the "size spectrum."

Male sexual identity tends to be tied up with the size of the penis and if men can believe that their erect penis is a "whopper" they often feel a greater confidence in their manhood. If they have trouble believing this, they tend to tell tall tales in praise of their size. However, when reality intrudes, most penises are about six inches when hard and often much less when soft. The anatomic way to measure this is from the pubic bone on top to the tip of the glans. But what vagina has eyes to tell? Maybe we are emphasising the wrong thing here.

NEXT...

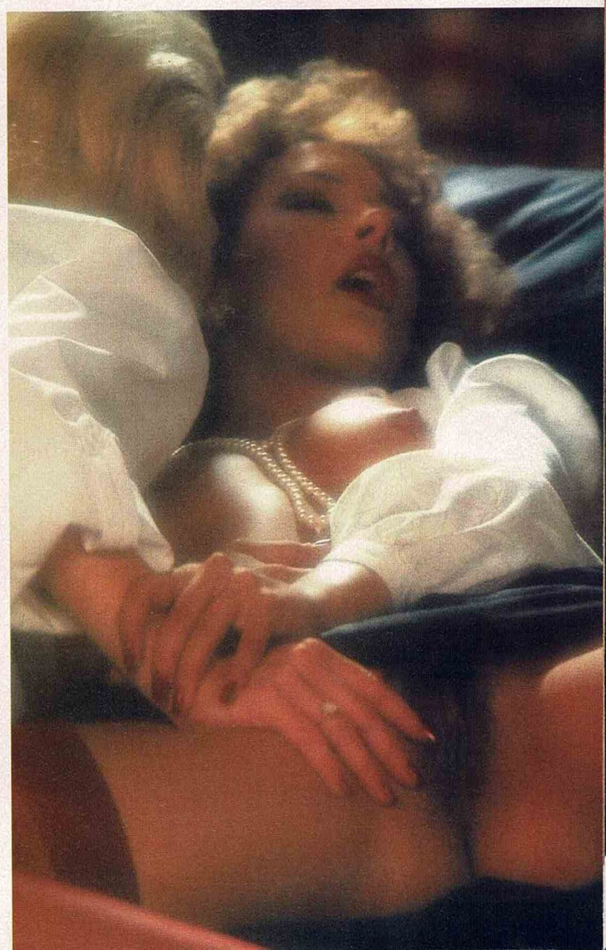
The next instalment of the Guide To Human Sexuality will consider sex aids, and will include a critical look at a number of sex aids and toys available in Australia. Although many may feel that they prefer their sexual encounters without such trappings it is a good idea to be aware of these products and what they have to offer. Many relationships have in fact definitely benefitted from the inclusion of aids or toys within their sex lives.

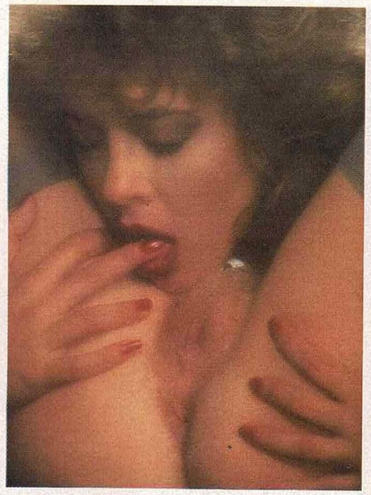
THE THERAPIST



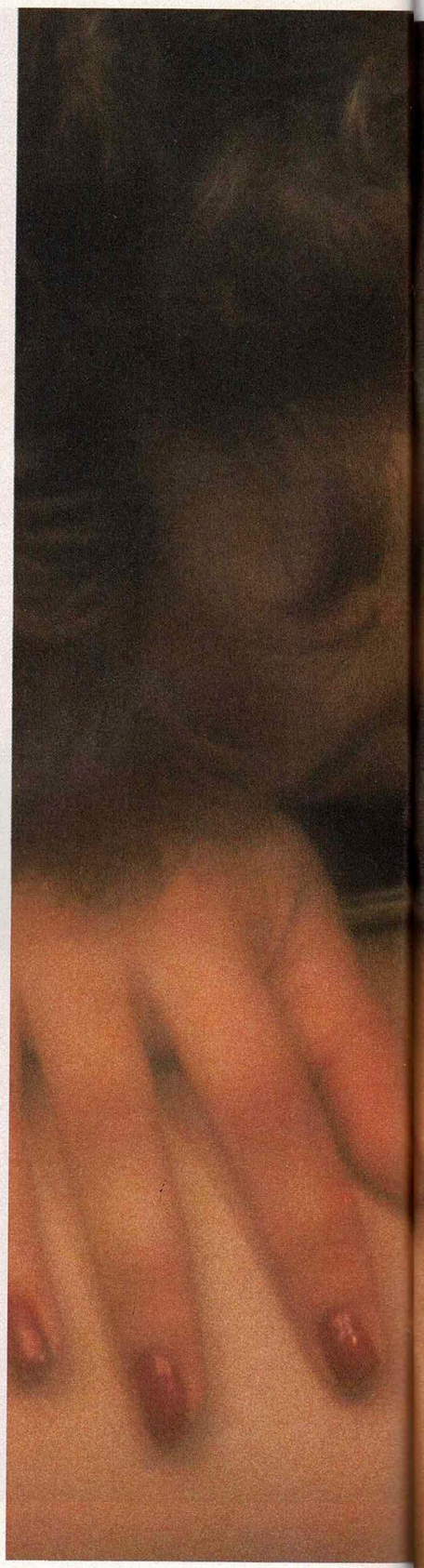
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED HOLZMAN

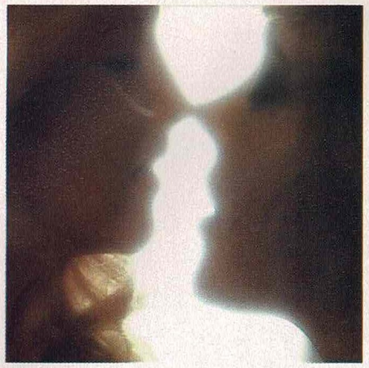
Poised on the therapist's couch, the young woman's composure deserts her. The magic is gone from the bedroom, she confesses. She feels desolate, hollow, empty . . . Hoping to relax her and explore her psyche further, the gentle doctor puts her into a mild hypnotic trance. "I'll be back," he says, "and Nurse Laura here won't leave your side." How true, the nurse thinks. "You're in good hands," she murmurs to her charge.

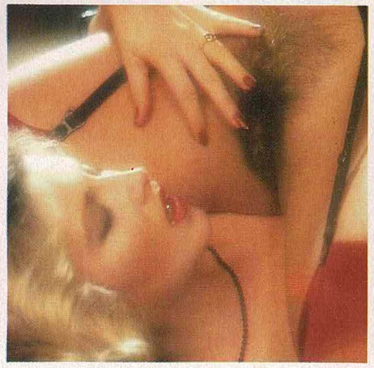


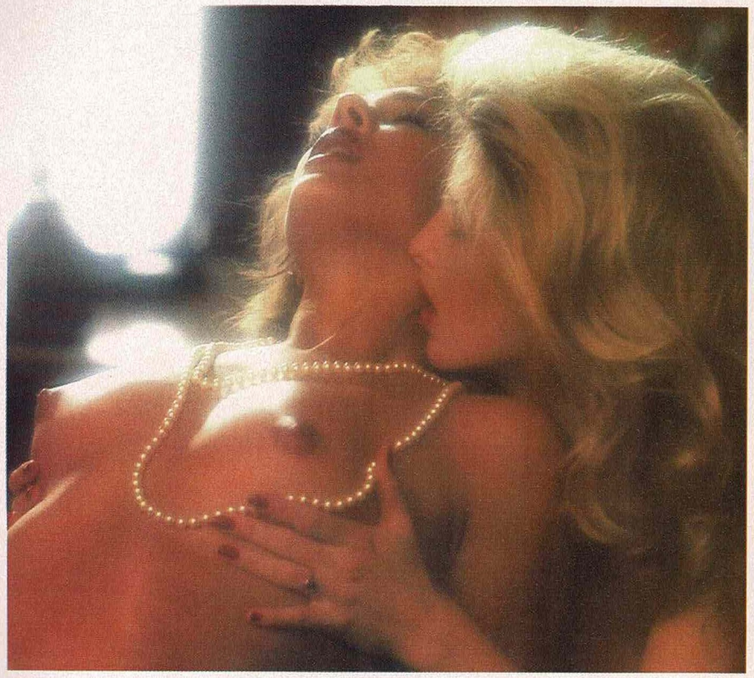


As her lusty treatment nears a conclusion, the nurse reflects passionately on her special healing power. Nor does it bother her that a simple doctor will get all the credit in the end . . .

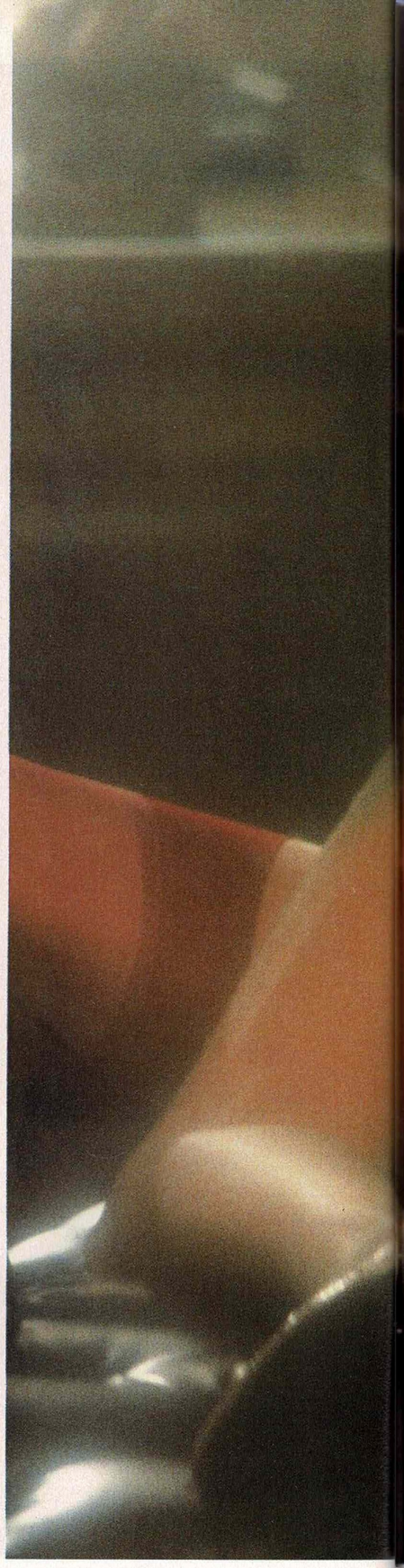








"You need to open up," is Laura's diagnosis. Showing positive signs of response to the nurse's innovative therapy, the patient develops a dramatic, if short term, dependency on the narcotics of probing fingers and burning tongues . . .



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LOOSE ENDS

AUSTRALIAN AS SHE IS SPOKE

A remarkable animal, the Australian idiom. We're so close to the lingo that we seldom stop to think how bloody hilarious our home-grown expressions can be. For an Australian abroad, innocent references to hunger such as "I could eat a baby's bum through a cane chair", or indications of departure like "I'm off like a bride's nightie/bucket of prawns in the sun" bring gales of laughter, depending, of course, on the company present.

In the States, even tame references like "going down the gurgler" are guaranteed rib ticklers. Then again, over there they're still guffawing at Paul Hogan's invitation to chuck another shrimp on the barbie. God knows what the US reaction would be if the full weight of rank Oz idiom were unleashed.

Where else but Australia is an intimate sexual encounter referred to as a meat injection? Or libidinous desire expressed as being so horny you could root a rat on a chain? Or extreme penury likened to being on the bones of your arse?

Nowhere else — and the richest and rankest of Australian expressions should, like the galah, be protected for the enjoyment of future generations.

For posterity's sake, here's a brief compendium of dinkum dialect describing favorite national pastimes, bodily parts and functions, and assorted oddities. Use it as a thesaurus or an introduction for overseas visitors to the tongue Down Under. Further contributions from *Penthouse* readers are welcomed.

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES (VARIOUS): The naughty nectar, giggle juice, amber fluid, wicked water, phlegm cutter, the amber nectar, turps, Beryl Cheers, neck oil, hooligan soup, chateau leg-opener, 10oz sandwich.

DISENGORGEMENT (CHUNDERING): Playing the whale, shouting in the big white telephone, getting Bondi on the line, crying Ruth, parking a tiger, leaving a pizza on the pavement, a liquid laugh, laughing at the ground, throwing a map, coughing up a self-portrait, going the technicolor yawn, driving the porcelain bus, speaking in tongues, bringing out the carrot casserole.

Illustration by Jim Mitchell

CUNNILINGUS: Dining at the Y, looking up an old friend, yodelling up the canyon, dining at Doyles, muff diving, muff munching, oyster diving, munching the marinara, having breakfast in bed, tucking into a furburger, eating hair pie, playing the hairy harmonica, dental flossing, mouth to south resuscitation, going to the bush banquet, going the tuna taco, snorkelling, licking the doughnut.

FELLATIO: Playing the pink oboe, blowing the beef bugle, playing the skin flute, sucking the saveloy, nunga munching, nuzzling the nozzle, lapping the lizard, tucking into a Rambo sambo, gnawing the 'nana, guzzling the goanna, eating the evidence, going down on the Titanic.

FLATUS: Opening one's lunch, squeezing the cheese, dropping a barrel, duck calling, dropping one's guts, dropping one's lunch, treading on frogs.

GENITALIA (FEMALE): The wound that never heals, the promised land, hair pie, rattlesnake canyon, the hairy horse collar, the bearded clam, highway one, the drop kick, the pink portal, the torn gumboot, the furburger, the thrill frills, the tuna taco, the little man in the boat, fly trap, the furry hoop, the old feller's home, breakfast of champions.

GENITALIA (MALE): The wife's best friend, the spitting dog, tummy banana, the family jewels, fat boy, the mutton

dagger, lamb lance, pork sword, beef bayonet, beef bugle, he who must be obeyed, Cyclops, slack splitter, the white pointer, the big dipper, the ugly stick, pyjama python, old feller, one-eyed trouser snake, the baby's arm, virgin surgeon, the rattler.

HOMOSEXUALS (POOFTERS): Freckle punchers, turd burglars, rump rustlers, pillow biters, poo/poon jabbers, shirt lifters, date bruisers, dag rattlers, blurter hurters, poo poachers, mattress munchers, pile drivers, dinger stingers, blurter squirters, knob nibblers, dung punchers, bum bandits, quoit corkers, turd tappers, date packers, zipper sniffers, KY cowboys, confirmed bachelors, freckle fiends, Vegemite drillers, dancers of the chocolate cha cha.

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE (ROOTING): Making the beast with two backs, dunking the skunk, jumping the ferret through the furry hoop, doing the dirty deed, terrorising Tasmania, housing the hose, horizontal folk dancing, burying the bone, parking the pork, slipping on the hairy horse collar, spearing the bearded clam, exercising the ferret, playing hide the sausage, taking a stab in the dark, interior decoration, getting it away, throwing a leg over, going the jam sandwich (menstruation involved), a meat injection, a glue injection, taking public transport, slipping a length, push-ups on the Posturepaedic, parting the pink curtains, giving the dog a bone.

MASTURBATION (WANKING): Stropping the mulligan, feeding the chooks, jerkin' the gherkin, galloping the lizard, twanging the wire, grabbing the grub, grappling the snag, pulling the pud, milking the mamba, whipping the weasel, turning Japanese, grabbing the gristle, flogging the frog, throbbery under palms, rod walloping, polishing the rocket, pestering the fester.

POSTERIOR: Date, dinger, freckle, quoit, blurter.

URINATION: Straining the potatoes, splashing the boots, wringing the rattlesnake, shaking hands with the wife's best friend, syphoning the python, strangling the dangle, shaking hands with the unemployed, draining the dragon, shakin' the bacon, unbuttoning the mutton, watering the horses, unfurling the ferret, going to the place where all the big knobs hang out.

SAILBOARD MARATHON

For a chance to see 100 of the world's best sailboarders doing it standing up for $50,000, Sydney's Manly Cove on January 25 is the place to be. The men and women who rule the waves in one of the world's fastest growing sports will be setting out at 11 am on the inaugural Canon Ocean Marathon, a gruelling day-long endurance test and the world's richest single sailboard event. Competitors include Hawaii's Robby Naish, Alex Aguera and Matt Schweitzer (whose father invented the sport), and local champs Tom Luedecke, Bruce Wylie, Greg Hyde and Mark Paul. Organisers have designed the course to give maximum viewing to spectators on Sydney Harbor foreshores and up the coast to Newport, where competitors turn around and come back again. In conjunction with radio station 2DAY FM, the Canon Ocean Marathon will also be turning on beach events and competitions to give away Canon Video equipment and other prizes as a part of the Sydney Festival.

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

MATTERS SEXUAL

The Voyager Motel, once used as the setting for the trend-setting porno flick *Deep Throat*, has gone the way of all flesh. Developers have announced plans to convert the Voyager into an old people's home, to be called Villa Biscaya. That's quite a step for the North Miami, USA, hostel which has in recent years been a popular short-time hotel for hookers . . .

A West German doctor is predicting couples will soon be able to choose whether their babies will be homosexual or heterosexual by adjusting the hormone levels of embryos. Dr Guenter Doerner's claims were immediately attacked as a "horrible vision of the future" by the West German press. Doerner suggests that a person's sexual orientation is determined early in pregnancy by the level of androgens — male sex hormones . . .

It is unclear just who Iman Ali Riza Demircan offended most when he published his Turkish best-seller *Sexual Life According To Islam*. Islamic fundamentalists were outraged over the book's copious use of steamy examples from the prophet Mohammed's sexual relations with his nine wives. But government authorities were even more concerned because Demircan advocates using Islamic law as the basis of the Turkish legal system. At any rate the Imam is on trial for publishing his book, which advocates the stoning of adulterers, death for homosexuals, and rules against eating an animal that one has had sex with . . .

A Hawaiian woman has become the first American female to have been convicted of raping another woman. Hawaiian state law was broadened in 1980 to define sexual intercourse to include the insertion of any part of a person's body into the "genital opening of another." Ms Pamela Notti, 23, was convicted of sticking her fingers into the vagina of a 27-year-old Nevada tourist. First degree sodomy and kidnapping charges were also involved in the case and Ms Notti was sentenced to the mandatory maximum term of 20 years . . .

A Canadian stripper was found guilty of obscenity charges after performing an act which involved shooting 40 ping-pong balls from her vagina into drinks of customers at the York Hotel in Lethbridge, Alberta. A witness testified that Ms Mitzi Dupree inserted ping-pong balls, then slithered on to tables to fire the balls into drinks. The court also heard that Ms Dupree could play "Mary Had A Little Lamb" and "Frere Jacques" on a tin flute using the same part of her anatomy. Her unsuccessful defence contested that she was performing a "very difficult and skilful act which is quite unique in North America."

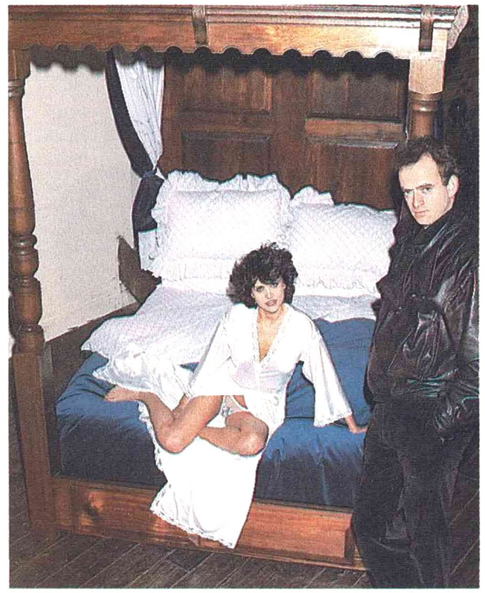
"Soap operas made me a hooker!" is the strident claim of former Canadian prostitute Celeste Horvath. Now an ardent evangelist who preaches with the aid of a bull horn in New York's Times Square, she tells passers-by that portrayals of hookers on soap operas tempted her to join the ranks of streetwalkers. She believes soaps are the Devil's work and that they caused her to be possessed by seven demons. After her arrest for prostitution, she says Jesus walked through the wall of her cell and cast the devils from her body, thus saving her . . .

Women who read sexy novels make love 74 percent more often than those who don't, according to yet another US survey conducted by two female psychologists.

LOOSE ENDS

HOT AND WET

It gets pretty hot up around Cairns and when the girls cool off everybody pays attention. In fact, they whistle, stamp their feet and generally get pretty darned worked up about it all, judging by scenes poolside at the Kewarra Beach Resort when winners of the Gumtree Corner National Gold Wet T-Shirt Awards were announced. The wet T-shirt division is the big crowd pleaser at the annual get together of Australia's leading T-shirt designers, manufacturers and marketers. Pictured are the winners of the last bash (left to right) Deborah Hodgson, Leandra Denman and Cathy Mueller.



FOUR-POSTER FANTASY

To the man with seduction in mind it's the ultimate gold pass to limitless carnal delights — almost like having your own perfumed garden growing between the rockery and the cabbage patch.

To Nick Dattner, re-creator of this Fifteenth Century cedar and blackwood fantasy, it's much more than a merely spectacular and beautiful four-poster bed. Its only exposure to the public, so far, has been through an indefinably eccentric advertising campaign. Full-page ads in the quality media depict a brooding, almost sinister gigolo type perched at the foot of the bed, his dress shirt suitably awry, his hands toying with a glass of brandy and single-stemmed flower. He doesn't look as if he has a good night's rest in mind.

So who is going to be inspired, by a glimpse of such exquisitely carved decadence, into parting with the necessary $3000 for the privilege of bedding down in a manner once reserved for the bluest blood of Olde England? Nick Dattner doesn't much care, so long as they appreciate precisely what they are getting for their money.

"I'm thinking of offering the bed on a week's free trial to prospective buyers," he says. "Anybody who could conceive of sleeping elsewhere after seven nights doesn't deserve my bed, and I'd want to take it back off them, anyway."

LOOSE

That's no posturing sales spiel. Dattner is much more concerned with making his beds than selling them. "I think we've had about a dozen buyers, but we've not been pushing it," he says vaguely. The real passion is reserved for talk of wood grains and mortise and tenon techniques. The 34-year-old craftsman is possessed by an obsession with the wood working skills and even the business methods in use 400 years ago. He abhors what he describes as today's "plywood philosophy" and insists his employees follow centuries-old methods in creating all his furniture. Dattner supervises every stage, from the choice of timber from Tasmanian forests to the hours of final polishing to create the required finish.

But he's not above catering for the occasional fetish. "Obviously it's an erotic thing to own," he says. "If a customer's fantasy involves mirrors or shackles, we'll be happy to incorporate them into the bed . . . but the shackles will be handmade and forged."

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

No wonder David Connors of Ashfield in Sydney is all smiles. In the photo above David is perched on his brand new Suzuki GSX-R750 which he picked up in the Ride A Superbike To Japan competition run in August *Penthouse*. Handing over the superbike is Alan Dixon of Suzuki Australia, while looking on is Phil Abraham, editor of *Australian Penthouse*. David's prize package also included a week-long holiday for two to Japan along with $1000 spending money.

The lucky winner of the P & O cruise prize offered in September *Penthouse* was Karen Lee Taylor of Bulli, NSW. Karen and a friend set sail on their 15-night Pacific cruise last November.

Another happy holiday-maker will be Craig Robinson of Castle Hill, NSW. Craig had just got back from the Adelaide Grand Prix when he learned that he'd taken out *Penthouse's* October prize — a week for two in the Queensland sun, staying at the Pacific International Hotel in Cairns.

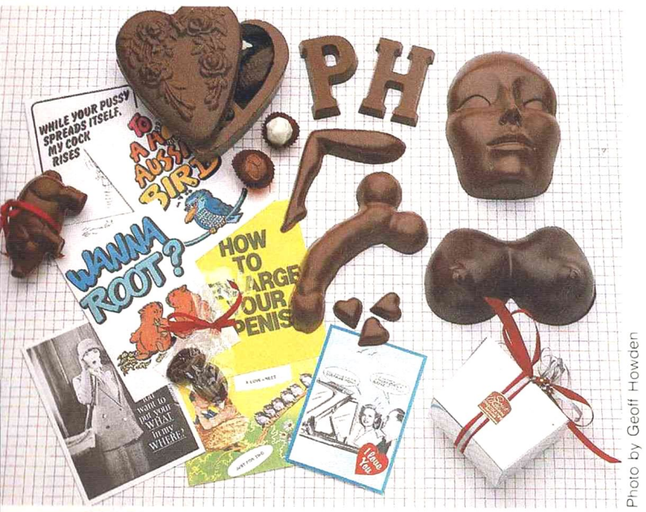


Photo by Geoff Howden

SAY IT WITH CALORIES

There's a lot more to chocolate than Golden Roughs and Milk Tray assortments. Man, there's a wide world of glorious fine chocolates out there and a gift of quality chocs will never get a knockback from a woman or a man. With chocolate, you can break a diet but you'll never break a heart.

Like that other favorite lovers' gift, flowers, chocolate won't last forever. More often than not, quality chocolates last a fraction of the time it takes a dozen roses to open and drop their petals. It's not that chocolate deteriorates quickly, for according to Suzanne Francis, proprietor of Sweet William Chocolates in Sydney, chocolate will keep for up to a year if correctly stored. It's just that once the ribbon is pulled on a good sweets selection, it's London to a brick that they won't last out the second round of after-dinner coffees if there's a few people involved. If by chance a box lives to tell the tale beyond a day or two, they shouldn't be stored in the refrigerator, says Suzanne. "After a while in the fridge, chocolate will tend to sweat, lose its texture and shine, and begin to take on a whitish color. They're best stored away from light in a cool cupboard."

In running Sweet Williams and her "years in chocolate" beforehand, Suzanne has observed that the sweet tooth is by no means a predominantly female trait. "We see a lot of women during the day, but in the late afternoon it's the men that pop by to pick up a selection to take home."

Sweet Williams does a nice line in chocolate "oddities." At the Paddington store you can pick up anything from chocolate letters that spell out a sweet message, to masks of a woman's face, tits, bums and larger than life-sized chocky genitalia.

Chocolate phalluses are a bit of a favorite with the ladies, according to Suzanne. "Small ones, about the size of the first joint of your little finger, make interesting accompaniments to coffee liqueurs. The big ones really get a message across, get conversation going, and because they're solid the amount of chocolate gives everyone a taste treat." While a larger than life dick made of quality chocolate is none-too-subtle, there's no harm in asking who'll be eating your sweetmeat this Valentine's Day.

Protea Arrangement

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

It's obviously true that you can say *a lot* by giving flowers on a day like Valentine's Day, but how's this for reading between the lines? A New York psychoanalyst has gone on record as saying that the giving of a rose to a woman symbolises the passion of the giver for her labia, represented by the delicate petals of a bud. Make it a single, long-stemmed red one and you're giving her something explicitly phallic as well.

Now before you rush off to ring up mother and apologise for your perverted deviance in giving her that bunch of geraniums last Mothers' Day, relax. It's quite couth, report a number of Sydney florists, to send flowers to a lady whose Venus fly trap you've never seen, and men are sending more flowers than ever without suffering sexist outrage. The reaction is, in fact, exactly the opposite. And women are actually sending *men* more flowers than ever with the same romantic notion. (A couple of Kings Cross florists also report that men are giving *men* more flowers.) But rest assured that the act is still a sacred ritual and that it is still considered the height of romance to make that flower a red rose. Not one of the 20,000 other varieties of rose, mind you. About 60 to 70 percent of all flower purchases are for nothing else but red roses.

The flower trade is blooming, and no wonder when you think how easy it is to pick up the phone and have deliveries made (for about $50 for a dozen and $15 for a single, in the same area). Of course, it doesn't have to be a rose. The array of exquisite tropical blossoms make an exotic alternative, such as orchids, antheriums or protea. Or perhaps hinting at a new sexual conservatism is the expanding market for dried flowers — more lasting — particularly natives such as banksia or kangaroo paw.

But if it's nothing but roses for her this V-Day, keep in mind that because it's by far the biggest flower day of the year, it works out to be something of a holiday for florists. They often find that every rose they can get their hands on is spoken-for days in advance. Many of them do an all-nighter packing them up, deliver them first thing, and collapse for the rest of the day. Think, and maybe book, ahead.

ENDS

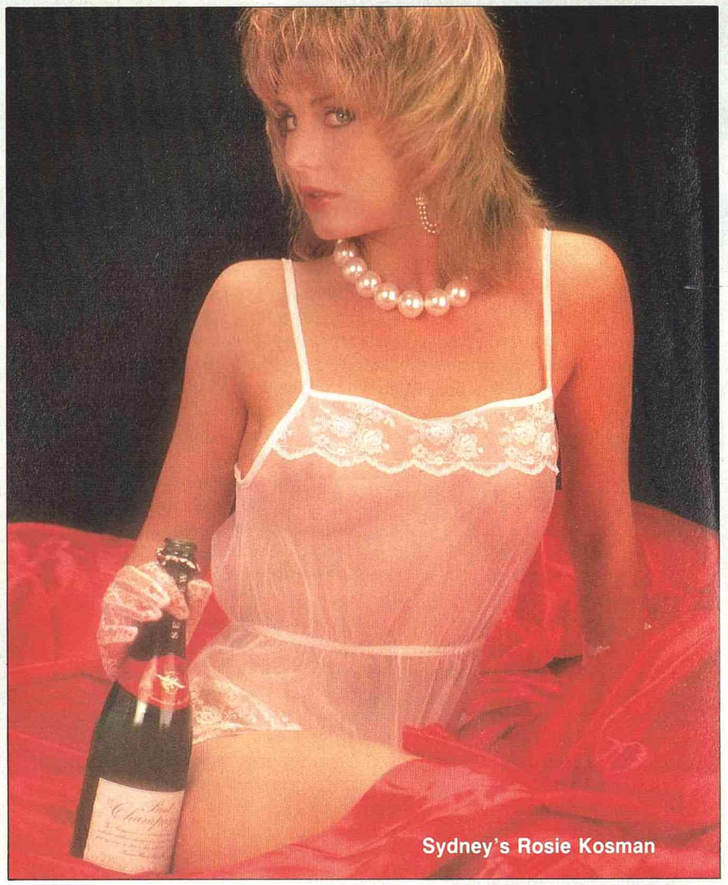
SAY IT WITH CARDBOARD

Why not say it with cardboard this Valentine's Day via one of the outrageous greeting cards now available in Australia? The greeting card biz has come a long way over the past few years. In some of the larger card and gift shops in all capital cities there's nary a puppy dog or dove with a ribbon in its beak in sight. They've been replaced by bold, splashy and often wildly humorous cards designed by Australian artists or imported from Europe and the States. And the messages they contain are worlds away from the trite, mushy doggerel so favored by card-buying maiden aunts and sweet old grandmas.

By combing the racks of better card shops you're sure to find something to express your every sentiment, be it fair or foul, and you're likely to get a few laughs while you're browsing.

More men than ever are buying greeting cards, according to card and gift shop proprietors, and they attribute the change to the diversification of the cards available. Still, 70 percent of all card buyers are female. Around Valentine's Day, however, since Australians have begun to pick up on the American tradition, the market for love and kisses missals has been split almost evenly between the sexes.

The mushy, naughty, funny and downright dirty Valentine's cards pictured were supplied courtesy of The Department Store, with branches in Darlinghurst and Paddington, Sydney. The Australiana cards in the picture opposite came from Wattle Tree, Sydney.



COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Fantasy Island — Island prisons like Alcatraz and Devil's Island have become the stuff of legend — notorious for their harshness and the impossible obstacles in the way of escape. Next month *Penthouse* tells the remarkable story of an island prison so perfect that although its inmates found they could come and go at will, they never wanted to escape. Find out why in March *Australian Penthouse.*

American Orgy — The social institution of the singles' weekend has not caught on Down Under, despite the fact that in the USA hundreds of thousands of desperately seeking singles regularly gather at holiday resorts specially reserved for them to meet their perfect match. After reading Bob Spitz's revelations about his first singles' weekend you may be glad that the lucky country doesn't offer this social option — yet.

The Red Baron — Not long ago Boris Becker could walk through tennis clubs unnoticed — just another gawky teenager trying to crack the circuit. Then he made sports history in 198 minutes by winning Wimbledon. Becker also captured the world's imagination. This insightful profile shows how he has the world by the balls, and predicts that he has the greatness to stay at the top in tennis.

Mark Day Interview — He has the style of a runaway bulldozer and this bold and abrasive approach has driven Day to the top of Melbourne's media heap, with high-rating television and radio talk shows, as well as his successful publishing interests. Day's brash, no-holds-barred response to some provocative questions makes this interview a compulsive and entertaining read.

Pop Schlock — Everyone has heard songs which have been so offensive — by way of their content, style of utter stupidity — that they've wanted to lay the boot into the radio. *Penthouse* has compiled a veritable catalogue of crassness, and next month pays a tilted tribute to pop music's least memorable moments.

Pet Of The Month — Cheeky Rosie Kosman knows the meaning of a good time and the fun she had posing for our March issue is evident in this great photo spread. Come to the party.

BLOOD

Continued from page 40

ing stolen cars than missing kids.

No agency has formed profiling sections either at the state or federal level and, given the historical antipathy of Australian police forces towards academics, it will be some time before such sections are begun.

But the tragic legacy of Australian lust killers lives on, reminding us of the grisly saga of men who kill for pleasure. In a Brisbane suburb the mother and father of Peter Aston, the 14-year-old boy tortured to death by Reid and Luckman, are trying desperately to forget the past and to mend their shattered life. Changing their jobs, painting Peter's room and the companionship of close friends have dimmed the memories somewhat, but flashbacks of that night of horror still occur.

They occur to others such as Anne-Marie Mykyta, mother of one of the Truro victims. After the killing Mrs Mykyta displayed wild mood swings and would stare into space for long periods. She would pray for the night to arrive to escape to her bed but even then there was no peace. "I always wake at one or two o'clock," she says, "the prey of waking nightmares of remorse and shame."

Now a successful writer, Anne-Marie Mykyta has moved on with her life and, even if she will never forget, has coped with the tragedy of lust killing. Others, such as Mr and Mrs Laenan, parents of the girl Mr Laenen found naked and strangled in the boot of her car in Brisbane in 1978, are not so fortunate. "We will never forget," he says. "The killer is free and our lovely daughter is dead. How many of these men are waiting to do the same to other young girls?"

Even when the killers are inside prison relatives of victims still feel unsafe. Mrs Gwenn Hanns, mother of the five-year-old girl stabbed to death by John Lewthwaite, remains petrified. After Lewthwaite escaped, for the second time, from a NSW prison early this year Mrs Hanns was devastated. "We live in terror," she declared. "He was originally after my son and he could come back. Every day I think of what he did to Nicole and every day I wonder if he will escape again or be released from prison. What is it that makes men like that?"

Whatever it is we can be sure of one thing: there are more lust murderers than we suspect, and the number of them amongst us is undoubtedly growing. Australian murder, it appears, is becoming very Americanised. OH

Paul Wilson is Associate-Professor of Sociology at the University of Queensland. He is the author of a number of books on crime, the most recent being Murder Of The Innocents: Child Killers And Their Victims *(Rigby, 1985).*

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